





*The Fourth Vol. of*  
T. BROWN'S WORKS.





THE  
Fourth and Last VOLUME  
OF THE  
**WORKS**  
OF  
*Mr. Thomas Brown.*

---

Containing many  
**Miscellaneous Discourses,**

IN PROSE and VERSE:

With an ADDITION of his  
Genuine *REMAINS*;

AND A  
**SUPPLEMENT,**

IN PROSE and VERSE,  
Never Published before.

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The Seventh Edition carefully Corrected.

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By JOHN GORTON, Esq.  
Author of the  
NOVEL OF IVY.  
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THE  
WORKS

OF

*Mr. Tho. Brown,*

In PROSE and VERSE.

---

VOLUME IV.

---

*The Odes of HORACE.*

Part of the 2d Ode in *Horace* l. 4. Translated. Beginning at, *Dignum laude Virum.*

I.



FROM dark Oblivion, and the silent Grave,  
Th' indulgent Muse does the brave Hero save;  
'Tis she forbids his Name to die,  
And brings it to the Stars, and sticks it in the  
Sky.

Vol. IV.

B

Thus



## II.

Thus mighty *Hercules* did move  
 To the Eternal Palaces above :  
 Not all his twelve Exploits advanc'd him to the Sphere,  
 But 'twas the Poet's Pain and Labour brought him there.

## III.

Thus the fam'd *Spartan* Twins did rise,  
 From Ornaments of Earth to gild the Skies :  
 Tho' Heav'n by Turns they do obtain,  
 Yet in immortal Verse the Brothers jointly reign.

## IV.

And *Bacchus* too, for all his vain Pretence,  
 Borrow'd his Crown and Godhead hence :  
 He with his powerful Juice first taught the Muse to fly,  
 And she, in kind Requital, gave him Immortality.

A Translation of Ode iii. l. 1. in *Horace*.

*Sic te Diva potens Cypri,  
 Sic Fratres Helenae lucida Sydera, &c.*

Address'd to his Honour'd Friend Mr. B—— going  
 into *Turkey*.

## I.

**S**O may the Beauteous Goddess of the Main  
 Appease the Horrors of the Deep,  
 And *Æolus* lock all his blustering Train,  
 But the auspicious Western Gales, asleep.

## II.

And though, kind Vessel, which before this Day  
 So great a Charge cou'd'st never boast,  
 With Care my dearer better Part convey,  
 And land him safely on the *Thracian* Coast.

## III.

His fearless Heart immur'd with tripple Brass,  
 The daring Mortal surely wore,  
 Who first the faithless Main durst pass,  
 And in a treach'rous Bark new Worlds explore.

What



IV.

What Scenes of Death cou'd shake his Soul,  
That unconcern'd saw the wild Billows rise,  
And scaly Monsters on the Surface rowl,  
And whizzing Meteors paint the gloomy Skies?

V.

In vain wise Heav'ns indulgent Care  
Lands from the spacious Ocean did divide,  
If with expanded Sails bold Ships prepare  
To plow the Deep, and brave the swelling Tide.

VI.

But Man, that busy reasoning Tool,  
Cheap Happiness disdains to choose :  
Sick of his Ease, the restless Fool,  
At his own Cost forbidden Paths pursues.

VII.

From the refulgent Orb of Day  
A glitt'ring Spark of rash *Prometheus* stole,  
And fondly stamp'd into a Soul,  
T' inform his new-made Progeny of Clay.

VIII.

Strait to reward his Sacrilegious Theft,  
Fevers and Ills, unknown before,  
Their old infernal Mansions left,  
And thro' the sick'ning Air their baleful Poysons bore.

IX.

Then Death, that lately travell'd slow,  
Content with single Victims, where he came,  
Made Haste, and eager of his Game,  
Whole Nations lopp'd at one compendious Blow.

X.

To what fantastick Heights does Man aspire ;  
Doom'd to dull Earth, the Sot wou'd clamber higher :  
Heav'n he invades with impudent Pretence,  
And makes *Jove* thunder in his own Defence.



An Imitation of the 6th Ode in *Horace*, l.  
i. *Scriberis Vario fortis, & hostium.* — In  
the Year 1685, after the Defeat of the  
Rebels in the *West*.

## I.

*W*ALLER, in never-dying Verse,  
Your glorious Triumphs may rehearse;  
His lofty Muse for Panegyric fam'd,  
May sing the Rebel-Herd your Valour tam'd,  
And all the mighty Blessings show,  
Great *James*, and We, to your wise Conduct owe.

## II.

My unambitious Lyre tunes all her Strings  
To lower Numbers, lower things;  
And Gods, and God-like Heroes does refuse  
The Labour of a more exalted Muse.  
Had she endeavour'd to relate  
Great *Alexander's* Deed, or *Troy's* unhappy Fate,  
Or all the Wonders that by *Drake* were done,  
Who travell'd with the Stars, and journey'd with the Sun;  
As long a Space had the vain Labour held,  
As that fam'd Town the *Grecian* Force repell'd.  
As long as she the tiresome Work renew'd,  
As mighty *Drake* through unknown Seas his wondrous  
(Course pursu'd.

## III.

The humble Muse too well her Weakness knows,  
Nor on her feeble self dares the high Task impose.  
Tho' had not Heav'n the Power deny'd,  
No other Theme had all her Thoughts employ'd.  
'Tis hence she modestly declines to sing  
Th' immortal Triumphs of our War-like King;  
Lest her unequal slender Vein  
Shou'd lessen the great Actions of his glorious Reign.

## IV.

Who can with all his boasted Fanc<sup>y</sup> raise  
To its just Height Heroic *Arthur's* raise,



Or worthily recount the Trophies won  
 By our great *Edward*, and his greater Son?  
 But oh! what Muse, of all the Tribe below,  
 Can mighty *Mars* in equal Numbers show,  
 Horrid in Steel, and moving from afar,  
 With all the solemn Pageantry of War,  
 Tho' the rough God shou'd his own Bard inspire,  
 And join the Martial Heat to the Poetic Fire?

V.

Harmless Combats, harmless Wars,  
 Slender Scratches, petty Jars,  
 Which youthful Blood, and wanton Love,  
 Amongst our amorous Couples move,  
 Employ my Time, employ my Muse,  
 All other Subjects I refuse.

A Translation of *Teucer Salamina Patremq;*  
*Cum fugeret, &c.* Hor. Ode 7. lib. i.

I.

**B**Rave *Teucer*, (as the Poets tell us)  
 When from his native Clime he fled,  
 With Poplar Wreaths crown'd his triumphant Head,  
 And thus he cheer'd his drooping Fellows.

II.

Where e'er the Fates shall shew us Land,  
 (Remote and distant tho' it be)  
 We'll shape our Course at their Command,  
 And boldly fix as they decree.

III.

Let no wild Fears your Hopes betray,  
 Let not Despair your Courage pall,  
 When Heav'n so loudly does to Honour call,  
 And fearless *Teucer* leads the Way.

IV.

*Phoebus* foretold (and he of all the Pow'rs  
 Commands the mystic Books of Fate)  
 That fresh Success shou'd on our Actions wait,  
 And the new *Salamis* be ours.



## 6 Mr. BROWN'S HORACE.

V.

Then drink away this puling Sorrow,  
Let Wine each daftard Thought fubdue,  
Let Wine your fainting Hopes renew,  
We'll leave the drowfy Land, and plough the Main to  
(morrow.

### Hor. Ode 8. l. i.

*Per omnes*

*Te Deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando  
Perdere? &c.*

I.

**T**ELL me, O *Lydia*, for by Heavens I fwear,  
You fhan't deny fo juft a Pray'r,  
Tell me, why thus young *Damon* you deftroy,  
And nip the blooming Virtues of the lovely Boy.

II.

Why does he never throw the manly Bar;  
And practice the firft Feats of War;  
Or, gaily fhining in his Martial Pride,  
With a ftrong artful Hand the foaming Courfer guide.

III.

Why does he never grasp the pond'rous Shield,  
And meet his Equals in the Field:  
Or when the Streams fwell with the flowing Tide,  
With his foft pliant Arms the Silver *Thames* divide.

IV.

Why does he lurk, for I bewail his Doom,  
Like an *Alsatian* Bully ftill at Home,  
That fears to walk abroad all Day,  
Left eager hungry Cits fhould hurry him away.

### Ode 9. Lib. i. in Horace imitated.

*Vides ut altâ fter nive candidum, &c.*

Written in Year, 1685,

To Sir John Bowyer.

I.

**S**ince the Hills all around us do Penance in Snow,  
And Winter's cold Blasts have benumm'd us below;  
Since



Since the Rivers, chain'd up, flow with the same Speed  
As Prisoners advance towards the Psalm they can't read,  
Throw whole Oaks at a Time, nay, Groves, on the Fire,  
They shall be our Sobriety's Funeral-Pyre.

II.

Never waste the dull Time in impertinent Thinking,  
But urge and pursue the great Business of Drinking;  
Come pierce your old Hogsheads, ne'er stint us in Sherry,  
This, this is the Season to drink and be merry:  
Then, reviv'd by our Liquor and Billets together,  
We'll out-roar the loud Storms, and defy the cold Weather.

III.

Damn your *Gadbury*, *Partridge*, and *Salmon* together,  
What a puling Discourse have we here of the Weather;  
Nay, no more of that Business, but, Friend, as you love us,  
Leave it all to the Care of the good Folks above us.  
Your Orchards and Groves will be shatter'd no more,  
If, to hush the rough Winds, they forbid them to roar.

IV.

Send a Bumper about, and cease this Debate  
Of the Tricks of the Court and Designs of the State.  
Whether *Brandon*, or *Offly*, or *Booth* go to Pot,  
Ne'er trouble your Brains; let 'em take their own Lot.  
Thank the Gods, you can safely sit under your Vine,  
And enjoy your old Friends, and drink off your own Wine.

V.

While your Appetite's strong, and good Humour remains,  
And active fresh Blood does enliven your Veins,  
Improve the fleet Minutes in Scenes of Delight,  
Let your Friend have the Day, and your Mistress the Night.  
In the Dark you may try whether *Phillis* is kind,  
The Night for intriguing was ever design'd.

VI.

Tho' she runs from your Arms, and retreats to the Shade,  
Some friendly kind Sign will betray the coy Maid;  
All trembling you'll find the modest poor Sinner,  
'Tis a venial Trespas in a Beginner:  
But remember this Counsel, when once you do meet her,  
Get a Ring from the Nymph, or something that's better.



A Paraphrase on *Horace of Vides ut altâ.*

## I.

THE Hills (you see) are cover'd o'er  
 With a grave Coat of rev'rend Snow,  
 And *Thames* that did so lately roar,  
 Fetter'd in Icy Chains, can hardly flow;  
 A fullen Frost the Ground o'er spreads,  
 The over-burthen'd Trees hang down their mournful  
 (Heads.

## II.

Come then, oblige us with a Fire,  
 That may substantial Warmth inspire  
 Tho' now no Drinking in the Plants goes round,  
 But dull Sobriety's in Nature found;  
 Think not this shall excuse your Beer,  
 With Men 'tis th' true drinking Season of the Year.

## III.

For God's-sake let the Pow'rs above  
 Their Business mind, and govern all below,  
 If they think fit these Tempests to remove,  
 No more shall rugged *Boreas* blow,  
 No more the frozen Plants decay,  
 But smile as they enjoy'd a long continu'd *May*.

## IV.

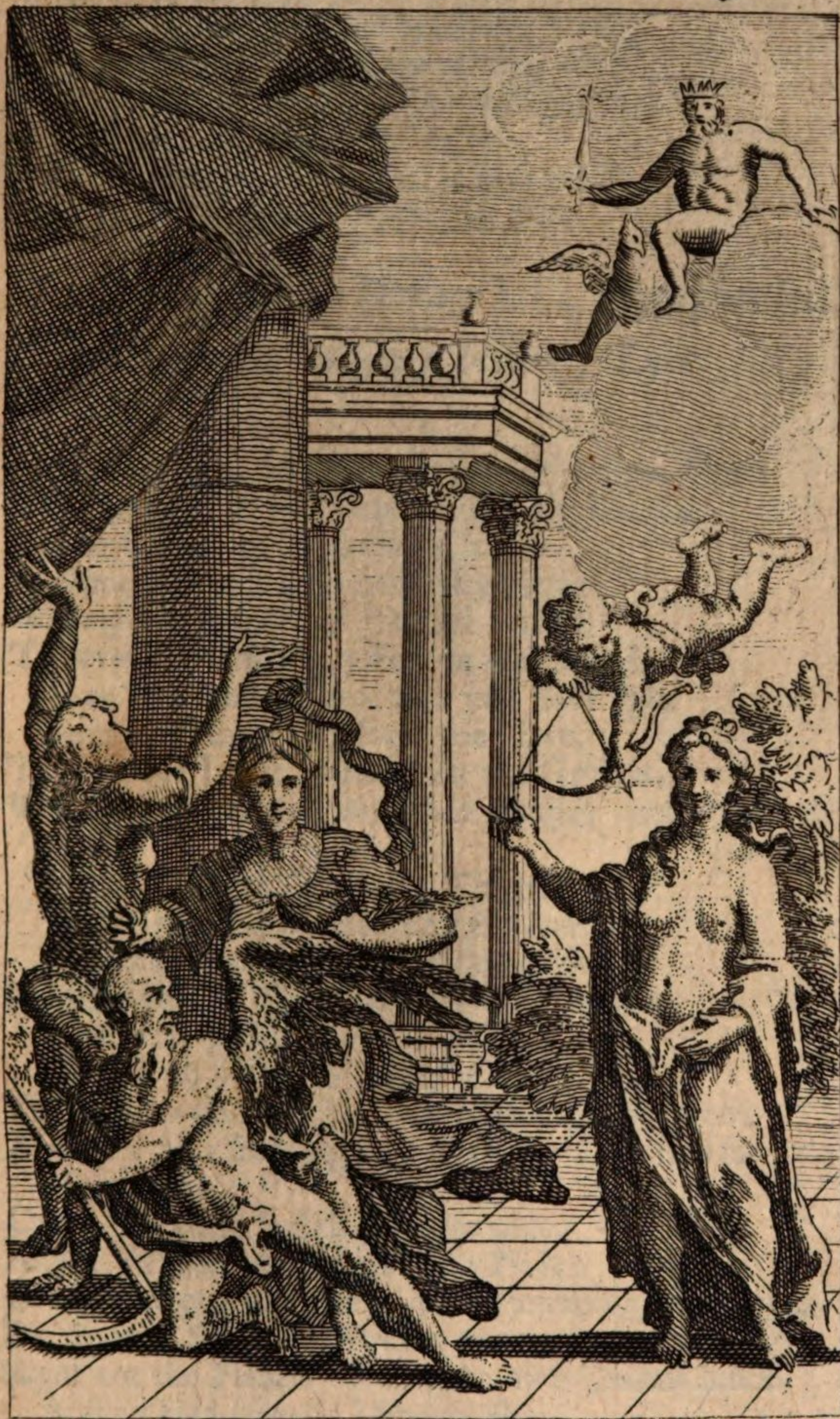
To learn your Lot and future State,  
 Ne'er pry into the Adamantine Books of Fate,  
 But gratefully those Pow'rs adore,  
 That added this kind Hour to the old Score;  
 And be content with what is given,  
 'Tis all the free and voluntary Gift of Heaven.

## V.

Ne'er think in your declining Years,  
 To pay neglected Love's Arrears;  
 But while fresh Vigour does inflame,  
 Pursue, with Haste, the lovely Game,  
 Your Talent carefully improve,  
 Indulge the Day in Wine, and spend the Night in Love.



*Lyce & the Gretian Spinstress.*





From the Collection of the  
British Museum





VI.

If crafty as the Nymph to Covert flies,  
By a sly Laugh, or some betraying Noise,  
She guides you where she panting lies ;  
Then all you Store of Rhetorick employ,  
The blushing Damsel to enjoy.  
If she hold out, then steal at least a Kiss,  
And take a Pawn for a substantial Bliss.

The tenth Ode in *Horace* l. iii. Paraphrased.

*Extremum Tanaim si biberes, Lyce.*

I.

**T**H O' you, my *Lyce*, in some Northern Flood  
Had chill'd the Current of your Blood ;  
Or lost your sweet engaging Charms  
In some *Tartarian* Husband's icy Arms ;  
Were yet one Spark of Pity left behind,  
To form the least Impression on your Mind,  
Sure you must grieve, sure you must sigh,  
Sure drop some Pity from your Eye,  
To see your Lover prostrate on the Ground,  
With gloomy Night, and black Despair encompass'd all  
(around.

II.

Hark ! how the threatening Tempests rise,  
And with loud Clamours fill the Skies ;  
Hark ! how the tott'ring Buildings shake,  
Hark ! how the Trees a doleful Consort make.  
And see ! oh see ! how all below,  
The Earth lies cover'd deep in Snow.  
The *Romans* clad in white, did thus the *Fasces* woo ;  
And thus your freezing Candidate, my *Lyce*, sues for you :

III.

Come, lay these foolish Niceties aside,  
And to soft Passion sacrifice your Pride :  
Let not the precious Hours with fruitless Questions dye,  
But let new Scenes of Pleasure crown them as they fly.  
Slight not the Flames which your own Charms infuse,  
And no kind friendly Minute lose,  
While Youth and Beauty give you leave to chuse,



As Men by Acts of Charity below,  
 Or purchase the next World, or think they do :  
 So you in Youth a Lover shou'd engage,  
 To make a sure Retreat for your declining Age.

## IV.

Let meaner Souls by Virtue be cajol'd,  
 As the good *Grecian* Spinstrefs was of old ;  
 She, while her Sot his youthful Prime bestow'd  
 To fight a Cuckold's Wars abroad,  
 Held out a longer Siege, than *Troy*,  
 Against the warm Attacks of profer'd Joy,  
 And foolishly preserv'd a worthless Chastity,  
 At the Expence of ten Years Lyes and Perjury.  
 Like that old fashion'd Dame ne'er bilk your own Delight,  
 But what you've lost i'th' Day, get, get it in the Night.

## V.

Oh ! then if Prayers can no Acceptance find,  
 Nor Vows, nor Offerings bend your Mind ;  
 If all these powerful Motives fail,  
 Yet let your Husband's Injuries prevail ;  
 He, by some Play-House Jilt misled,  
 Elsewhere bestows the Tribute of your Bed ;  
 Let me his forfeited Embraces share,  
 Let me your mighty Wrongs repair.  
 Thus Kings by their own Rebel-Powers betray'd,  
 To quell the home-bred Foe call in a foreign Aid.

## VI.

Love, let *Platonicks* promise what they will,  
 Must, like Devotion, be encourag'd still ;  
 Must meet with equal Wishes and Desires,  
 Or else the dying Lamp in its own Urn expires.  
 And I, for all that boasted Flame  
 We Poets and fond Lovers idly claim,  
 Am of too frail a Make, I fear,  
 Shou'd you continue still severe,  
 To brave the double Hardships of my Fate, [ Hate.  
 And bear the Coldness of the Nights, and Rigor of your



Hor. Ode II. I. II.

*Quid bellicosus Cantaber, & Scythes,  
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Adriâ  
Divisus objecto, remittas  
Quaerere, &c.*

I.

WHAT the Bully of *France*, and our Friends on  
(the *Rhine*,  
With their stout Grenadiers this Summer design,  
Cease over your Coffee and Wine to debate:  
Why the Devil shou'd you, that live on this Side the Water,  
Pore over Gazettes and be vext at the Matter?  
Come, come, let alone these Arcana's of State.

II.

Alas! while such idle Discourse you maintain,  
And with politick Nonsense thus trouble your Brain,  
Your Youth flies away on the Back of swift Hours,  
Which no Praying, no Painting, no Sighing restores.  
Then you'll find, when old Age has discolour'd your Head,  
Tho' a Mistress be wanting, no Rest in your Bed.

III.

Prithee do but observe, how the Queen of the Night  
Still varies her Station, and changes her Light:  
Now with a full Orb she the Darknefs does chace,  
Now like Whores in the Pit, shews but half of her Face.  
These Chaplets of Flowers that our Temples adorn,  
Now tarnish and fade, that were fresh in the Morn.

IV.

But to leave off Similies for Curates in Camblet  
To lard a dry Sermon, for grave Folks in Hamlet,  
While our Vigour remains we'll our Talents improve,  
Dash the Pleasures of Wife with the Blessings of Love.  
Here, carelessly here, we'll lie down in the Shade,  
Which the friendly kind Poplars and Lime-Trees have

V.

(made.

Your Claret's too hot . . . Sirrah, Drawer, go bring  
A Cup of cold *Adam* from the next purling Spring.

And



12 *Mr. BROWN'S HORACE.*

And now your Hand's in, prithee step o'er the Way,  
And fetch Madam *Trickſy*, the brisk and the gay.  
Bid her come in her Alamode Manto of Satin, [ Latin.  
Two Coolers, I'm ſure, with our Wine can be no falſe

The 13th Ode in *Horace* l. 4. Paraphraſed.

*Audivere, Lyce ; Dû mea Vota, Dû  
Audivere, Lyce ; ſis Anus, & tamen  
Vis formoſa videri, &c.*

I.

**L**ONG have my Prayers ſlow Heaven affail'd ;  
But Thanks to all the Powers above,  
That ſtill revenge the Cauſe of injur'd Love,  
*Lyce*, at laſt they have prevail'd.  
My Vows are all with Uſury repaid ;  
For who can Providence upbraid,  
That ſees thy former Crimes with haſten'd Age repaid.

II.

Thou'rt old, and yet by awkward Ways doſt ſtrive  
Th' unwilling Paſſion to revive ;  
Doſt drink, and dance, and touch the Lyre,  
And all to ſet ſome puny Heart on Fire.  
Alas ! in *Chloe's* Cheeks Love basking lies ;  
*Chloe*, great Beauty's faireſt prize,  
*Chloe*, that charms our Ears, and raviſhes our Eyes.

III.

The vigorous Boy flies o'er the barren Plains,  
Where ſapleſs Oaks their wither'd Trunks extend ;  
For Love like other Gods, diſdains  
To grace the ſhrine that Age has once profan'd.  
He too laughs at thee now,  
Scorns thy grey Hairs, and wrinkled Brow ;  
How ſhould his youthful Fires agree with hoary Age's

IV.

[ Snow ?

In vain, with wondrous Art and mighty Care,  
You ſtrive your ruin'd Beauty to repair ;  
No far fetcht Silks one Minute can reſtore,  
That Time has added to the endleſs Score.  
And precious Stones, tho' ne'er ſo bright,  
That ſhine with their own native Light,  
Will but diſgrace thee now, and but inhance thy Night:

Ah



V.

Ah me ! where's now that Mein ! that Face !  
That Shape ! that Air ! that every Grace !  
That Colour ! whose enchanting Red  
Me to Love's Tents a Captive led.  
Strange turn of Fate ! that she  
Who from my self so oft has stol'n poor Me, [should be.  
Now by the just Revenge of Time stol'n from herself

VI.

Time was when *Lyce's* powerful Face  
To *Phillis* only gave the Place ;  
Perfect in all the little Tricks of Love,  
That charm the Sense and the quick Fancy move.  
But Fate to *Phillis* a long Reign deny'd,  
She fell in all her blooming Beauty's Pride ;  
She conquer'd whilst she liv'd, and triumph'd as she dy'd.

VII.

Thou, like some old Commander in Disgrace,  
Surviving the past Conquests of thy Face,  
Now the great Business of thy Life is done,  
Review'st, with Grief, the Trophies thou hast won.  
Damn'd to be parch'd with Lust, tho' chill'd with Age,  
And, tho' past Action, damn'd to tread the Stage,  
That all might laugh to see that glaring Light,  
Which lately shone so fierce and bright,  
End with a Stink at last, and vanish into Night.

The 15th Ode in *Horace* Lib. iii. Imitated.

*Uxor pauperis Ibici,  
Tandem Nequitia fige modum tuae,  
Famosisq; Laboribus, &c.*

I.

**A**T length, thou antiquated Whore,  
Leave Trading off, and sin no more ;  
For Shame in your old Age turn Nun,  
As Whores of everlasting Memory have done.

II.

Why should'st thou still frequent the Sport,  
The Balls, and Revels of the Court ?



Or why at glittering Masks appear,  
Only to fill the Triumphs of the fair?

## III.

To *Ghent* or *Brussels* strait adjourn,  
The Lewdness of your former Life to mourn.  
There brawny Priests in Plenty you may hire,  
If Whip and wholsom Sackcloth cannot quench the Fire.

## IV.

Your Daughter's for the Business made,  
To her, in Conscience, quit the Trade.  
Thus, when his conquering Days were done,  
Victorious *Charles* resign'd his Kingdom to his Son.

## V.

Alas! ne'er thrum your long difus'd Guittar,  
Nor with Pulvilio's scent your Hair,  
But in some lonely Cell abide,  
With Rosary and Psalter dangling at your Side.

## A Translation of Ode 23. Lib. i.

*Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Cloë,  
Quærenti pavidam montibus aviis  
Matrem, &c.*

## I.

WHY flies *Belinda* from my Arms?  
Or shuns my kind Embrace?  
Why does she hide her blooming Charms?  
And where I come forsake the Place.

## II.

Like some poor Fawn, whom every Breath  
Of Air does so surprize;  
In the least Wind he fancies Death,  
And pants at each approaching Noise.

## III.

Alas! I never meant thee Ill,  
Nor seek I to devour thee;  
Why should'st thou then with Coldness kill  
The dying Slave that does adore thee.

## IV.

Leave, leave thy Mother's Arms for Shame,  
Nor fondly hang about her;

Thou'rt



Thou'rt now of Age to play the Game,  
And ease a Lover's Pain without her.

The 26th Ode in *Hor.* l. iii. Paraphras'd.

*Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,  
Et militavi non sine gloria, &c.*

I.

'T IS true, while active Blood my Veins did fire,  
And vigorous Youth gay Thoughts inspire,  
(By your Leave, courteous Reader, be it said)  
I cou'd have don't as well as most Men did ;  
But now I am (the more's the Pity)  
The veryst Fumbler in the City.

II.

There, honest Harp, that hast of late  
So often bore thy sinful Master's Fate,  
Thou a crack'd Side, and he a broken Pate,  
Hang up, and peaceful Rest enjoy ;  
Hang up, while poor dejected I,  
Unmusical, unstrung like thee, sit mourning by.

III.

And likewise all ye trusty Bars,  
With whose Assistance heretofore,  
When Love engag'd me in his Wars,  
I've batter'd, Heaven forgive me, many a Door ;  
Lie there, 'till some more able Hand  
Shall you to your old pious Use command.

IV.

But, oh kind *Phæbus*, lend a pitying Ear  
To thy old Servant's humble Prayer ;  
Let scornful *Chloe* thy Resentments feel,  
Lash her all o'er with Rods of Steel ;  
And when the Jilt shall of her Smart complain,  
This 'tis, then tell her, to disdain  
Thy sacred Power, and scorn a Lover's Pain.



## Hor. Ode 27. l. i.

*Natis in usum laetitiae Scyphis  
Pugnare, Thracum est, &c.*

## I.

**T**O fight in your Cups, and abuse the good Creature,  
Believe it, my Friends, is a Sin of that Nature,  
That were you all damn'd, for a tedious long Year,  
To nasty Mundungus, and heath'nish small Beer,  
Such as after debauches your Sparks of the Town,  
For a Penance next Morning, devoutly pour down,  
It would not atone for so vile a Transgression,  
You're a Scandal to all of the Drinking Profession.

## II.

What a-pox do ye bellow, and make such a Pother,  
And throw Candlesticks, Bottles, and Pipes at each other?  
Come keep the King's Peace, leave your damning and  
[finking,

And gravely return to good Christian drinking.  
He that flinches his Glafs, and to drink is not able,  
Let him quarrel no more, but knock under the Table.

## III.

Well, Faith, since you've rais'd my ill Nature so high,  
I'll drink on no other Condition, not I,  
Unless my old Friend in the Corner declares  
What Mistress he courts, and whose Colours he wears:  
You may safely acquaint me, for I'm none of those  
That use to divulge what's spoke under the Rose.  
Come, part with't . . . What she! forbid it ye Powers,  
What unfortunate Planet rul'd o'er thy Amours?  
Why, Man, she has lain (Oh thy Fate how I pity!)  
With half the blue Breeches and Whigs in the City.  
Go thank Mr. Parson, give him thanks with a Curse,  
Oh those damnable Words, *For better for worse.*  
To regain your old Freedom you vainly endeavour,  
Your Doxy and You no Priest can dis sever,  
You must dance in the Circle, you must dance in't for  
[ever.]

Leam  
COTTE

The



The same Ode imitated.

*Natis in usum laetitiae Scyphis, &c.*

**W**Hat, Boys, are ye mad? Is the *Dutch* Devil in ye?  
Must your Quarrels as long as your Glasse con-  
[tinue?

Give it o'er, ye dull Sots! let the dull-pated Boors,  
Snic or snee at their Punch-Bowls, or slash for their Whores,  
We'll be merry and wise, but for Bloodshed we bar it,  
No Red shall be seen here but your Port and good Claret.  
What a P . . . should we fight for? No Bayonets here,  
But the Sconces all round and the Bottles appear.

Look, the Wine blushes for us! while it gently disgraces  
Our unnatural Freaks and our mortify'd Faces.

Come let's do what we came for, let the Brimmers be  
[crown'd,

And a Health to all quiet Good-fellows go round!

Must I take off my Glas too? Then, *Jack*, prithee tell us  
Thy new Mistress's Name: What a Mischief! art jealous?

Must her Name be a Secret? *Alons*, then I've done,

Hang the greedy Curmudgeon that eats all alone;

Come discover, you Block-head! I'm sure I mistook ye,

Else in these Amours, *Jack* was us'd to be lucky;

Well, but whisper it then! I'll keep Counsel, ne'er fear it,

Is it she? the damn'd Jilt! Gad let no Body hear it;

Why, Faith *Jack* thou'rt undone then, 'twas some Witch-  
[craft I'm sure

Cou'd betray thee to th' Arms of a Pockify'd Whore:

Well, 'tis vain to repine, Boy, let us drink away Sorrow,

Use thy Freedom to Night, Man, let the Punk reign to  
[morrow.



An Imitation of the 14th Epod in *Hor.**Mollis inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis**Oblivionem sensibus,**Pocula Lethaeos ut si ducentia somnos**Arente fauce traxerim,**Candide Maecenas, occidis saepe rogando, &c.*

## I.

ASK me no longer, dear Sir *John*,  
 Why your Lampoon lies still undone,  
 'Fore *George* my Brains grown addle;  
 Nor bid me *Pegasus* bestride;  
 Why should you ask a Sot to ride  
 That cannot keep his Saddle?

## II.

This was the poor *Anacreon's* Case,  
 When doating on a smooth-chinn'd Face,  
 He pin'd away his Carcase.  
 To tune his Strings the Bard essay'd,  
 The Devil a String the Bard obey'd,  
 And was not this a hard Case?

## III.

If you a constant Miss have got,  
 Thank Heaven devoutly for your Lot,  
 Such Blessings are not common.  
 While I, condemn'd to endless Pain,  
 Must tamely drag *Belinda's* Chain,  
 Yet know she's worse than—Woman.

A Translation from *Horace* of *Mollis inertia*,  
February, 85.

## I.

HOW such a Fit of Lethargy  
 My Senses has possess'd,  
 As if a Dose of Opium  
 Had bury'd me in Rest!

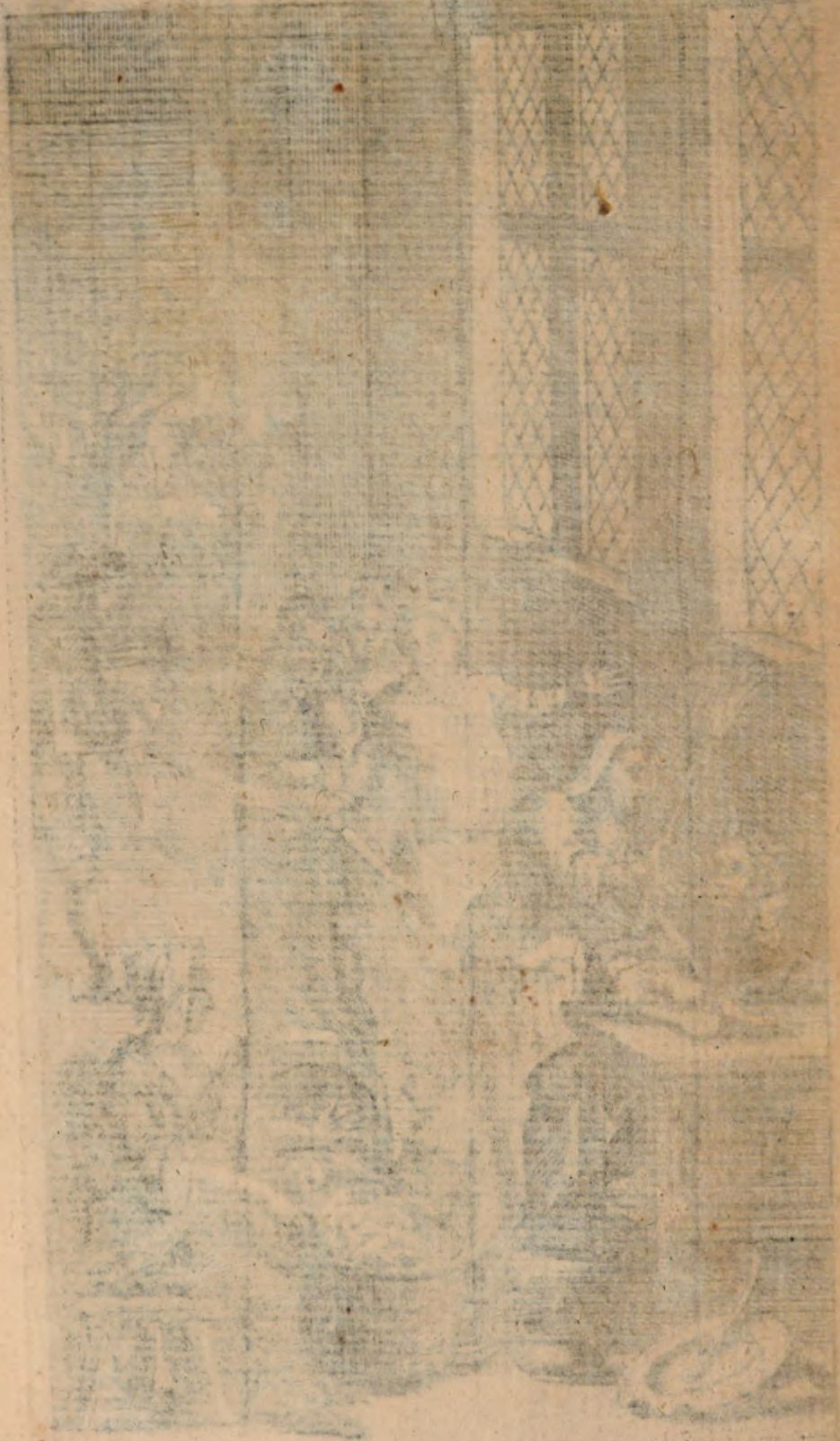
With





*The Poets Condition* W. Kirkall Sculp  
Vol. IV. p. 19





The Book of the



# Mr. BROWN'S MARTIAL. 19

## II.

With often asking what's the Cause,  
You weary me your Friend;  
The Satyrs which I promis'd you,  
I cannot bring to End.

## III.

So poor *Anacreon*, as they say,  
Bewitch'd by powerful Love,  
Complain'd him often of his Wound  
In Melancholy Grove.

## IV.

The Mistress that you court my Friend,  
'Tis fit you should adore;  
I, like a Fool, am *Phygia's* Slave,  
Yet know she is a Whore.



# MARTIAL's EPIGRAMS.

---

Translated by Mr. THO. BROWN.

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## The PREFACE.

Without formal *Petition*

Thus stands my *Condition* :

I am closely block'd up in a *Garret*,  
Where I *scribble* and *smoak*  
And sadly invoke

The powerful Assistance of *CLARET*.

Four *Children* and a *Wife*,

'Tis hard on my Life,

Beside



Beside my *Self* and a *Muse*,  
 To be all *cloath'd* and *fed*,  
 Now the *Times* are so dead,  
 By my *scribbling* of *Dogg'rel* and *News*.  
 And what I shall do,  
 I'm a *Wretch* if I know,  
 So hard is the Fate of a *Poet* ;  
 I must either turn *Rogue*,  
 Or, what's as bad, *Pedagogue*,  
 And so drudge like a Thing that has no Wit.  
 My *Levee's* all *Duns*,  
 Attended by *Bums*,  
 And my *Landlady* too she's a *Teazer*,  
 At least four *Times* a Day  
 She warns me away,  
 And what can a Man do to please her ?  
 Here's the *Victualler* and *Vintner*,  
 The *Cook* and the *Printer*,  
 With the *Myrmidons* hovering about, Sir :  
 The *Taylor* and *Draper*,  
 With the *Cur* that sells Paper,  
 That, in short, I dare not stir out, Sir.  
 But my *Books* sure may go,  
 My Master *Ovid* did so,  
 And tell how doleful the *Case* is ;  
 If it don't move your *Pity*,  
 To make short of my *Ditty*,  
 'Twill serve you to wipe your Arses.

*Mart. Epig. 5. l. ii.*

*Ne valeam, si non totis, Deciane, diebus,*  
*Et tecum totis Noctibus esse velim.*

**I**N some vile Hamlet let me live forgot,  
 Small Beer my Portion, and no Wine my lot :  
 To some worse Fiend in Church-Indentures bound,  
 Than ancient *Job* or modern *Sherlock* found ;  
 And with more Aches plagu'd, and Pains, and Ills,  
 Than fill our *Salmon's* Works, or *Tilburgh's* Bills ;



If 'tis not still the Burden of my Prayer,  
 The Night with you, with you the Day to share.  
 But Sir, (and the Complaint you know is true)  
 Two damn'd long Miles there lie 'twixt me and you;  
 And these two Miles, by help of Calculation,  
 Make four, by that I've reach'd my Habitation.  
 You're near Sage *Will's*, the Land of Mirth and Claret;  
 I live stow'd up in a *White-Chappel* Garret:  
 Oft when I've walk'd so far, your Hands to kifs,  
 Flatter'd with Thoughts of the succeeding Blifs,  
 I'm told you're gone to the vexatious *Hall*,  
 Where with eternal Lungs the Lawyers bawl:  
 Or else stole out, some Female Friend to see;  
 Or, what's as bad, you're not at Home for me.  
 Two Miles I've at your Service, and that's Civil;  
 But to trudge four, and miss you, is the Devil.

Advice to a Vintner. *Mart. Epig. 19. l. i.*

The Hint taken from *Quid te, Tucca, juvat.*

WHAT Planet distracts thee, what damnable Star,  
 To dash honest *Bourdeaux* with vile *Bar-a-Bar*?  
 Why should innocent Claret be murder'd by Port,  
 Thou'lt surely be sentenc'd in *Bacchus's* Court.  
 As for us drunken Rakes, if we hang, or we drown,  
 Or are decently poison'd, what Loss has the Town;  
 But to kill harmless Claret, that does so much Good,  
 Is downright Effusion of true Christian Blood:  
 Ne'er think what I tell you is Matter of Laughter,  
 Thou'lt be curs'd for't in this World, and damn'd for't  
 [hereafter.

*Mart. Epig. 23. l. i.*

*Si memini, fuerant tibi quatuor, Ælia, dentes.*

I.

WHEN Gammer *Gurton* first I knew,  
 Four Teeth in all she reckon'd:  
 Comes a damn'd Cough, and whips out two,  
 And t'other two, a second.

Courage,



## II.

Courage, old Dame, and never fear  
 The third, whene'er it comes ;  
 Give me but t'other Jugg of Beer,  
 And I'll ensure your Gums.

An Imitation of Epig. 44. in *Mart.* Lib. iii.

*Occurrit tibi nemo quod libenter, &c.*

**T**Hat Cousins, Friends, and Strangers fly thee,  
 Nay, thy own Sister can't sit nigh thee,  
 That all Men thy Acquaintance shun,  
 And into Holes and Corners run,  
 Like *Irish* Beau from *English* Dun,  
 The Reason's plain, and if thoud'st know it,  
 Thou'rt a most damn'd repeating Poet.  
 Not Bayliff sow'r, with horrid Beard,  
 Is more in poor *Alsatia* fear'd,  
 Since the stern Parliament of late  
 Has stript of ancient Rights their State:  
 Not Tygers, when their Whelps are missing,  
 Nor Serpents in the Sun-shine hissing,  
 Nor Snakes in Tail that carries Rattle,  
 Nor Fire, nor Plague, nor Blood, nor Battle,  
 Is half so dreaded by the Throng,  
 As thy vile persecuting Tongue.  
 If e'er the restless Clack that's in it  
 Gives thy Head leave to think a Minute,  
 Think what a Penance we must bear,  
 Thy damn'd Impertinence to hear.  
 Whether I stand, or run, or sit,  
 Thou still art i'th' repeating Fit;  
 Weary'd, I seek a Nap to take,  
 But thy curst Muse keeps me awake.  
 At Church too, when the Organ's blowing,  
 Thy louder Pipe is still a going.  
 Nor Park, nor Bagnio's from thee free,  
 All Places are alike to thee.  
 Learn Wisdom once, as a Friend's Instance,  
 From the two Fellows at St. *Dunstan's*;

Make



Make not each Man thou meet'st a Martyr ;  
But strike, like them, but once a Quarter.

The 63d Epigram in *Martial*, Lib. iii.

*Cotile, Bellus homo es, &c.*

O H! *Femmy*, you're a Beau: Not I alone  
Say this, but 'tis the Talk of all the Town.  
Prithee be free, and to thy Friend impart  
What is a Beau——Ay, Sir, with all my Heart.  
He's one, who nicely curls and combs his Hair,  
And visits *Sedgwick* monthly all the Year:  
Sings bawdy Songs, and humms them, as along  
Flanting he walks thro' the admiring Throng;  
All the Day long sits with the charming Fair,  
And whispers pretty Stories in their Ear.  
Writes *Billets-doux*; shuns all Men as he goes,  
Lest their unhallow'd Touch shou'd daub his Cloaths.  
He knows your Mistress: Nay, at every Feast  
He'll tell the Pedigree of every Guest.  
Is this a Beau? Faith, *Femmy*, I'll be plain,  
A Beau's a Bawble, destitute of Brain.

The Contented WHORE. An Imitation  
of Epig. 66. in *Mart.* l. xii.

*Formosa Phillis nocte cum mihi tota.*

I.

TO Charming *Celia*'s Arms I flew,  
And there all Night I feasted;  
No God such Transports ever knew,  
No Mortal ever tasted.

II.

Lost in the sweet tumultuous Joy,  
And pleas'd beyond expressing;  
How can your Slave, my Fair, said I,  
Reward so great a Blessing?

The



## III.

The whole Creation's Wealth survey ;  
 Thro' both the *Indies* wander :  
 Ask what brib'd Senates give away,  
 And fighting Monarchs squander.

## IV.

The richest Spoils of Earth and Air ;  
 The rifled Ocean's Treasure ;  
 'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far  
 To purchase so much Pleasure.

## V.

She blushing cry'd—My Life, my Dear,  
 Since *Celia* thus you fancy,  
 Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,  
 A Rundlet of right *Nancy*.

An Imitation of *Uxor vade foras.*

In *Mart.* l. ii. *Epig.* 105.

## I.

**S**weet Spouse, you must presently troop and be gone,  
 (Or fairly submit to your Betters ;)  
 Unless for the Faults that are past, you atone,  
 I must knock off my conjugal Fetters.

## II.

When at Night I am paying the Tribute of Love,  
 (You know well enough what's my Meaning,)  
 You scorn to Assist my Devotion, or move  
 As if all the while you were dreaming.

## III.

At Cribbage, and Put, and All-fours, I have seen  
 A Porter more Passion expressing,  
 Than thou, wicked *Kate*, in the rapturous Scene,  
 And the Height of the amorous Blessing.

## IV.

Then say I to my self, is my Wife made of Stone,  
 Or does the old Serpent possess her ;  
 Better Motion and Vigour by far might be shown  
 By dull Spouse of a *German* Professor ?

So,



V.

So, *Kate*, take Advice, and reform in good Time,  
And while I'm performing my Duty,  
Come in for your Club, and repent of the Crime  
Of paying old Scores with your Beauty.

VI.

All Day thou may'st Cant, and look grave as a Nun,  
And run after *Burgefs* the surly ;  
Or see that the Family Business be done,  
And chide all thy Servants demurely.

VII.

But when you're in Bed with your Master and King,  
That Tales out of School ne'er does trumpet,  
Move, riggle, heave, pant, clip me round like a Ring,  
In short, be as lewd as a Strumpet.

*Mart. Epig. 61. l. 11.*

*Sit Phlogis, an Chione Veneri magis apta requiris ?*

I.

Nothing than *Chloe* e'er I knew  
By Nature more befriended :  
*Cælia*'s less beautiful, 'tis true,  
But by more Hearts attended.

II.

No Nymph alive, with so much Art,  
Receives her Shepherd's Firing,  
Or does such Cordial Drops impart  
To Love when just expiring.

III.

Cold niggard Age, that does elsewhere  
At one poor Offering falter,  
To her whole Hetacombs wou'd spare,  
And pay them on her Altar.

IV.

But *Chloe*, to Love's great Disgrace,  
In Bed nor falls, nor rises :  
And too much trusting to her Face,  
All other Arts despises.



## V.

No half-form'd Words, nor murm'ring Sighs,  
Engage to fresh Performing  
Her breathless Lover, when he lies  
Disabled after Storming.

## VI.

Dull as a Prelate when he prays,  
Or Cowards after Lifting,  
The fair Insensible betrays  
Loves Rites, by not Assisting.

## VII.

Why thus, ye Powers, that cause our Smart,  
Do ye Love's Gift dissever;  
Or why those happy Talents part,  
That shou'd be join'd for ever.

## VIII.

For once perform an Act of Grace,  
Implor'd with such Devotion,  
And grant my *Calia Chloe's* Face,  
Or *Chloe Calia's* Motion.

To a Gentleman that cut off his Hair, and set up for a  
Spark in his old Age. Out of *Martial*. Epig. 43.  
lib. iii. *Mentiris Juvenem*, &c.

**T**Hou, that not a Month ago  
Wast white as Swan, or driven Snow,  
Now blacker far than *Æsop's* Crow,  
Thanks to thy Wig, set'st up for Beau:  
Faith, *Harry*, thou'rt in the wrong Box,  
Old Age these vain Endeavours mocks,  
And Time, that knows thou'lt hoary Locks,  
Will pluck thy Mask off with a Pox.

The 50th Epigram of *Martial* imitated.

*Quæris sollicitus diu, rogasq;  
Cui tradas, Lupe, filium Magistro, &c.*

**W**Hen e'er I meet you, still you cry,  
What shall I do with *Bob*, my Boy.



Since this Affair you'll have me treat on,  
 Ne'er send the Lad to *Paul's* or *Eaton*.  
 The Muses let him not confide in,  
 But leave those Jilts to *Tate* or *Dryden*.  
 If with damn'd Rhimes he racks his Wits,  
 Send him to *Mewis* or *St. Kit's*.  
 Wou'd you with Wealth his Pockets store well,  
 Teach him to pimp, or hold a Door well?  
 If he has a Head not worth a Stiver,  
 Make him a Curate, or Hog-driver.

An Epigram out *Martial* imitated,  
 Book iii. Epig. 54.

SIR *Fopling*, you're a Man of Fashion grown;  
 The most accomplish'd Blade in all the Town,  
 'Tis all the Ladies Talk; but tell me this,  
 What a fine Man of Mode and Fashion is?  
 'Tis he that's all the Morning at the Glass,  
 To put each Curl in its most proper Place,  
 And in affected Forms to set his Face,  
 That smells of Essence, and the best Perfume,  
 Which does from *India* or *Arabia* come.  
 That when one speaks (as if he did not hear)  
 Humms o'er some wanton Song, or modish Air;  
 That Legs and Arms in various Postures throws,  
 And seems to dance at every Step he goes;  
 That sits among the Women in the Pit;  
 And that he may be thought a Man of Wit,  
 He whispers to the next as to a Friend,  
 That in loud Laughter does his Whispering end;  
 That reads and writes Love-Letters to and fro,  
 And does each Gallant's Wench and Mistress know.  
 Who, tho' unbidden, is a constant Guest  
 At ev'ry Mask, at ev'ry Treat and Feast.  
 But sits in Pain for Fear the next should stir,  
 And so displace his Dress, or Garniture.  
 Who knows *New-Market* Breed, so well, that he  
 Can tell you *Jack-a-Dandy's* Pedigree;



And down from long Descent pretends to trace  
 The famous Swallows, or fleet Dragon's Race.  
 How, Sir, what's this you say! Is this Buffoon  
 Admir'd so for a Spark throughout the Town?  
 Believe me, Sir, on Earth there cannot be  
 A more ridiculous trifling Thing than he.

## E P I G R A M S.

*An Epigram under the Picture of a Beau.*

**T**HE vain Thing, set up for Man,  
 But see what Fate attends him!  
 The poud'ring Barbar first began,  
 The Barber-Surgeon ends him.

*An Extempore Epigram on Death.*

**I**F Death does come as soon as Breath departs,  
 Then he must often die, who often farts.  
 And if to die, be but to lose one's Breath,  
 Then Death's a Fart, and so a Fart for Death.

*An Epigram by T. B.*

**F**ulserit antarctus radianti Cancer Olympo,  
 Nescio certe Annus, sed puto Cancer erat.  
 Grandinis inde ruit crepitantis saxeus imber,  
 Cecidit hinc tacite mobile vellus aqua.  
 Sive suas Tempus fugitivum perdidit alas,  
 Aut vellet veri dicere Bruma, Vale.

*Thus merrily turn'd over a Glass.*

**T**HE Crab does oft the tufted Ring possess,  
 And crawls unseen about the heavenly Place;  
 From whose soft Banks the whizzing Waters fall,  
 And Show'rs of Love perform the Dev'l and all.  
 But when old Time has stretch'd the Channel wide,  
 And stopp'd the Flux of the refreshing Tide,



'Tis Drudg'ry then in such a Pool to fail,  
One Moment makes us glad to say, *Farewel.*

*Mr. Brown's Extempore Version of two Verses out of  
Martial, occasion'd by a clamorous Dun, who vow'd  
she wou'd not leave him 'till she had her Money.*

**S***exte, nihil debes; nihil debes, Sexte, fatemur  
Debet enim si quis solvere, Sexte, potest.*

*Sextus* thou nothing ow'st, nothing I say;  
He something owes that something has to pay.

*An Epigram by Mr. THO. BROWN.*

*De Parnasso.*

**P***hœbe, Pater Vatum, moderator, Phœbe, dierum,  
Qui pariter radiis ingenioq; vales.  
Cernis ut incassum miseri, tua Turba, Poetæ  
Carpimus incertam per tua Regna viam.  
At tuus ille, annis natus melioribus, alto  
Vertice Parnassi regnat Homerus ovans.  
Nosq; fatigatos & vincere summa parantes  
Aonio prohibet figere colle pedem.  
Sic ego. Sic Divus; Convitia mitte jocosa.  
Mitte leves Curas, vana Querela tua est.  
Regna colunt unum nosti terrestria Regem,  
Odit rivales Imperialis apex.  
Parnassusq; meus gemino licet Æthera clivo  
Dividat, ac Reges non capit ille duos.*

*Thus Paraphras'd.*

**O** *Phœbus!* Father of the rhiming Crowd,  
Doom'd to be poor, yet destin'd to be proud;  
Bright Ruler both of Poetry and Light;  
'Tis true you give us Wit, but starve us by't.  
Behold us struggling in those slipp'ry Ways,  
Which lead from Profit to the Hopes of Praise;  
That tempting Shadow which such Swarms pursue,  
Tho' sought by many, merited by few;



Yet oft by Fools and Flatterers enjoy'd,  
 And to the more deserving still deny'd:  
 But thy Son *Homer* liv'd in better Days,  
 And shone in Wit, as glorious as thy Rays;  
 With Honour justly climb'd the lofty Hill,  
 And rul'd with Joy the sacred Pinacle;  
 Where none his ancient Title must dispute,  
 Or after him presume to set a Foot.  
 Inspir'd by these, he took so vast a Flight,  
 That modern Ages ne'er cou'd reach his Height.  
 His Works forbid us to molest his Reign,  
 And shew that all Attempts would prove in vain.

Yet since all Ages have their certain Best,  
 And one has Right to tow'r above the rest;  
 God-like, from Cares exempt, I'll sit at Ease,  
 And jest with humane Follies as I please:  
 Ne'er pine in vain, or languish o'er my Wants,  
 But leave to whining Coxcomb such Complaints.  
 And as no earthly Monarch will admit  
 A rival Prince in his Imperial Seat;  
 So o'er *Parnassus* will I reign as King,  
 And whilst the envious Criticks rail, I'll sing.  
 The bending Arch of Heav'n shall be my Crown,  
 And thus, unequal'd, will I rule alone,  
 'Till more aspiring Wit shall justly claim  
*Apollo's* Kingdom, and surmount my Fame.

## F A B L E S.

*The Fable of the Bat and the Birds.*

*In Imitation of that of the Buzzard the Hind and  
 Panther. In the Year 1689.*

IN ancient Times, as learned *Æsop* shows,  
 'Twixt Birds and Beasts a fatal War arose:  
 But whether this from State-Intrigues did flow,  
 Or to some Church-Pretence its Birth did owe,  
 Or Depredations made, concerns us not to know.  
 Weighty, you may be sure, the Cause was thought,  
 Which such an universal Tumult wrought.

Picqueer-



Picqueering Parties first began the Fray,  
 A sad Prefage of the ensuing Day.  
 At last the War was solemnly proclaim'd,  
 The Hour of Fighting set, and both the Leaders nam'd.

The foolish Bat, a Bird obscure and base,  
 The Scorn and Jest of all the feather'd Race;  
 Or by fantastick Fears and Scruples led,  
 Or by Ambition mov'd, his Party fled,  
 Joyn'd with the Beasts, and, eager to engage,  
 With popular Harangues urg'd on a feeble Rage;

As Fortune wou'd, on an ill-fated Day  
 The Beasts drew out their Forces in Array:  
 The diff'rent Kinds their Grudges laid aside,  
 And for the common Safety now provide,  
 Ev'n their old Piques, and warm Disputes forgot,  
 The *Hind* and *Panther* joyn'd upon the Spot;  
 And by one mutual League of Friendship held,  
 Prepare for the rough Business of the Field.

When lo! the Birds in num'rous Bands appear,  
 And with repeated Cries attack the Rear;  
 Give a fierce Charge, and back, like *Parthians*, fly,  
 To repossess their patrimonial Sky;  
 Then straight descending, with redoubl'd Might  
 They spend their Fury, and renew the Fight.  
 Pale Victory, all trembling and dismay'd,  
 With doubtful Wings the Purple Scene survey'd.  
 At last, propitious to her feather'd Kind,  
 Declar'd her Favour, and the Scale inclin'd.  
 Whole Hecatombs the cover'd Field possess,  
 And gave their Foes at once a Triumph and a Feast.  
 Their slaughter'd Young the *Rachel*-Dams deplor'd,  
 And many a widow'd Cow mourn'd o'er her horned

The gen'rous Eagle (so his Stars ordain) (Lord.  
 Chases th' affrighted Lyon from the Plain:  
 Their General gone, the rest like Lightning fly,  
 A cheap unfighting Herd not worth the Victory.

And now the Birds with eager Haste pursue,  
 Thro' Lanes and devious Tracts, the scatter'd Crew:  
 Among the rest, beset with Dangers round,  
 The trembling Bat was in a Cellar found:



'Tis Pity Fame ne'er chronicl'd his Taker,  
 But all Records agree they found him *Long-Acre*.  
 Percht on a Pole, they brought him to the Bar,  
 Where the full House sat talking of the War.  
 Strait at the Sight a various Noise began,  
 Which thro' the spacious Hall and neighbouring Lobby  
 (ran.

Each Member in the publick Mirth concurr'd,  
 And droll'd upon the poor Apostatizing Bird.  
 First, Parrot *Settle* open'd wide his Throat,  
 Next, Cuckow *Rimer*, always in a Note;  
 And Peacock *Chetwood*, of the Clergy Kind;  
 But his Poetick Feet disgrac'd the Train behind.  
 And *Creech* and *Norris*, Blackbirds of Renown;  
 And Corm'rant *Higden*, for Devouring known.  
 Nay, to augment the Hardship of his Woes,  
 Owl *Durfy* clapt his Wings, and hooted in the Close.

When now their Raillery began to spare,  
 (And faith 'twas too much for one Bird to bear)  
 The Eagle order'd Silence in the Room,  
 And thus aloud, pronounc'd the shiv'ring Lubber's Doom.

*Beast of a Bird*, thus to desert thy Friends,  
 And join the common Foe, for base ungen'rous Ends,  
 What Punishment can suit so black a Crime?  
 Hear then, and stand accurit to all succeeding Time.  
 From all our Diets be thou first expell'd,  
 Or those in flow'ry Groves, or those in Steeples held,  
 When our gay Tribes in youthful Pomp appear,  
 To join in Nuptial Bands, and meet the smiling Year:  
 Nay more, to make thee mortify and grieve,  
 To Buzzard *Shadwell* we thy Places give;  
 Him we appoint Historian of our State,  
 And Poet-Laureat of the Woods create.  
 Out-law'd our Realms, and banish'd from the Light,  
 Be thou for ever damn'd to steal Abroad by Night.

### *The Fable of the Horse and the Stag.*

#### I.

THE Horn-arm'd Stag deny'd the Horse  
 The Privilege of the Common,

'Till



'Till starv'd, for Want of equal Force,  
He begg'd Assistance from Man.

## II.

For why? Resolv'd at any Rate  
To get his Share of Pasture;  
He rather chose to champ the Bit,  
Than leave the Stag sole Master.

## III.

With Man astride, he march'd to fight  
A Foe that durst not Face him;  
For he, with Strangeness of the Sight,  
Was frighted from his Grazing.

## IV.

Nor had Sir *Palfry* much to brag  
He got by his Adventure;  
Since Man, from routing of the Stag,  
Commenc'd perpetual Centaur.

*The Fable of the Wolf and Porcupine.*

*In Answer to the Argument against a Standing Army.*

## I.

**I** Sgrim with Hunger prest, one Day  
As thro' the Woods he posted,  
A Porcupine found on the Way,  
And in these Terms accosted:

## II.

Our Wars are ended, Heav'n be prais'd,  
Then let's sit down and prattle  
Of Towns invested, Sieges rais'd,  
And what we did in Battel.

## III.

The Plains a pleasing Prospect yield,  
No Fire, nor Desolation;  
While Plenty reigns in every Field,  
And Trade restores the Nation.

## IV.

Yet you your Quills erected wear,  
And tho' none seeks to harm ye,  
In Time of Peace, about you bear,  
Methinks, a Standing Army.



## V.

Friend, quoth the Porcupine, 'tis true,  
The War's at length decided,  
But 'gainst such tricking Blades as you,  
'Tis good to be provided.

## VI.

Censorious Fame shall never say  
That too much Faith betray'd me;  
Who thinks of me to make a Prey,  
Must at his Cost invade me.

## VII.

Let him, that thinks it worth the While,  
Tempt Knaves to make a Martyr;  
The Sharpers, that wou'd me beguile,  
Shall find they've caught a Tartar.

### *The Fable of Apollo and Daphne.*

**A** Pollo once finding fair *Daphne* alone,  
Discover'd his Flame in a passionate Tone,  
He told her, and bound it with many a Curse,  
He was ready to take her for better for worse.

Then he talk'd of his Smart,  
And the Hole in his Heart,  
So large, one might drive thro' the Passage a Cart.  
But the silly coy Maid, to the God's great Amazement,  
Sprung away from his Arms, and leapt thro' the Case-  
II. (ment.

He following, cry'd out, My Life and my Dear,  
Return to your Lover, and lay by your Fear.  
You think me, perhaps, some Scoundrel, or Whoreson,  
Alas! I've no wicked Designs on your Person.

I'm a God by my Trade,  
Young, plump, and well made,  
Then let me caress thee, and be not afraid.  
But still she kept running, and flew like the Wind,  
While the poor purfy God came panting behind.

## III.

I'm the Chief of Physicians; and none of the College  
Must be mention'd with me for Experience and Know-  
(ledge;  
Each



Each Herb, Flower, and Plant, by its Name I can call,  
And do more than the best Seventh Son of 'em all.

With my Powders and Pills,  
I cure all the Ills,  
That sweep off such Numbers each Week in the Bills,  
But still she kept running, and flew like the Wind,  
While the poor purisy God came panting behind.

## IV.

Besides, I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,  
And top all the Writers of fam'd *Covent-Garden*.  
I'm the Prop of the Stage, and the Pattern of Wit,  
I set my own Sonnets, and sing to my Kit.

I'm at *Will's* all the Day,  
And each Night at the Play;  
And Verses I make fast as Hops, as they say.  
When she heard him talk thus, she redoubl'd her Speed,  
And flew like a Whore from a Constable free'd.

## V.

Now had our wise Lover (but Lovers are blind)  
In the Language of *Lombard-street* told her his Mind;  
Look, Lady, what here is, 'tis Plenty of Money,  
Odsbods I must swinge thee, my Joy and my Honey:

I sit next the Chair,  
And shall shortly be Mayor,  
Neither *Clayton* nor *Duncomb* with me can compare.  
Tho', as wrinkled as *Priam*, deform'd as the Devil,  
The God had succeeded, the Nymph had been Civil.

## MISCELLANIES.

An ELEGY on that most Orthodox and Pains-taking  
Divine, Mr. Sam. Smith, Ordinary of Newgate, who  
dy'd of a Quinsey, on St. Bartholomew's Day, the  
24th of August, 1698.

**T**Yburn, lament, in pensive *Sable* mourn,  
For from the World thy ancient Priest is torn:  
Death, cruel Death, thy learn'd Divine has ended,  
And by a Quinsey from his Place suspended.  
Thus he expir'd in his old Occupation,  
And as he liv'd, he dy'd by Suffocation.

Then



Thou Rev'rend Pillar of the Triple-Tree,  
 I would say Post, for it was prop'd by thee;  
 Thou Penny-Chronicler of hasty Fate,  
 Death's Annalist, Reformer of the State;  
 Cut-throat of Texts, and Chaplain of the Halter,  
 In whose sage Presence Vice itself did falter.  
 How many Criminals, by thee assisted,  
 Old *Smith*, have been most orthodoxly twisted?  
 And when they labour'd with a dying Qualm,  
 Were decently suspended to a Psalm?  
 How oft hast thou set harden'd Rogues a Squeaking,  
 By urging the great Sin of Sabbath-breaking;  
 And sav'd Delinquents from Old *Nick's* Embraces,  
 By flashing Fire and Brimstone in their Faces?

Thou wast a Gospel-*Smith*, and after Sentence,  
 Brought'st Sinners to the Anvil of Repentance;  
 And tho' they prov'd obdurate at the Sessions,  
 Could'st hammer out of them most strange Confessions,  
 When Plate was stray'd, and Silver Spoons were missing,  
 And Chamber-maid betray'd by *Judas* Kissing.

Thy Christian Bowels chearfully extended  
 Towards such, as by their *Mammon* were befriended.  
 Tho' *Culprit* in enormous Acts was taken,  
 Thou would'st devise a Way to save his Bacon;  
 And if his Purse could bleed a half Pistole,  
*Legit*, my Lord, He reads, upon my Soul.  
 Spite of thy Charity to dying Wretches,  
 Some Fools would live to bilk thy Gallows Speeches.  
 But who'd refuse, that has a Taste of Writing,  
 To hang, for one learn'd Speech of thy inditing.  
 Thou alway'st had'st a conscientious Itching,  
 To rescue Penitents from *Pluto's* Kitchen;  
 And hast committed upon many a Soul  
 A pious Theft, but so St. *Austin* stole.  
 And Shoals of Robbers, purg'd of sinful Leaven,  
 By thee were set in the High Road to Heaven.

With sev'ral Mayors hast thou eat Beef and Mustard,  
 And frail *Wince*-pyes, and transitory Custard.  
 But now that learned Head in Dust is laid,  
 Which has so sweetly sung, and sweetly pray'd:

Yet



Yet, tho' thy outward Man is gone and rotten,  
 Thy better Part shall never be forgotten.  
 While *Newgate* is a Mansion for good Fellows,  
 And *Sternhold's* Rhimes are murder'd at the Gallows ;  
 While *Holborn* Cits at Execution gape,  
 And Cut-purse follow'd is by Man of Crape ;  
 While *Grub-street* Muse, in Garrets so sublime,  
 Trafficks in Doggrel, and aspires to Rhime ;  
 Thy Deathless Name and Memory shall reign,  
 From fam'd *St. Giles*, to *Smithfield*, and *Duck-lane*.  
 But since thy Death does general Sorrow give,  
 We hope thou in thy Successor will live.  
*Newgate* and *Tyburn* jointly give their Votes,  
 Thou may'st succeeded be by *Dr. Oates*.

*An EPITAPH upon that profound and learned Casuist,  
 the late Ordinary of Newgate.*

UNDER this Stone  
 Lies a Reverend Drone,  
 To *Tyburn* well known ;  
 Who preach'd against Sin  
 With a terrible Grin,  
 In which some may think, that he acted but odly,  
 Since he liv'd by the Wicked, and not by the godly.  
 In Time of great Need,  
 In Case he were freed,  
 He'd teach one to read  
 Old Pot-hooks and Scrawls,  
 As ancient as *Paul's* :  
 But if no Money came,  
 You might hang for old *Sam*,  
 And, founder'd in Psalter,  
 Be ty'd to a Halter.  
 This Priest was well hung,  
 I mean with a Tongue,  
 And bold Sons of Vice  
 Would disarm in a Trice ;  
 And draw Tears from a Flint,  
 Or the Devil was in't.



If a Sinner came him nigh  
 With Soul as black as Chimny,  
 And had but the Sense  
 To give him the Pence,  
 With a little Church-Paint  
 He'd make him a Saint.  
 He understood Physick,  
 And cur'd Cough and Ptisick,  
 And, in short, all the Ills  
 That we find in the Bills,  
 With a sovereign Balm,  
 The World calls a Psalm.

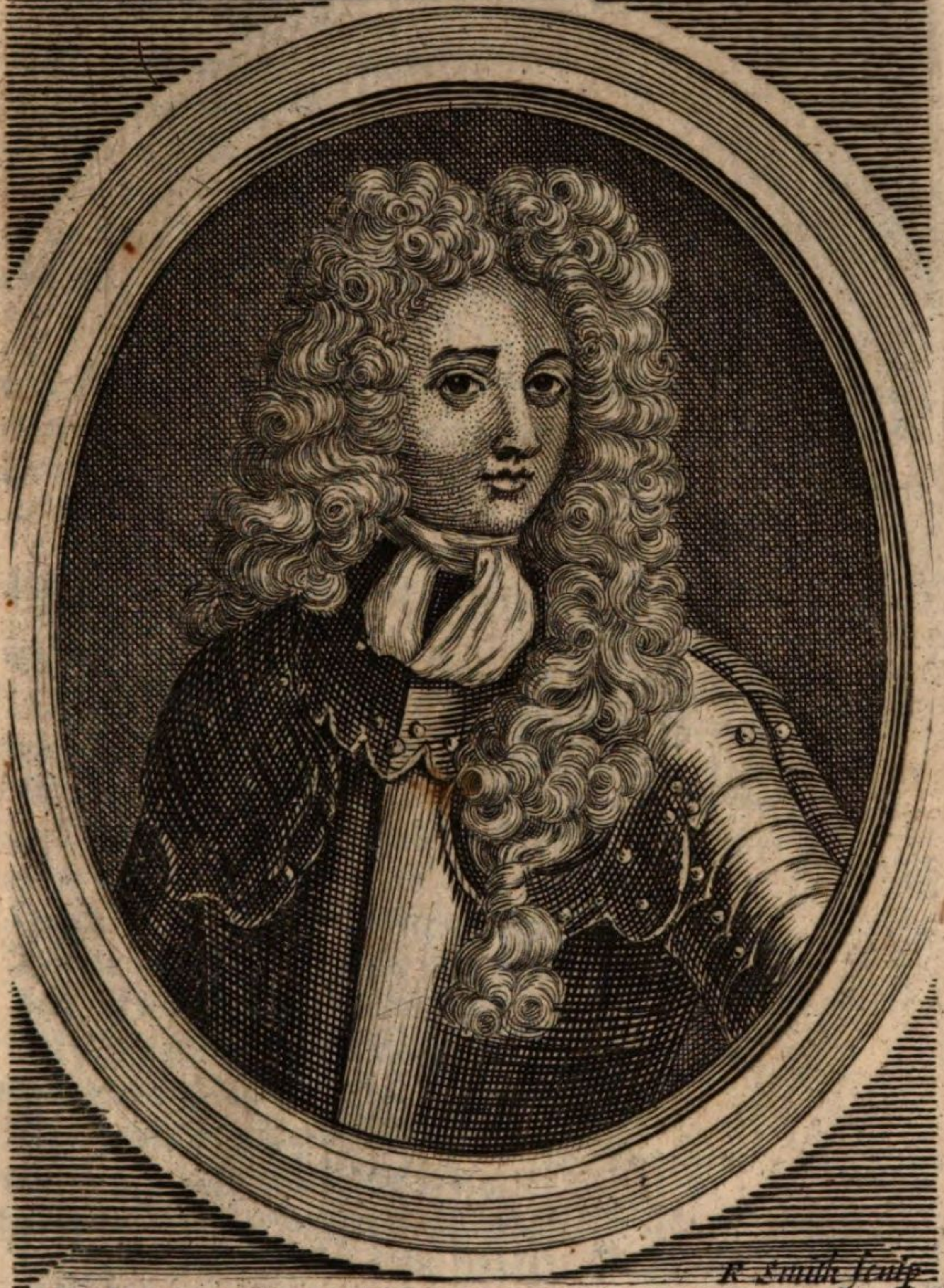
Thus his *Newgate-Birds* once, in the Space of a Moon,  
 Tho' they liv'd to no Purpose, they dy'd to some Tune.

In Death was his Hope,  
 For he liv'd by a Rope.  
 Yet this, by the Way,  
 In his Praise we may say,  
 That, like a true Friend,  
 He his Flock did attend,  
 Ev'n to the World's End,  
 And car'd not to start  
 From Sledge, or from Cart,  
 'Till he first saw them wear  
 Knots under their Ear ;  
 And merrily swing,  
 In a well-twisted String.  
 But if any dy'd hard,  
 And left no Reward,  
 As I told you before,  
 He'd inhance their old Score,  
 And kill them again  
 With his murd'ring Pen.

Thus he kept Sin in Awe,  
 And supported the Law ;  
 But, Oh ! cruel Fate !  
 So unkind, tho' I say't,  
 Last Week, to our Grief,  
 Grim Death, that old Thief

Alas !





R. Smith sculp

Viscount Dundee







Alas! and Alack!  
 Had the Boldness to pack  
 This old Priest on his Back,  
 And whither he's gone,  
 Is not certainly known.  
 But a Man may conclude,  
 Without being Rude,  
 That Orthodox Sam,  
 His Flock would not sham;  
 And to shew himself to 'em a Pastor most Civil,  
 As he led, so he follow'd 'em all to the D——l.

*An ELEGY in Memory of the Gallant Visc. Dundee, who was kill'd by a random Shot, after he had won the Battel at Gillecranky. Writ by Mr. Brown, at the Request of Dr. Griffith and Mr. Burges.*

Fors & virtus miscetur in unum. *Virg. Æneid. 12.*

**G**Oddeſs, to urge me on, forbear,  
 Or make my mournful Song thy Care;  
 Oppreſs'd with Doubts, and mighty Woe,  
 I'd ſing the *Man*, that all *Mankind* ſhou'd know,  
 How brave he fought, how conquer'd, and how fell,  
 And in what Cause aſſiſt me whiſt I tell.  
 Quickly the *News* was hither brought,  
 Too true, alas! that he was dead,  
 And all our Expectations fled;  
 But yet we would not entertain the Thought.  
 Between the Extreameſ of *Hope* and *Fear*,  
 Confus'd we ſtood, the Truth to hear,  
 Until 'twas made at laſt too plain,  
 Beyond all Doubt the great unconquer'd *Man* was ſlain.  
 Forgive me, *Heav'n*, that impious Thought,  
 At firſt I queſtion'd your *Supream Decree*,  
 Love to my King the Madneſs wrought,  
 And Grief for the World's Loſs, the brave *DUNDEE*.  
 Oh! frail Eſtate of Things below,  
 Well to our Coſt your Emptineſs we know.  
 Scarce from the *Fury* he had paſs'd  
 Of a miſtaken factious *Race*,

But



But other Dangers follow him as fast,  
 And trace him as he goes from *Place to Place* :  
 His *Friends* desert, his *Foes* pursue,  
 Yet still undaunted he goes on ;  
 New Dangers but his *Mind* and *Strength* renew,  
 So Brave, so Just, and Good, was this unalter'd Man.

Tho' much o'er-match'd in *Men and Arms*,  
 His *Cause* and *Courage* only best,  
 And his Example far above the rest :  
 Firmly resolv'd, he meets the *num'rous Foe* ;  
 But first, with *cheerful Anger* in his Face,  
*Soldiers* and *Friends*, he spoke, I'm sure you know,  
 For what Intent, and for whose Sake we go ;  
 And then he bow'd, and briefly told the Case.

*His Speech to his Soldiers.*

A *King* entail'd, by long *Descent*,  
 Equal almost to Time in its Extent,  
 Robb'd of his *Throne*, for sure it must be so,  
 Nor God nor *Nature* can,  
 Only *presumptuous* Man,  
 Be guilty of so black an Overthrow.  
 What's worse, to palliate the *Pretence*,  
*Harmless Religion* too is brought,  
 Falsly and indirectly us'd,  
 And all her sacred *Mysteries* abus'd,  
 Beyond what the dark *Sybils* ever taught.  
 And can we bear, my *Friends*, this great Offence ?  
 Can we stand idle by,  
 And see our *Mother* robb'd, at last condemn'd to die,  
 And not endeavour for some Recompence ?  
*Envy* and *Fraud*, *Hypocrisy* and *Pride*,  
 And bold *Ambition* arm'd for *Parricide* ;  
 The certain Loss of *Liberty* and *Laws*,  
 And *Usurpation*, an intolerable Cause.  
 All these, and more, have brought us here ;  
 Let no Man doubt, let no Man fear ;  
 His *Cause* is *Just*, and if he falls to Day,  
 For so by *Chance* he may,



At worst, his Name shall wear  
 A large and noble *Character* ;  
 But his exalted *Soul* shall fly  
 The Boundless Pitch of vast *Eternity*.

He spoke ; his Soldiers much approve ;  
*Despair* and *Fear* quit ev'ry Breast,  
*Rage* and *Revenge* their Place possess'd :  
 And then with wondrous *Order* t'wards the *Foe* they move,  
 But who th' *Amazement* and th' *Affright* can tell,  
 That on the other *Army* fell ?  
 Or who, without *Astonishment*, can say,  
 The wond'rous *Things* this great Man did that Day ?  
 In vain their routed *Squadron* fly  
 In vain, aloud, for Help they cry,  
 The *Battel's* lost, and they must *yield*, or *die*.

But, see of human Things, the brittle State !  
 The only best, and best deserving Man,  
 That should have breath'd beyond the *common Span*,  
 The last that meets triumphantly his Fate ;  
 As he was lifting up his Hand,  
 To give the finishing Command,  
 Comes a malicious random Shot,  
 And struck the *Victor* dead upon the Spot.  
 Methinks I see the wounded Hero lie,  
 Too good to live, and yet too brave to die ;  
 I hear him bless his *Cause*, and more he had to say,  
 But, oh ! the hasty Soul could make no longer Stay.

*Unconquer'd* Man, farewell !  
 Now thou art gone to dwell  
 Where thou shalt be entirely free  
 From all the Curses of *Mortality*.  
 No anxious Thoughts shall wreck thy Breast,  
 No *Factions* shall disturb thy Rest ;  
 Nor shalt thou be by *Tyranny* oppress'd,  
 Thy *Learning* and thy *Parts*,  
 Thy *Knowledge* in the noblest, useful Arts,  
 Thy *Conversation* and thy *Wit*,  
 Spoke thee for Earth unmeet, for *Heav'n* only fit.  
 Live blest above, almost invok'd below ;  
 Live, and accept this pious *Vow*,  
 Our *Captain* once, our *Guardian Angel* now,

Live.



Live, and enjoy those great *Rewards* are due,  
To those who to their *Prince* are Faithful, Just, and True.

When he had finish'd his Poem, he inclos'd it in the following Letter to Dr. *Griffith*, and sent it the next Night to the Club, which was then at the *Castle-Tavern* in *Fleet-street*.

Dear Doctor,

**A**T your Request, I have writ something, which, if you think fit, you may call an *Elegy* upon the Viscount *Dundee*. But, in Truth, Sir, I am so ill acquainted with that Kind of Writing, that I could have wish'd you would have pitch'd upon some Body else for your Operator. As for *Crambo*, *Acrostick*, *Anagram*, and such Sort of *Performance*, I think my self not much below my Name-sake *Durfy*, or any other of the *Gentlemen* of that *Order*; but for this *Elegiack* Way, I know no more of it, with Respect to his Holiness be it spoken, than the *Pope of Rome*. I was two Days at least hunting for a *Precedent*, at last I fell in with Mr. *Cowley's Imitation of Pindar*, whom I have been so *impudent* to attempt to mimic; so that if this mighty *Production* should ever pass into any other Hands, it must be dignify'd with the *Title of a Pindarck Elegy, in Imitation of Mr. Cowley*. But, Sir, to be a little serious, I am afraid I have not treated this great Man's *Character* as he deserves; and withal, I am told, Mr. *Dryden* has something of this Nature new upon the Stocks, so I must beg of you, upon these and other weighty Considerations, that after you have read over the *Paper*, you'll immediately apply it to the proper Use. Sir, you see by this, how ready I am, and always shall be, to obey your Commands, and to take all Opportunities to approve my self

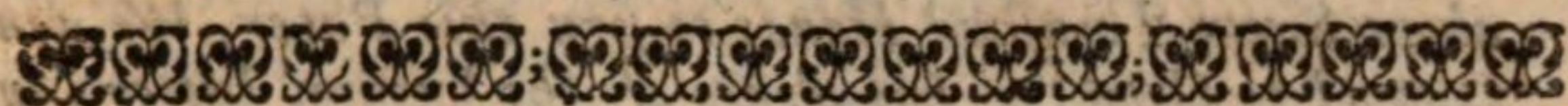
Sept. 27.  
1689.

Your most obedient Servant,

THO. BROWN.

The





T H E

## Mourning Poet, &amp;c.



## The P R E F A C E.

*I* Wont say any Thing in Behalf of the following Poem. A Prison is none of the most delightful Places for a Muse to exert her Talent in; and though Verse, in Respect of Prose, is a confined Sort of Writing, yet no People hate Confinement more than Poets.

'Tis true, I as little thought, a few Years ago, of turning Poet, as, with all due Reverence be it said, any of the most topping Citizens about the Exchange do now; but the Case is alter'd, and for want of employing my Time better, (which was none of my own Fault) I was forc'd, and I hope that will justify me, to employ it in innocent Rhiming.

But let the Versification be what it will, my Subject and Design, I am sure, is virtuous and honest. I plead for Compassion and Pity to our Fellow-Creatures; and surely we should be asham'd of boasting our selves made after the Divine Likeness, if we don't copy our Maker in what, with Relation to our selves, is the best of his Attributes.

I will not rail at those Persons, by whose Importunity and Management the late Act against poor Prisoners was carry'd, that were but too miserable before; only it may be worth their while to ruminate a little upon the Apostle's Words, Let him that stands, take Care of Falling. The World's a Lottery, and he that preaches against giving Relief to Day, may want it for himself and Family to Morrow. That ill-condition'd Engineer, who presented Phalaris with the Brazen Bull, was the first that handsell'd it. And after all, Why should numberless Wretches starve for a few Delinquents?

If



*If Numbers signify any Thing to gain a Cause, we have above Sixty Thousand Hands to sign this Paper. We don't pretend to Copy the Impudence of the Legion Letter; no, 'tis our Business to supplicate, not buff Parliaments; nay, even to speak fair to the meanest of our Creditors. But tho' we are far from imitating the Insolence of the late Legion, yet 'tis plain the Name but too justly belongs to us, for, Heaven knows, we are a Parcel of poor unpity'd Devils.*

*The Mourning Poet: Or, The unknown Comforts of Imprisonment, written in the Year 1703, and calculated for the Meridian of the three populous Universities of the Queen's-Bench, the Marshalsea, and the Fleet; but may indifferently serve any Prison in the Kingdom of England, Dominion of Wales, or Town of Berwick upon Tweed.*

**S**ince my hard Fate has doom'd me to a Jayl,  
Some scolding Muse direct me how to rail:  
And let this Curse, by my ill Genius sent,  
As 'tis my Penance, be my Argument.  
The Scene of Life with *Black* and *White* spread o'er,  
Here shews us *Want*, and there superfluous *Store*.  
The *Rich Man* and the *Poor* be then my Theme;  
Having been *both*, I best can judge of them.

A *Rich Man*, what is he? Has he a Frame  
Distinct from others? Or a better Name?  
Has he more Legs, more Arms, more Eyes, more Brains?  
Has he less Care, less Crosses, or less Pains?  
Can Riches keep the mortal Wretch from Death?  
Or can new Treasures purchase a new Breath?  
Or does Heaven send its Love and Mercy more  
To *Mammon's* pamper'd Sons, than to the Poor?  
If not, why should the Fool take so much State,  
Exalt himself and others under-rate?  
'Tis senseless Ignorance, that sooths his Pride,  
And makes him laugh at all the World beside.  
But when Excesses bring on Gout or Stone,  
All his vain Mirth and Gayety are gone.  
Then to make any Truce with his Disease,  
And purchase the least Interval of Ease,

He'd



He'd all his ill-got Magazines resign,  
 And at Health's Altar sacrifice his Coin :  
 And when he dies, for all he looks so high,  
 He'll make as vile a Skeleton as I.

To number out the several Sorts of *Poor*,  
 Would be to count the Billows on the Shore ;  
 My Muse shall therefore all the rest decline,  
 And to th' Industrious Man her self confine ;  
 Who with incessant Labour strives to live,  
 And yet by cruel Accidents can't thrive.  
 To trace th' orig'nal Fountain of his Woe,  
 From whence the Grofs of all his Ills do flow ;  
 With *War* I must begin, whose fatal Doom  
 Ruins all Trade as well Abroad as Home :  
 The dire Effects the Merchant feels the first,  
 And all the other Trades by War are curs'd ;  
 The Vintners, whom I own I pity most,  
 Are daily in this cursed Scramble lost.

And who can wonder that so many fail,  
 When righteous Claret truckles to vile Ale,  
 And *Barcelona* stoops to *Belgick* Mild and Stale.  
 War (to whose Court all lesser Evils join)  
 First help'd to circumsise our current Coin.  
 'Twas a fine Harvest, when the Clipping Race,  
 To the conniving Government's Disgrace,  
 Cut short his Majesty within the Ring,  
 And dock'd his Horses Tail (God bless the King :)  
 Then Goldsmiths, Scrivners, and the bulky Tribe  
 Of mony'd Knaves, too numerous to describe,  
 Fatten'd apace on this unrighteous Trade,  
 And at the Realm's Expence large Fortunes made :  
 While the poor half-starv'd Slaves, that for them wrought,  
 Within the fatal Toil were daily caught :  
 And to relieve them in their *Tyburn* Qualm,  
 Troop'd off to the dull Musick of a Psalm.

The Charge of War out-ballanc'd soon our Trade ;  
 As *this* advanc'd, *that* palpably decay'd.  
 And as 'twas ten Years War that ruin'd *Troy*,  
 So ten Years War did *England's* Wealth destroy.  
 War! fatal War! the Murderer of Trade,  
 Occasion'd heavy Taxes for its Aid ;



It set Mercurial Heads at work t' invent  
 Most easy Ways to serve the Government :  
*NEALE* started first, to raise a speedy Sum,  
*A MILLION-LOTTERY*, let who will come,  
 No Loss can happen, but most certain Gain;  
 Sell Lands and Houses, ne'er was such a Main.

This was a general and inviting Bait,  
 And did so luckily relieve the State,  
 That the Groom-Porter had encouragement,  
 New specious Schemes and Projects to invent.

Next, the old Maids and Batch'lors were cajol'd,  
 Fourteen *per Cent.* for Life, and well enroll'd :

They drew their Cash from Commerce and from Trade,  
 And lavishly adventur'd on this *Aid*;

Long may they live, and still, (as now) be paid.

At the Heels of this, *Survivorship* came in,

('Tis hard to stop, tho' easy to begin)

From Six *per Cent.* t' increase as Children die :

So promising a Fund who wou'd not try ?

Thus eager Parents paid their Money down,

To make their Children Vassals to the Crown,

And with much Ceremony beg their own.

At last, resolv'd new Methods still t' explore,

As if we ne'er cou'd drain the Nations Store,

The Bank peept up, and all before it bore ;

As Rivers dutifully glide to pay

Their liquid Tribute to their Parent Sea.

Nor is it strange : Av'rice is always wise,

And Profit, say the Learned, never lies.

*Int'rest* at twelve *per Cent.* for Stock advanc'd,

*Stock* to one hundred thirty Pounds enhanc'd ;

So he that had a thousand Pounds in there,

For thirteen hundred strait cou'd sell his Share ;

Prodigious Gain ! *Such Principal, such Use*

*Th' Exchequer pays ; what must the Exchequer lose ?*

But say, my Muse, what Harm was it to Trade,

If the Exchequer *Cent. per Cent.* had paid,

When the Realm's wants require a present Aid ?

It made the Nation's Debt call for Supplies,

By doubting both the *Customs* and *Excise* ;



It fram'd the *Capitation* by Degrees,  
Births, Burials, Batchelors, Lights, Lawyers-Fees,  
Stock, Money, Titles, empty Houses pay,  
Altho' the Tenants often run away.

All those, and many more Inventions join'd  
To pamper War, while sickly Trade declin'd:  
Set up *Stock-jobbers* on the Nation's Back,  
Whose weight compleated poor *Britannia's* Wreck.  
These Vermin being hatch'd, the num'rous Brood  
Increas'd, and fatten'd on the Tradesman's Blood;  
If Tallies were deliver'd on some *Aid*,  
*Stock-jobber* fix'd what Money shou'd be paid.  
The *Legislators* gave Encouragement  
For Men to work, and trust the Government;  
But tho' a general Good they thus design'd,  
Those rav'nous *Harpies* of th' *Exchange* combin'd  
To frustrate all; deaf to the Nation's Cries,  
They its best Laws turn'd into Merchandize;  
So that poor Tradesmen, for a hundred Pound,  
For fifty with these Rascals must compound,  
Or else to Goal; their Wants call for Supply,  
And ready Cash at any Rate they'll buy:  
Thus all those Millions given for Supplies,  
Those *Caterpillars* still monopolize;  
And if we find not out some speedy Way  
To kill these Worms that on our Vitals prey,  
Commerce, the Nation's Glory soon will fail,  
And half our Traders perish in a Jayl.  
Oh! who can bear to see so many Hands  
Lie idle, like uncultivated Lands;  
Devour'd by Want, only to gratify  
Senseless Revenge and brutish Cruelty?

Rome, whose imperial Sway the World obey'd,  
Justice the Rule of all her Actions made;  
And tho' most Nations dreaded her Alarms,  
Was no less Famous for her Laws than Arms.  
Among the rest, this justly claims a Place,  
And let not *England* think it a Disgrace,  
The glorious Empress of the World to trace.  
The Debtor had one Part, the Lender two;  
Revenge had nothing; nothing was her Due.

}

Credit



Credit with us the whole Estate doth seize,  
 And on the wretched Debtor's Body preys ;  
 Heav'n's brightest Gift, Compassion's out of Door ;  
 And he's a graceless Reprobate that's poor.

In *France* this Law does still maintain a Sway,  
 If Tradesmen prove incapable to pay,  
 Six Persons, of known Truth and Probity,  
 Make Inquest what their whole Estate may be :  
 When this is duly done, two Parts of three  
 They to the Creditors allotted see :  
 And then one Third to Debtor is convey'd,  
 That he may have some Stock again to trade.  
 How worthy Praise are such good Acts as these ?  
 Considering, too, there's not a Penny Fees.  
 Why should we then our *English* Laws advance,  
 And scornfully expose the Laws of *France* ?  
 Since Subjects Fellow-Subjects can destroy,  
 And rob us of our boasted Liberty.

In *Holland*, if a Creditor thinks fit  
 His Debtor to a Prison to commit,  
 At his own Charge he must maintain him there,  
 Not let him starve, as Creditors do here.

A Prison ! Heav'ns, I loath the hated Name,  
 Famine's Metropolis, the Sink of Shame,  
 A nauseous Sepulchre, whose craving Womb  
 Hourly inters poor Mortals in its Tomb ;  
 By ev'ry Plague and ev'ry Ill possess'd,  
 Ev'n Purgatory it self to thee's a Jest ;  
 Emblem of Hell, Nursery of Vice,  
 Thou crawling University of Lice :  
 Where Wretches numberless to ease their Pains,  
 With Smoak and Ale delude their pensive Chains.  
 How shall I thee avoid ? Or, with what Spell  
 Dissolve th' Enchantment of thy Magic Cell ?  
 Ev'n *Fox* himself can't boast so many Martyrs,  
 As yearly fall within thy wretched Quarters.  
 Money I've none, and Debts I cannot pay,  
 Unless my Vermin will those Debts defray.  
 Not scolding Wife, nor *Inquisition's* worse ;  
 Thou'rt ev'ry Mischief cramm'd into one Curse.



May we at last the Senate's Mercy find,  
 And breathe (what Heav'n bestows on all Mankind ;  
 What needy Clowns as well as Monarchs share)  
 The common Benefit of wholesome Air :  
 Then to your Clemency we'll Altars raise,  
 And with united Voice our Benefactors praise.

*So pray*

*Threescore Thousand.*

*To my Friend Mr. Playford, on the Publication of his  
 Second Book of Pills.*

**F**riend *Harry* to prove that your Thoughts were absurd,  
 For supposing I could not be true to my Word,  
 According to the Promise which I made long ago,  
 At last I have squeez'd out a Couplet or two  
 In the Praise of your *Pills*; and tho' my Verse late is,  
 Yet believe it's the first that I ever sent *Gratis*.

By my Soul, I've been us'd so to Bolus and Potior,  
 That I'm ready to swoon at a Physical Notion ;  
 And if you wou'd lend me (that's give) a *Jacobus* :  
 I'm perswaded I cou'd not take Pill *Ex Duobus* :  
 However, since yours have no Turpentine Flavour,  
 Nor confine a Man close to his righteous Behaviour,  
 Since no bitter Ingredients give Offence to my Palate,  
 But they please me like Cheese which is roasted, or Sallad,  
 I'll quit making Faces to write Panegyrick,  
 Tho' I'm not half so fit for't as *M--* for *Lyrick*.

To begin then, pray take it as *Thomas* his Sentence,  
 Your Pills will ne'er bring one to Stool of Repentance ;  
 But will chace away Sorrow, which will hang on our  
 (Brows

As a pretty young Girl does a Batchelor's Vows,  
 Who, at Sight of her Beauty, drowns the Thoughts of  
 (Miscarriage,  
 And perjur'd, immediately sets up for Marriage.

They're a Cure for a Fav'rite who had handled his Senses,  
 And has lost our Good Word by getting his Prince's.  
 The thoughtful Good Statesman, who sits a-la-mort,  
 Because he's remov'd from Council and Court,



At the Taste of your Med'cines shall resign up his Grief,  
And bless his Retirement, and bless your Relief.

All Conditions and Sexes, in Country and City,  
From thee wou'd be thought Wise, to the really Witty,  
From the Lady who speaks all her Words as in Print,  
And has Eyes which strike Fire like a Steel and a Flint.  
To the Damsel whose Language as coarse as her Skin,  
And who fain wou'd be dabbling, but starts at the Sin,  
And she stares at and covets the Thing call'd a *Man*,  
And she thinks she cou'd do what her Ladyship can :  
From the Prodigal Cit, who's a settling the Nation,  
To the poor Country Thresher, who's as great in his Station.  
From their Squireships and Knighthoods, and Lordships,  
(and Graces,  
To the Man of no Title, who makes 'em wry Faces :  
All alike shall be purg'd by your laxative Verses,  
Which shall loosen their Tongues instead of their Arses,  
As they join in the Praises of what I commend,  
And acknowledge you theirs, as I own to my Friend.

London, June 28, 1720.

T. BROWN.

*Upon the Encampment on Hounslow Heath.*

**T**OO long, by flowing Luxury betray'd,  
Our *Brittish* Isle was in loose Slumber laid ;  
Too long we felt the Ills of fatal Peace,  
And idly languish'd in inglorious Ease ;  
No manly Business did our Thoughts engage,  
To purchase Fame on *Europe's* wond'ring Stage ;  
But grown unmindful of our former Name,  
We all our Fathers Triumphs did disclaim,  
While even *France* itself, with scorn, beheld our Shame. }  
The idle Spear hung up, the polish'd Shield  
Forgot the great Atchievements of the Field ;  
The gen'rous Sword contracted filthy Rust,  
And active Pikes lay moul'dring in the Dust.  
Shrill Trumpets speak not to the armed Throng,  
Our Instruments unlearn'd each martial Song,  
While Guns and Bombs as useful did appear,  
As Laws and Learning in the Times of War :

Mean-



Mean-while our Neighbours strove to break the Chain,  
 And fought the Empire of fair *Albion's* Main,  
 Bold num'rous Suitors briskly did prepare,  
 To court the *Nymph* with all the Pomp of War.  
 Nay, more, the Eastern World our Shame must know,  
 And rifled *Bantam English* Conduct show,  
 While the proud *Dutch*, by potent *Nants* inspir'd,  
 Invade our Coasts, and on the Castles fir'd:  
*Spain*, that was much amaz'd at such a Sight,  
 Suspected now the Truth of *Eighty Eight*.  
 And scarcely thought our Fathers could obtain,  
 Such great and glorious Triumphs over *Spain*.

Thus were we scorn'd, and thus contemn'd Abroad,  
 While seeds of civil Feuds at Home were sow'd;  
 Prompted by each bold Instrument of Hell,  
 Dull Fools, we did for Conscience sake rebel;  
 Then senseless Clamours all our Thoughts employ'd,  
 And *Whig* and *Tory* did the Land divide.

But now triumphant *James* the Scepter sways,  
 Th' adoring World our Rising Sun surveys:  
 He to our Minds new Vigour does infuse,  
 And furnish ample Matter for the Muse;  
 He to it self our Island does restore,  
 Extends its Limits, and confirms its Pow'r,  
 While the Great *Edward's* mighty Ghost is pleas'd  
 To see his ancient Kingdom's Honours rais'd.

Behold how shining in your martial Pride  
 Our Troops at *Hounslow* do your Coursers guide;  
 See how the well-formed *Phalanx* does advance,  
 Taught by Experience, not inspir'd by Chance;  
 See how the Colours wanton in the Air,  
 And Helmets glisten formidably Fair;  
 How Groves of pointed Spears do move along,  
 As Trees commanded by the *Thracian* Song,  
 While Drums and Trumpets rend the list'ning Skies,  
 And every Heart keeps Measure with the Noise.

Surely, if Poets Prophecies are true,  
 These Heroes must unheard of Wonders do;  
 Either proud *France* must now fresh Vengeance feel,  
 And once more groan beneath the *English* Steel;



Or perjur'd *Holland*, some revolving Day,  
 For fam'd *Amboyna's* fatal Slaughters pay;  
 Or the large Kingdoms of the pow'rful West,  
 Too much by *Spanish* Cruelties oppress'd,  
 With *English* Arts at last, and *English* Laws be blest. }

*Upon the setting up of the Statue of Queen Elizabeth,  
 of ever blessed Memory, in the Royal Exchange, Lon-  
 don.*

LET *Memmon's* Statue be no more admir'd,  
 That utter'd Sounds, by the Sun-beams inspir'd;  
 My Muse a greater Wonder does rehearse,  
 For Stones have here infus'd the lofty Verse.

Oh! *London*, the just Pride of *Albion's* Isle,  
 That dost with Ease and flowing plenty smile,  
 Whose powerful Ships the Ocean do survey,  
 And make both *Indies* to thee Tribute pay,  
 Oh! give fresh Honours to *Eliza's* Name,  
 And view the lasting Trophies of her Fame:  
 She rais'd thy Head, and all thy Wealth secur'd,  
 Which else proud *Spaniards* Rapine had devour'd:  
 She chac'd thy Night of Ignorance away,  
 And soon restor'd Truth's incorrupted Ray.

Nor were her Blessings to this Realm confin'd:  
 Strangers enjoy'd the Virtues of her Mind:  
*Holland*, half ruin'd by the Pride of *Spain*,  
 By her kind Influence rais'd it self again;  
 She freed 'em from the Tyranny of *Rome*,  
 And stopt the Tide of Heaven's impending Doom.  
 E'en *France* it self, with civil Tumults stain'd,  
 Invok'd her Help, and Help was streight obtain'd,  
 Else the curst League had clipt the Royal Crown,  
 And from his Greatness thrown the Monarch down.

Who without Joy and Wonder can survey  
 The glorious Triumphs of that happy Day,  
 When mighty *Drake* oppos'd the Pow'r of *Spain*,  
 And fought their Navy in the *British* Main:  
 Long had proud *Philip* *England's* Fate conspir'd,  
 Urg'd by Revenge, and with Ambition fir'd;  
 Long had he strove by all the Arts of Pow'r  
 Old *Rome's* exploded Errors to restore.

Then



Then rev'rend Shrines were of their Reliques stript,  
 And consecrated Guns and Daggers shipt;  
 Each Banner was baptiz'd in Holy Oil,  
 And Vows were made to recommend the Toil;  
 The miter'd Prelate of St. *Peter's* Chair  
 Clubb'd towards the Work, and blest it with a Prayer.  
 Nay, griping Priests that never gave before,  
 Now plunder'd Altars to increase the Store.

Thus setting forth from *Lisbon's* fatal Bay,  
 Thro' wond'ring Waves the Navy cut its Way;  
 The World, amaz'd, lookt on the curst Intent,  
 And Fate now almost doubted the Event.  
 But *Britain's* Genius, not surpriz'd with Fear,  
 Towards the great Fleet its nimble Course did steer.  
 The roaring Guns first Complements did make,  
 At which the frighten'd Gallies 'gan to quake;  
 Soldiers, like Mag-pies, flutter'd in the Air,  
 And ev'ry Ship did in the Damage share:  
 'Till, half consum'd with Streams of glowing Fire,  
 The General thought it Prudence to retire.

These Triumphs we to Great *Eliza* owe,  
 Such Blessings her soft Influence did bestow;  
 Sh' enrich'd our Island with the *Indian* Mine,  
 And first reduc'd Religion, and our Coin:  
 O! may she live exalted in her Fame,  
 Enjoying all the Glories of her Name;  
 While *British* Fleets the Ocean shall command,  
 And Peace and Plenty crown our happy Land,  
 While true Religion does her Sway maintain  
 Against the Arts of Fraud, and Cruelties of *Spain*.

*In Praise of the Bottle. A Song.*

I.

W Hat a Pox d' ye tell me of the Papists Design?  
 Would to God you'd leave talking, and drink off  
 (your Wine,  
 Away with your Glass, Sir, and drown all Debate;  
 Let's be loyally merry; ne'er think of the State.  
 The King (Heav'n's bless him) knows best how to rule;  
 And who troubles his Head I think is but a Fool.



## II.

Come, Sir, here's his Health ; your Brimmer advance,  
 We'll ingross all the Claret, and leave none for *France*.  
 'Tis by this we declare our Loyal Intent,  
 And by our Carousing the Customs augment.  
 Would all mind their Drinking, and proper Vocation,  
 We should ha' none of this Bustle and Stir in the Nation.

## III.

Let the Hero of *Poland*, and Monarch of *France*,  
 Strive, by Methods of Fighting, their Crowns to advance.  
 Let Chappels, in *Lime Street*, be built, or destroy'd,  
 And the Test, and the Oath of Supremacy, void ;  
 It shall ne'er trouble me ; I'm none of those Maggots,  
 That have whimsical Fancies of *Smithfield* and Faggots.

## IV.

Then banish all groundless Suspicions away ;  
 The King knows to govern let us learn to obey.  
 Let ev'ry Man mind his Business and Drinking ;  
 When the Head's full of Wine, there's no Room left for  
 [Thinking.  
 'Tis nought but an empty and whimsical Pate,  
 That makes Fools run giddy with Notions of State.

*The Rover. A Song.*

## I.

I Hate the Dotard, that restrains  
 Himself to one. Give me the Spark,  
 That ev'ry single Doe disdains,  
 But bravely chaces all the Park.  
 What Charms can one pretend ? She's fair,  
 Well shap'd, perhaps, plays well, or sings.  
 All's true ; but were she yet more rare,  
 The God of Love, you know, has Wings.

## II.

Beauty's dispers'd thro' all the Kind,  
 Through all the Universe does move,  
 And 'till it be to One confin'd,  
 I think I've lawful Cause to rove.  
 To Day this Face delights my Eye,  
 But when I'm ask'd not to give o'er ;

Your



Your Servant ; I've fed heartily :  
Surfeits are dang'rous. Not a Bit more.

*The Campaign. A Song.*

I.

**M**ount, my Boys, mount ; let us view the Campaign ;  
At *Hounslow* the Tents do cover the Plain.  
Hark ! the Trumpets found, the Troopers are hors'd,  
If you stay longer, the Sight will be lost.  
Hark too ! the Hautboys, the Grenadiers come ;  
Now, in the Rear, march the Foot with the Drums.  
Haste, Gentlemen, Haste, our Friends will present's  
With a kind Bottle, and Wench in their Tents.

II.

See yonder, Sir, see how dazling they shew ?  
Their Cloaths, Hats, and Arms, are brandishing new.  
How dreadfully look the Bay'nets advanc'd !  
How proudly those Jennets before 'em do prance !  
See how the Housings and Trappings do blaze !  
How admiring Crowds upon them do gaze !  
Whigs and old Rebels are dash'd at the Sight ;  
They curse in their Hearts, and view 'em with Spight.

III.

Now, now we are there ; yon's the General's Tent ;  
All that long Row's for the Queen's Regiment ;  
Yonder's the Sutler's ; and there the Smiths stand,  
With Anvils, and Forges, all ready at Hand.  
O *Windsor* and *Hounslow* ! I hope your Stock's large,  
You'r like to maintain an Infantry Charge.  
The Strollers o'th' *Strand* and *Park* will come down,  
And leave at the Camp what they got in the Town.

*The Libertine. A Song.*

I.

**I** Languish no more at the Glance of your Eye ;  
Can view you all ov'er, and ne'er fetch a deep Sigh :  
No more shall your Voice, Cyren-like, charm my Heart ;  
In vain you may figh, use in vain all your Art.



No, Madam, I'm free ; when I'm recreant again,  
Let me, unpity'd, feel again my old Pain.

## II.

I'll Libertine turn, use all things in common ;  
No more than one Dish, be bound to one Woman ;  
Yet I'll still love the Sex, but my Bottle before 'em ;  
I'll use 'em sometimes, but I'll never adore 'em.  
Go, Madam, be wise : When a Woodcock's i'th' Noose,  
Be sure hold him fast, lest, like me, he gets loose.

*A Catch.*

**L**ET the am'rous Coxcomb adore a fair Face ;  
An Hour's Enjoyment makes him look like an Ass.  
Let the ambitious Fop to Honours aspire,  
He burns with the Torment of boundless Desire.  
And let the old Miser hoard up his curs'd Pelf,  
He enriches his Bags, but he beggers himself.  
The Lover, Ambitious, and Miser, are Fools ;  
There's no solid Joy, but in jolly full Bowls.

*Match for the Devil. In Imitation of M. Rabelais.*

**W**HILE others idle Tales relate,  
To fright Men from the marry'd State,  
Do thou, my Muse, in humble Verse,  
The Virtues of a Wife rehearse.  
A Farmer of much Wealth possess'd,  
With Friends too, while they lasted, blest'd,  
Kept open House, and lov'd to feast  
Those who deserv'd and wanted least.  
To Pleasures he prescrib'd no Bounds ;  
He kept his Hunters, Pack of Hounds ;  
Somewhat lascivious, somewhat vain,  
Some Gentleman had cross'd the Strain.  
To try all Joys, and Plagues of Life,  
He boldly took a Buxom Wife.  
Now fresh Expences, fresh Delights,  
Attend the Day, and crown the Nights.  
His new Acquaintance crowd the House ;  
Some praise the Fare, but most the Spouse ;  
Each strove who should divert the most,  
But still 'twas at the Husband's Cost.

He,











He, thoughtless, prais'd the expensive Pleasure,  
'To please his dear domestick Treasure,  
All Care was scorn'd, and Bus'ness vanish'd,  
The present Joys Thoughts future banish'd :  
And being both of Years but vernal,  
They thought their Wealth and Loves eternal.

But oh ! how vain are all Mens Fancies !

Ill-grounded Projects, mere Romances.

What whims the wisest entertain ?

What strange Delusions fill our Brain !

When we are eager to possess,

We smooth the Road to Happiness :

We level Mountains, empty Seas,

And Reason fierce Desires obeys.

The greatest Danger we dispise ;

Our Passion sees, and not our Eyes.

Our Pair now find, some Seasons past,

Nor Wealth, nor Love, would always last,

Unless improv'd with Application ;

But that in one is out of Fashion.

Gold indeed preserves its Sway,

But *Love* ! who does thy Pow'r obey ?

Ev'n Women now profess to range,

And all their Pleasure is in Change ;

Now seek the present joys t' improve,

Yielding to many that call Love ;

Artful new Lovers to engage,

Then flight his Love, and scorn his Rage.

Thus these behold what they possess'd,

And wonder how they once were bless'd.

Their Jars are thought on, and improv'd ;

They hate themselves, that once they lov'd,

Thus lab'ring on in dirty Road,

They snarl, and curse the heavy Load.

How happy were our mortal State,

Were Indolence but our worst Fate !

No sooner Joys the Place forsake,

But racking Pains Dominion take ;

No sooner Love had fled the Pair,

When enter'd meager Want and Care.



The House, which had such vast Resort,  
 When Riot seem'd to keep his Court,  
 Is now forsook, a lonely Cell,  
 Where *Silence*, undisturb'd, might dwell.  
 Clean Pans and Spits the Walls now grac'd,  
 For Ornament the Pewter's plac'd,  
 Bright Dishes entertain the Eye;  
 No Kitchen-Smoke offends the Sky.  
 Hogheads with dismal Sounds complain'd,  
 Both Hogheads and the Man were drain'd.  
 His Landlord, stern, his Rents demands.  
 Stray'd are his Flocks, unplough'd his Lands.  
 The Wife advises Friends to try;  
 Her's, she was sure, would not deny.  
 A thousand Vows she had receiv'd;  
 Each Vow repaid, for she believ'd.

But oh! how soon did they discover,  
 'Tis Wealth brings Friends, the Face a Lover.  
 His Wants are heard without Relief;  
 Her Eyes afford not Joy, nor Grief.  
 His wasted Fortune all affrights;  
 Her faded Beauty none invites.

Oppress'd with Want, to Woods he flies,  
 And seeks the Peace his House denies.  
 Roving, lamenting his Condition,  
 Fate kindly sent him a Physician.  
 His Habit, Cane, and formal Face,  
 Shew'd he was of *Geneva* Race:  
 But cloven Fleet the Fiend detect,  
 And prov'd him Author of the Sect.  
 With Joy he spy'd the Wretches Cares,  
 And, fawning, thus he spread his Snares.  
 My Son! with Pity I have seen  
 (Tho' I've a Foe to Pity been)  
 The sad Disasters you endure,  
 That of a Wife admits no Cure.  
 I know your Wants, and her's I guess;  
 I cannot swear I'll both redress,  
 That Task, I fear, is too uneasy;  
 But if Possessions large will please ye,

Behold



Behold this spacious Tract of Land,  
All that you see's at my Command.  
I'll give it freely all to thee,  
If we, on Articles, agree.  
I can perform it, I'm the Devil,—  
Nay, never start, Man, I'll be civil.  
It shall be yours to plough and sow;  
All that above the Ground does grow,  
What e'er it is, shall be my due;  
The rest I freely give to you.

Gladly the Farmer does submit,  
For pinching Want hath taught him Wit.  
With Roots he plants the fruitful Soil,  
Which well rewarded all his Toil.  
But to his Landlord's jilted Share  
A weedy Harvest does appear.

The Devil, vext, new Cov'nants makes,  
Next Year all under-Ground he takes.  
Then Golden Wheat the Land does bear,  
And useless Roots are *Satan's* Share.  
The Fiend resolv'd to spoil the Jest,  
And thus the Farmer he addrest.

Believe me, Friend, thou art a Sharper,  
*Satan* himself has caught a *Tartar*;  
I've seen thy Wit, but now, at length,  
I am resolv'd to try thy Strength.  
A scratching Match we'll have together;  
Look to thy self, I'll claw thy Leather.  
If I submit, the Land is thine;  
If I o'ercome, thy Soul is mine.  
Think for your Quiet, I conjure ye;  
Should you to Hell, you leave a Fury.  
Observe those Talons, and away,  
And *Friday* next shall be the Day.  
A mod'rate Beauty will inflame,  
'Till we have seen a brighter Dame.  
Rivers, with Wonders, we survey,  
'Till we behold the boundless Sea.  
So ev'ry little trifling Care  
Appears a Load we cannot bear.

But



But if some horrid Tortures seize us,  
What late we dreaded now would ease us.

The wretched Farmer homeward goes,  
And dreads his future endless Woes.  
His Cares, his Duns, his Wants, his Wife,  
And all the Banes of happy Life,  
Would now afford him vast Content,  
Could he th' unequal Match prevent.  
His prying Turtle quickly guest  
Some Care uncommon fill'd his Breast.  
Husband and Wife, sometimes relate  
Their Cares and Bus'ness, tho' they hate.  
Nor always *Nature's* Call deny,  
And tho' both loath, yet both comply.  
Her wheedling Tongue soon found the Means  
To make the Wretch disclose his Pains.  
He tells the Combat, and the Laws,  
And magnifies his monst'rous Paws.

Pish! Is this all that plagues your Mind?  
An easy Remedy I'll find.  
You to your Wife's Advice submit,  
And we'll the Devil himself out-wit.  
Come, turn about, ——— and leave your Moans, ———  
These Husbands are such very Drones. ———  
He sigh'd, obey'd, and did his best;  
His Task perform'd, he went to Rest.

Our happy Hours are quickly past,  
And time to Misery makes Haste.  
Soon *Friday* comes, a dismal Day!  
When such a Guest would Visits pay.  
The Farmer dreads the approaching Scuffle;  
(The Thoughts of Hell, the boldest Ruffle)  
But still his Wife keeps up her Spirits;  
She knew her Safe-guard, and its Merits:  
She bids him hide, what'er should fall on't,  
While she receiv'd the dreadful Gallant.  
He soon obeys th' advent'rous Dame;  
The Husband gone, the Devil came.  
Who knocks, impetuous, at the Gate.  
And angry grows, that he should wait.

Again,



Again, for Entrance, loud he cries,  
 But Screams and Groans are the Replies.  
 Love and the Devil who can bind?  
 They stronger grow, the more confin'd:  
 If they can 'spy the smallest Hole,  
 One takes the Heart, and one the Soul.  
 So Satan, vex'd at the Delay,  
 Whipp'd thro' the Key-hole to his Prey;  
 But, to his great amazement, found  
 Th' indecent Wife spread on the Ground:  
 High as the Waste expos'd and bare,  
 And with her Shrieks she pierc'd the Air.

Why, how now, Woman? Whence this Passion?  
 This Posture, and such Exclamation?

Ah! pity, Sir, my wretched Case,  
 And quickly fly this horrid Place.  
 You, by your grim Majestick Air,  
 Your Feet, your Claws, your Horns declare,  
 You with my Husband come to scratch;  
 But thou, ah! shun th' unequal Match!  
 The cruel Monster ready stands,  
 But hope not to escape his Hands:  
 His Nails are Scythes, upon my Life,  
 And for his Horns, Sir, ——— I'm his Wife.  
 This Morn, to try what he could do,  
 On me he would his Prowess shew:  
 This Chasm he made with's little Finger;  
 Behold, Sir, ——— is it not a Swinger.  
 With that she threw her Legs aside.  
 And shew'd a Hole surprising wide.

Zounds, quoth the Devil (quite amaz'd,  
 When on the deadly Gulph he gaz'd)  
 What do I see! what makes that Wound  
 Of such extent, and so profound!  
 If that Nail such a Wound could tear,  
 What can the Force of ten Claws bear!  
 And by the Stench, to shew his Spight,  
 With poison'd Weapons he would fight.  
 My Talons are not half so long,  
 Nor is my Sulphur half so strong,

No,



No, I'll submit, since my Lot's Hell,  
 At least I'll in a whole Skin dwell.  
 The Land is his, but be he bound,  
 Since he has made, to fill that Wound.  
 With that he vanish'd from her Eyes.  
 And sulph'rous Stench and Fumes arise.

The Farmer hastens to the Place,  
 His great Deliv'rer to embrace.  
 Well hast thou freed my tim'rous Soul;  
 But what did e'er thy Pow'r controul?  
 The fiercest Rage it soon disarms,  
 Tho' Hell it frights, yet Men it charms.  
 But be it on thy Tomb engrav'd,  
 'Tis the first Soul a Wife e'er sav'd.

*The W H E T.*

**W**INE, in the Morning  
 Makes us frolick and gay  
 That like Eagles we soar  
 In the Pride of the Day.  
 Gouty Sots of the Night  
 Only find a Decay.  
 'Tis the Sun ripens the Grape,  
 And to Drinking gives Light;  
 We imitate him,  
 When by Noon we are at Height;  
 They steal Wine, who take it  
 When he's out of Sight.  
 Boy, fill all the Glasses,  
 Fill them up now he shines,  
 The higher he rises,  
 The more he refines;  
 For Wine and Wit fall  
 As their Maker declines.

**S O N G.**

**W**H O their Passions do fondly conceal,  
 They are Fools for their Pains;  
 'Tis a Confidence gains  
 What a modest Intrigue never wins.



Court briskly but once, and you'll presently find,  
There's nothing than Woman, than Woman more kind.

II.

Then, gently, good Madam, comply,

And seem not to say,

That you rather would stay ;

If you do, I shall tell you; you lie; [him to't,

For you know, had not *Eve* with her Charms brought

The old Man had ne'er tasted, ne'er tasted the Fruit.

*On Sternhold and Hopkins, and the new Version  
of David's Psalms.*

**Y**E scoundrel old Bards, and a Brace of dull Knaves,  
What, a plague, makes ye mutter, and talk in your  
[Graves?

Sure ye drank in your Porridge, like a Couple of Sots,  
And have mix'd the *Spoon-Meat* with the Belch of the *Pots*;  
Or the Worms had by this Time, if they had any Con-  
[science,

Stopp'd the Tongues of those Fools who made *David* speak  
[Nonsense.

*Ye write*, and be damn'd t' ye! *Ye* traffick in Metre!

Why, a Bawdy-house *Tongue* has a Voice that is sweeter:

A *White-Fryer Sinner*, or a *Saint* in *Duck-Lane*,

A *Crowder's-Well Sonnet*, or a *Py-Corner Strain*,

Has raptures and Flights, full of Judgment and Taking,

When compar'd to the Things ye call *Psalms* of your ma-  
[king.

Shame on ye, ye Coxcombs, away with this Riot,

And rot on, like the rest, who lie by ye in Quiet;

Nor dare to presume to petition and squabble,

When there's none takes your Part but the ignorant

[Rabble.

As for *David*, for God's sake, how dare you to name him,

When your wretched Translations so damnably shame

[him?

Poor *Psalmist*! he frets, and he storms, and he stares,

Bemoans his Composures, and renounces his Pray'ers;

Blushes more at the Dress which his *Penitence* hath on,

Than when told of his Faults by the Prophet old *Nathan*.

So



So changed are his Lines, and so murder'd each Sentence,  
 So debauch'd his God's *Praise*, and so lame his *Repentance*,  
 That to know the good King by the Words ye create him,  
 Is a Thing much more hard, than it is to translate him.  
 Let me tell you, grave Dons, I'll be bold to assure ye,  
 It is well that this Warrior lies bury'd in *Jury*;  
 Had he lain near the Place which at present contains  
 Of the two sorry Sinners the stupid Remains,  
 'Tis a Pound to a Penny, but his Ashes would fly on,  
 And handle your Skulls like the *Bear* and the *Lion*.

But for fear I should dwell on the Subject too long,  
 And the Dulness I laugh at be seen in my Song,  
 Lest the *Muse* should turn Jade, and by Sympathy led,  
 Take Part of the Scandal sh'has flung on the Dead.  
 I'll no more of your Canting, and Whining, and Chim-

[ing,  
 Your *Elizabeth* Phrase, and your *Fartbingal*-Rhiming,  
 Brought in Use as a Covert to Nonsense, I'll tell ye,  
 As that *righteous* Queen's Dress was to hide a *Great Belly*.

But tho' the loud Rabble should never deny ye;  
 Confirm'd in this Purpose, and resolv'd to stand by ye;  
 Tho' the *poor* Ones should murmur, and dote on your *Sense*,  
 For want of due *Thinking*, and for want of the *Pence*;  
 Tho' the stiff *Parish-Clerks*, with their *Bands* and their

[Gowns,  
 Read the *New Psalms* with *Hums*, and with *Ha's*, and  
 [with *Frowns*,

'Cause the *Levites*, their Masters, by Chance are afraid  
*Innovation* should turn to a Practice and Trade;

And by those Means the *Goaly-Wise-Acres* be driven  
 From their *Desks* and their *Pulpits*, their *Sloth* and their

[Heaven;  
 Tho' the *Stationers* strive, all they can, to decry 'em,  
 And *Took* swears that Thousands of *old* Ones lie by 'em:

Tho' the *late Version* fails of the *Spirit* and *Force*  
 Of *DAVID's* *Rejoycing*, or *DAVID's* *Remorse*;

Yet I'm not such a Coxcomb, 'sted of *new Psalms* to learn  
 [Old,

Or to quit *TATE* and *BRADY* for *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*.



A Translation of *Lesbia*, *Mi dicit semper male*.  
Out of *Catullus*.

I.

EACH Moment of the long-liv'd Day,  
*Lesbia* for me does backward pray,  
And rails at me sincerely;  
Yet I dare pawn my Life, my Eyes,  
My Soul, and all that Mortals prize,  
That *Lesbia* loves me dearly.

II.

Why shou'd we thus conclude, you'll say,  
Faith 'tis my own beloved Way,  
And thus I hourly prove her:  
Yet let me all those Curses share  
That Heav'n can give, or Man can bear,  
If I don't strangely love her.

*A Song in Ridicule of a famous Musician, who was  
caught serenading his Mistress with his Base-Viol in  
a very frosty Night.*

LOOK down, fair Garretteer, bestow  
One Glance upon your Swain,  
Who stands below, in Frost and Snow,  
And, shaking, sings in Pain.  
Thaw, with your Eyes, the frozen Street,  
Or cool my hot Desire;  
I burn within, altho' my Feet  
Are numb'd for want of Fire.

Chorus, the Viol leading,  
*Thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum,*  
*Come, come, come, come,*

*My Dearest, be not coy:*  
*For if you are, (Zit, zan, zounds) I*  
*Must, without your Favours, die.*  
Behold me from your lofty Tow'r,  
And to your Lover shew  
Your Charms; and when it's in my Pow'r,  
I'll be as kind to you.

Hither



Hither I came, with joyful Speed,  
And fear'd no freezing Wind ;  
But as the Saint at *Troas* did,  
Have left my Cloak behind.

*Chorus.*

*Thrum, &c.*

My Dear, wou'd you but open wide  
The Casement with your Hand,  
My Fiddle, and my self beside,  
Should be at your Command.  
Could I behold you in your Smock,  
Tho' Dark, the luscious View  
Would then embolden me to knock,  
And ask you how you do.

*Chorus.*

*Thrum, &c.*

Or would you open but the Door,  
As I have done the Case,  
I've sweeter Instruments in Store,  
To play a thorough Base.  
But since you're coy, I know not what  
To farther sing or say ;  
My Love, 'tis true, is very hot,  
Yet I'm too cold to stay.

*Chorus, as going off,*

*Thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum,*

*Home, home, home, home,*

*I hate a Whore that's coy ;*

*But since you are (Zit, zan, zounds) I*

*Must, without your Favours, die.*

*The Good Fellow.*

I.

**W**Hile the pious grave Sot does amuse half the Na-  
[tion  
With impertinent Scruples, and Zeal out of Fashion ;  
While Harangues, that at Church made us piously sleep,  
'Mongst Priest-ridden Cullies, such a Pother do keep ;  
We'll, with trusty *Champain*, our Devotion refine,  
And shew a good Conscience by drinking our Wine.

Let



## II.

Let the motly dull Herd for Religion engage ;  
 Let 'em urge the Dispute with vile Clamour and Rage ;  
 Let your Authors keep on the dull Method of Writing,  
 And pursue the curs'd Toil they so much take Delight in ;  
 We'll ne'er make Replies, but rest fully contented,  
 Tho' good Fellows and Drink have been misrepresented.

## III.

May their musty stiff Volumes to *Grub-street* adjourn,  
 Or rot in *Duck-lane*, or in Coffee-House burn ;  
 May they furnish no more empty Cits with Debate,  
 Or touch the Intrigues and *Arcana's* of State.  
 Wine does edify more than dull Canting of Vicar ;  
 'Tis our Freedom we owe to that orthodox Liquor.

## IV.

I ne'er pall my Fancy, or trouble my Brain  
 With the Chances and Fate that our Stars will ordain ;  
 Let the Monarch of *France* keep his Subjects at Home,  
 And forbid the mad Zealots abroad for to roam,  
 So he lets his boon Claret but cross the kind Main,  
 We shall never be angry, we shall never complain.

## V.

Ne'er tell me of those, that with factious Notion ;  
 Infect the wild Rabble, and poison Devotion ;  
 That Mortal is guilty of a far greater Sin,  
 That presumes, with vile Stum, to debauch honest Wine.  
 Such impious Wretches may Poverty seize on,  
 'Tis against our Liege *Bacchus* the highest of Treason.

*Commendatory Verses on the Author of the Two  
 Arthurs, and the Satire against Wit. By  
 several Hands, and collected by Mr. Brown.*

*A short and true History of the Author of the Satire a-  
 gainst Wit. By Col. Codrington.*

**B**Y Nature meant, by Want a Pedant made,  
*Bl—re* at first profess'd the Whipping Trade ;  
 Grown fond of Buttocks, he would lash no more,  
 But kindly cur'd the A—— he gall'd before :



So Quack commenc'd ; then fierce with Pride, he swore,  
 That Tooth-ach, Gripes, and Corns should be no more.  
 In vain his Drugs, as well as Birch, he try'd ;  
 His Boys grew Blockheads, and his Patients dy'd.  
 Next, he turn'd Bard, and mounted on a Cart,  
 Whose hideous Rumbling made *Apollo* start ;  
 Burlesqu'd the bravest, wisest Son of *Mars*,  
 In Ballad-Rhimes, and all the Pomp of Farce.  
 Still he chang'd Callings, and at length has hit  
 On Bus'ness for his matchless Talent fit,  
 To give us Drenches for the Plague of Wit.

*Upon the Author of the Satire against Wit.*

*By Sir Charles Sidley.*

**A** Grave Physician, us'd to Write for Fees,  
 And spoil no Paper but with Recipe's,  
 Is now turn'd Poet, rails against all Wit,  
 Except that little found among the Great ;  
 As if he thought true Wit and Sense were ty'd  
 To Men in Place, like Avarice, or Pride.  
 But, in their Praise, so like a Quack he talks,  
 You'd swear he wanted for his *Christmas* Box.  
 With mangl'd Names old Stories he pollutes,  
 And to the present Time past Actions suits.  
 Amaz'd, we find, in ev'ry Page he writes,  
 Members of Parliament with *Arthur's* Knights.  
 It is a common Pastime to write ill ;  
 And, Doctor, with the rest, e'en take thy fill.  
 Thy Satyr's harmless ; 'tis thy Prose that kills,  
 When thou prescrib'st thy Potions and thy Pills.

*To that incomparable Panegyrist, the Author of the  
 Satire upon Wit. By Coll. Blount.*

**H**enceforth no more in thy Poetick Rage  
 Burlesque the God-like Heroes of the Age ;  
 No more King *Artlurs* be with Labour writ,  
 But follow Nature, and still rail at Wit:  
 For this thy mighty Genius was design'd ;  
 In this thy Cares a due Success may find.

Opini-



Opinions we more easily receive  
 From Guides that practice by those Rules they give.  
 So Dullness thou may'st write into Esteem;  
 Thy great Example, as it is thy Theme.  
 Hope not to join (like *G—rth's* immortal Lays)  
 The keenest Satire with the best of Praise.  
 Thy Satires bite not, but, like *Æsop's* Asps,  
 Thou kick'st the Darling whom thou would'st caress.  
 Would'st thou our Youth from Poetry affright,  
 'Twas wisely done, thy self in Verse to write.  
 So drunken Slaves the *Spartans* did design  
 Should fright their Children from the Love of Wine.  
 Go on, and rail as thou hast done before;  
 Thus Lovers use, when picqu'd in an Amour,  
 The Nymph they can't enjoy, they call a Whore.

*The Quack corrected: Or, Advice to the Knight of the  
 Ill-favour'd Muse.*

*By the Right Honourable the Earl of—*

**L**ET *Bl—re* still, in good King *Arthur's* Vein,  
 To *Fleckno's* Empire his just Right maintain.  
 Let him his own to common Sense oppose,  
 With Praise and Slander maul both Friends and Foes;  
 Let him great *Dryden's* awful Name prophane,  
 And learned *Garth*, with envious Pride, disdain;  
*Codron's* bright Genius with vile Puns lampoon,  
 And run a Muck at all the Wits in Town;  
 Let the Quack scribble any thing but Bills,  
 His Satire wounds not, but his Physick kills.

*To the merry Poetaster at Sadler's-Hall in Cheapside.*

*By Sir Samuel Garth.*

**U**Nweildy Pedant, let thy awkward Muse  
 With Censures praise, with Flatteries abuse.  
 To lash, and not be felt, in thee's an Art;  
 Thou ne'er mad'st any, but thy School-Boys, smart.  
 Then be advis'd, and scribble not agen;  
 Thou'rt fashion'd for a Flail, and not a Pen



If *B——*'s immortal Wit thou would'st decry,  
 Pretend 'tis he that writ thy Poetry.  
 Thy feeble Satire ne'er can do him Wrong;  
 Thy Poems and thy Patients live not long.

*An equal Match; Or, A drawn Battle.*

*By Coll. Cordrington.*

A Monument of Dullness to erect,  
*B——*y should write, and *Bl——re* should correct,  
 Like which no other Piece can e'er be wrought,  
 For Decency of Style, and Life of Thought;  
 But that where *B——*y shall in Judgment sit,  
 To pare Excrescencies from *Bl——re*'s Wit.

*To the Mirror of British Knighthood, the worthy Author  
 of the Satire against Wit: Occasion'd by the Hemistick,  
 Page 8. By Sir Richard Steel.*

——Heav'ns guard poor *A——n*.

MUST I then passive stand? And can I hear  
 The Man I love abus'd, and yet forbear?  
 Yet must I thank thy Favour to my Friend,  
 'Twas some Remorse thou did'st not him commend.  
 Thou dost not all my Indignation raise;  
 For I prefer thy Pity to thy Praise.  
 In vain thou would'st thy Name, dull Pedant, hide;  
 There's not a Line but smells of thy *Cheapside*.  
 If *Cæsar*'s Bounty for your Trash you've shar'd,  
 You're not the first Assassine he has spar'd.  
 His Mercy, not his Justice, made thee Knight,  
 Which *P——rt——r* may demand with equal Right.

Well may'st thou think an useless Talent Wit;  
 Thou, who without it, hast three Poems writ:  
 Impenetrably dull, secure thou'rt found,  
 And can'st receive no more than give a Wound:  
 Then, scorn'd by all, to some dark Corner fly,  
 And in Lethargick Trance expiring lie,  
 'Till thou from injur'd *G——rth* thy Cure receive,  
 And *S——d* only Absolution give.



*To the Cheapside Kt. on his Satire against Wit.*

*By Mr. William Burnaby.*

**S**ome scribbling Fops so little value Fame,  
 They sometimes hit, because they never aim.  
 But thou for Erring hast a certain Rule,  
 And, aiming, art inviolably dull.  
 Thy muddy Stream no lucid Drop supplies,  
 But Puns like Bubbles on the Surface rise.  
 All that for Wit you could, you've kindly done;  
 You cannot write, but can be writ upon.  
 And a like Fate does either Side besit,  
 Immortal Dullness, or immortal Wit.  
 In just Extrems an equal Merit lies,  
 And *B—le* and *G—rth* with thee must share the Prize,  
 Since thou can'st sink as much as they can rise. }

*To the indefatigable Rhimer. By Dr. Smith.*

**O**! *S—rs*, *T—t*, *D—ett*, *M—gue*,  
*G—y*, *S—ld*, *C—sh*, *P—ke*, *V—n*, you,  
 Who suffer *Bl—re* to insult your Taste,  
 And tamely hear him bluster in Bombast,  
 Bid him, before he dare to write agen,  
 Resign his own, and take some other Pen.  
*D—n* shall Numbers, *C—ve* Wit inspire,  
*Dr—ke* nicest Rules, but *B—le* and *Codron* Fire.  
 Then *G—rth* shall teach him, and his witless Tribe,  
 First to write Sense, and after to prescribe.  
 The unlearn'd Pedant thus may please the Town,  
 But his own nauseous Trash will ne'er go down;  
 For nought can equal what the Bard has writ,  
 But *R—ff*'s Scholarship, and *G—n*'s Wit.

*A modest Request to the Poetical Knight.*

*By Col. Codrington.*

**S**ince *B—y*'s Nonsense to out-do you strive,  
 Vain to be thought the dullest Wretch alive,  
 And such inimitable Strains have writ,  
 That the most famous Blockheads must submit;

Long.



Long may you reign and long unenvy'd live,  
 And none invade your great Prerogative.  
 But, in Return, your Poetry give o'er,  
 And persecute poor *Job* and us no more.

*Wholesome Advice to a City Knight, over-run with Rhimes  
 and Hypocrisy: Occasion'd by his Satyr against Wit.  
 By the Right Honourable the Earl of Anglesea.*

**W**E bid thee not give o'er the Killing-Trade:  
 Whilst Fees come in, 'tis fruitless to disswade.  
 Religion is a Trick you've practis'd long,  
 To bring in Pence, and gull the gaping Throng.  
 But all thy Patients now perceive thy Aim,  
 They find thy Morals and thy Skill the same.  
 Then, if thou wouldst thy Ignorance redress,  
 Prithee, mind Physick more, and Rhiming less.

*To a thrice illustrious Quack, Pedant, and Bard, on his  
 incomparable Poem, call'd, A Satire against Wit.  
 By the Right Honourable the Countess of Sandwich.*

**T**HOU Fund of Nonsense, was it not enough,  
 That Cits and pious Ladies lik'd thy Stuff,  
 That, as thou copy'dst *Virgil*, all might see  
 Judicious Bell-men imitated thee:  
 That to thy Cadence Sextons set their Chimes,  
 And Nurses, skimming Possets, humm'd thy Rhimes,  
 But thou must need fall foul on Men of Sense,  
 With Dulness equal to thy Impudence.  
 Are *D---n*, *C---dr---n*, *G---th*, *V---k*, *B---le*.  
 Those Names of Wonder, that adorn our Isle,  
 Fit Subjects for thy vile pedantick Pen?  
 Hence, sawcy Usher, to thy Desk again.  
 Construe *Dutch* Notes, and pore upon Boys *A---es*,  
 But, prithee, write no more heroick Farces.  
 Teach blooming Blockheads, by thy own try'd Rules,  
 To give us Demonstration that they're Fools.  
 Let 'em, by *N---*'s Sermon Stile refine  
 Their *English* Prose, their Poetry by thine;  
 Let *W---s---y*'s Rhimes their Emulation raise,  
 And *Ar---wk---r* instruct 'em how to praise.

That,



That, when all Ages in this Truth agree,  
 They're finish'd Dunces, they may rival thee;  
 Thou only strain to mighty *William's* Sword!  
 Old *Jemmy* never knighted such a T——d.  
 For the most nauseous Mixture God can make,  
 Is a dull Pedant, and a busy Quack.

To Sir R——Bl——re, on the two *Arthurs* being  
*condemn'd to be hang'd.*

ONce more take Pen in Hand, obsequious Knight,  
 For here's a Theme thou canst not under-write,  
 Unless the Devil owes thy Muse a Spite.  
 To Prince and King thy Dulness Life did give;  
 Let then these *Arthurs* too in Dogg'rel live.

A T A L E. By Coll. Codrington.

POems and Prose of diff'rent Force lay Claim,  
 With the same Confidence, to *Tully's* Name;  
 And shallow Criticks were content to say,  
 Prose was his Bus'ness, Poetry his Play.  
 Thus *Cesar* thought, thus *Brutus*, and the rest,  
 Who knew the Man, and knew his Talent best.  
*Maurus* arose, sworn Foe to Health and Wit,  
 Who *Folio* Bills, and *Folio* Ballads writ;  
 Who bustl'd much for Bread and for Renown.  
 By Lies and Poison scatter'd thro' the Town.  
 To *Roman* Wives with Veneration known,  
 For *Roman* Wives were very like our own.  
 And Husbands then we find, in *Latin* Song,  
 Would love too little, and would live too long.  
*Tully*, says he, 'tis plain to Friends and Foes,  
 Writes his own Verse, but borrows all his Prose.  
 He fearless was, because he was not brave;  
 A noble *Roman* would not beat a Slave.  
 The Consul smiling, said, Judicious Friend,  
 Thy shining Genius shall thy Works defend.  
 Inimitable Strokes defend thy Fame;  
 Thy Beauties and thy Force are still the same:



And I must yield with the consenting Town,  
Thy Ballads and thy Bills are all thy own.

*Upon the Character of Codron, as 'tis drawn by the  
bungling Knight, in his Satire against Wit. By Coll.  
Codrington.*

**H**OW kind is Malice, manag'd by a Sot,  
Where no Design directs the *Embryo* Thought,  
And Praise and Satire stumble out by Lot.  
The mortal Thrust, to *Codron's* Heart design'd,  
Proves a soft wanton Touch to charm his Mind.  
Can *M—nt—gue* or *D—rs—t* higher soar?  
Or can immortal *Sh—ff—ld* wish for more?  
Brightness, Force, Justice, Delicacy, Ease,  
Must form that Wit that can the Ladies please.  
No false affected Rules debauch their Taste,  
No fruitless Toils their gen'rous Spirits waste,  
Which wear a Wit into a Dunce at last.  
No Lumber Learning gives an awkward Pride,  
False Maxims cramp not, nor false Lights misguide.  
*Voiture* and *W—lsh* their easy Hours employ,  
*Voiture* and *W—lsh*, oft read, will never cloy.  
With Care they guard the Musick and their Stile,  
They fly from *B—ly*, and converse with *B—le*:  
They steal no Terms, no Notions from the Schools,  
The Pedant's Pleasure, and the Pride of Fools;  
With native Charms their matchless Thoughts surprize,  
Soft as their Souls, and beauteous as their Eyes:  
Gay as the Light, and unconfin'd as Air,  
Chast and sublime, all worthy of the Fair.  
How then can a rough artless *Indian* Wit  
The faultless Palates of the Ladies fit?  
*Codron* will never stand so nice a Test,  
Nor is't with Praise fair Mouths oblige him best.  
Let others make a vain Parade of Parts,  
Whilst *Codron* aims not at Applause, but Hearts.  
Secure him those, and thou shalt name the rest;  
Thy spite shall chuse the Worst, thy Taste the Best.

He



He will his Health to *Mirmil's* Care resign,  
He will with *Buxtorf* and with *B—ly* shine,  
And be a Wit in any Way but thine.

}

*An Epigram on Job, traversed by the City Bard. By  
Col. Codrington.*

**P**OOR *Job* lost all the Comforts of his Life,  
And hardly sav'd a Potsherd and a Wife :  
Yet *Job* blest God, and *Job* again was blest,  
His Virtue was essay'd, and bore the Test.  
But had Heav'n's Wrath pour'd out its fiercest Vial,  
Had he been then burlesqu'd, without Denial,  
The patient Man had yielded to that Trial.  
His pious Spouse, with *Bl—re* on her Side,  
Must have prevail'd, and *Job* had curst, and dy'd.

}

*To the Adventurous Knight of Cheapside, upon his Satire  
against Wit.  
By Mr. Manning.*

**W**Hat Frenzy has possess'd thy desp'rate Brain,  
To rail at Wit in this unhallow'd Strain ?  
Reproach of thy own Kind! to slander Sense,  
The noblest Gift bestow'd by Providence !  
Was it Revenge provok'd thee thus to write,  
Because thou'rt curst to such a Dearth of Wit ?  
Or was it eager Passions for a Name,  
To be inroll'd among the Fools of Fame ?  
Like him, who rather than he'd live obscure,  
Would fire a Church to make his Name secure ?  
Or was it thy Despair at length to find  
Thy Loads of Chaff the Sport of every Wind ?  
To see thy hasty Muse, that loves to roam,  
Promise such Journeys, but comes founder'd Home ?  
Just Fate of Sots; who think in their vain Breast,  
Their Coffee-Rhimes shall stand the publick Test :  
Seiz'd with prolifick Dulness, 'tis thy Curse  
To write still on, and still too for the Worse.  
Who hates not *Wes—y*, may thy Works esteem,  
Both alike able to disgrace their Theme.



But thou, thro' wild Conceit, aspiring still,  
 Claim'st, in thy Ravings, *Esculapian* Skill.  
 Quack thou art sure in both, and curs'd is he,  
 Who guided by his adverse Stars to thee,  
 Employs thy deadly Potions to reclaim  
 His feeble Health, thy Pen to spread his Fame.

*To the canting Author of the Satire against Wit. By*  
 ———Mildmay, Esq.

**T**H E Preacher, *Maurus* cries, All Wit is Vain,  
 Unless 'tis like his Godliness, for Gain.  
 Of most vain Things he may the Folly own;  
 But Wit's a Vanity he has not known.

*Friendly Advice to Dr. Bl——. By the Rt. Hon.*  
*the Lord——*

**K** Nighthood to Heroes only once was due,  
 Now's the Reward of stupid Praise in you.  
 Why should a Quack be dubb'd, unless it be  
 That Pois'ning is an act of Chivalry?  
 Thus we must own, you have your Thousands slain  
 With direful Strokes of your resistless Pen.  
 By whipping Boys your Cruelty began,  
 And grew, by bolder Steps, to killing Man.  
 Just the Reverse of *Dionysius* Fate,  
 Who fell to flogging Bums, from murd'ring the State.  
 For both these Trades your Genius far unfit,  
 At length with sawcy Pride aspires to Wit,  
 Which by pretending to, you more disgrace,  
 Than toasting *Beaus* our ancient *British* Race.  
 I'th' Mountebank the Afs had laid conceal'd,  
 But his loud Braying has the Brute reveal'd.  
 Such vile Heroicks, such unhallow'd Strains,  
 Were never spawn'd before from *Irish* Brains;  
 Nor drowsy *Mum*, nor dozing *Usquebaugh*,  
 Cou'd e'er suggest such Lines to Sr. *John Daw*.  
 You weakly skirmish with the Sins o'th' Age.  
 And are the arrant Scavenger o'th' Stage.  
 Why Virtue makes no Progress now, is plain,  
 Because such Knights as you its Cause maintain.

If



If you'd a Friend to Sense and Virtue be,  
And to Mankind, for once be rul'd by me,  
Leave Moralizing, Drugs, and Poetry.

}

*To Dr. Garth, on the fourth Edition of his incomparable Poem, The Dispensary; occasion'd by some Lines in the Satire against Wit. By Dr. James Drake.*

**B**old thy Attempts, in these hard Terms, to raise  
In our unfriendly Clime the tender Bays,  
While *Nothern* Blasts drive from the neighb'ring Flood,  
And nip the springing Lawrel in the Bud.  
On such bleak Paths our present Poets tread,  
The very Garland withers on each Head.  
In vain the Criticks strive to purge the Soil,  
Fertile in Weeds, it mocks their busy Toil:  
Spontaneous Crops of *Jobs* and *Authurs* rise,  
Whose tow'ring Nonsense braves the very Skies.  
Like Paper-Kites the empty Volumes fly,  
And by mere Force of Wind are rais'd on high.

While we did these with stupid Patience spare,  
And from *Apollo's* Plants withdraw our Care,  
The Muses Garden did small Product yield,  
But Hemp and Hemlock over-run the field:  
'Tis skilful *Garth*, with salutary Hand,  
Taught us to weed and cure poetick Land;  
Grubb'd up the Brakes and Thistles which he found,  
And sow'd with Verse and Wit the sacred Ground.  
But now the Riches of that Soil appear,  
Which four fair Harvests yields in half a Year.

No more let Criticks of the Want complain  
Of *Mantuan* Verse, or the *Meonian* Strain;  
Above them *Garth* does on their Shoulders rise,  
And what our Language wants his Wit supplies;  
Fam'd Poets after him shall strain their Throats,  
And unfledg'd Muses chirp their Infant Notes.

Yes, *Garth*, thy Enemies confess thy Store;  
They burst with Envy, yet they long for more:  
Ev'n we, thy Friends, in Doubt thy kindness call,  
To see thy Stock so large, and Gift so small.  
But Jewels in small Cabinets are laid,  
And richest Wines in little Casks convey'd.



Let lumpish *Bl——re* his dull Hackney freight,  
 And break his Back with heavy Folio's Weight;  
 His *Pegasus* is of the *Flanders* Breed,  
 And limb'd for Draught, or Burden, not for Speed.  
 With Cart-horse Trot, he sweats beneath the Pack  
 Of Rhiming Prose and Knighthood on his Back.  
 Made for a Drudge, e'en let him beat the Road,  
 And tug of senseless Reams th' heroick Load;  
 'Till, over-strain'd, the Jade is fet, and tires,  
 And, sinking in the Mud, with Groans expires.  
 Then *Bl——re* shall this Favour owe to thee,  
 That thou perpetuat'st his Memory.  
*Bavis* and *Mevius* so their Works survive,  
 And in one single Line of *Virgil's* live.

*To a Famous Doctor and Poet at Sadlers-Hall.*

**I**F Wit (as we are told) be a Disease,  
 And if Physicians cure by Contraries,  
*Bl——re* alone the healing Secret knows,  
 'Tis from his Pen the grand *Elixir* flows.

*To the Cheapside Quack; occasion'd by this Verse in the  
 Satire against Wit.*

Who with more Ease can cure, than *C'ch* kill.  
 By a Gentleman whom *Dr. C—lb—ch* had cur'd of the  
*Gout,*

**H**OW durst thy railing Muse, vain Wretch, pretend  
 In base Lampoons thus to abuse my Friend!  
 Whose sacred Art has free'd me from my Pains,  
 And broke a haughty Tyrant's stubborn Chains?  
 Keep off, for if thou com'st within my Clutches,  
 I'll baste thy Knighthood with my *quondam* Crutches.  
 The gen'rous Wine that does my Sorrows drown,  
 The charming *Celia* that my Nights does crown,  
 The manly Pleasures of the sporting Fields,  
 The gay Delights the pompous *Drama* yields;  
 All this, and more, to his great Skill I owe:  
 Such Blessings can thy boasted Helps bestow?

The



The Snuff of Life, perhaps thy feeble Art  
May fondly lengthen to thy Patients Smart;  
But Health no more 'tis in thy Power to give,  
Than thy dull Muse can make her Heroes live.

Ev'n War and Plague of killing to arraign  
In thee, is most nonsensical and vain:  
Thee, who a branded Killer art declar'd  
In both Capacities of Quack and Bard.  
Whatever Sots to thy Prescriptions fly,  
For their vain Confidence, are sure to die;  
And whate'er Argument thy Muse employs,  
Her awkward, stupid Management destroys.  
Death with sure Steps thy Doses still attends,  
And Death too follows whom thy Muse commends.  
What can escape thy all-destroying Quill,  
When ev'n thy Cordials and thy Praises kill?  
Thy Mother, sure, when in Despair and Pain  
She brought thee forth, thought of the Murd'rer Cain.

*To that most incomparable Bard and Quack, the Author  
of the Satire against Wit.*

*By Tho' Creeck, Esq.*

I Charge thee, Knight, in Great Apollo's Name,  
If thou'rt not dead to all Reproof and Shame,  
Either thy Rhimes or Clysters to disclaim.  
Both are too much one feeble Brain to rack;  
Besides, the Bard will soon undo the Quack.  
Such Shoals of Readers thy damn'd Fustian kills,  
Thoul't scarce leave one alive to take thy Pills.

*A Merry Ballad on the City Bard. By the Hon.  
Richard Norton, Esq;*

*To a new Playhouse Tune.*

I N London City, near Cheapside,  
A wond'rous Bard does dwell,  
Whose Epicks (if they're not bely'd)  
Do Virgil's far excel.  
A sprightly Wit and Person join'd,  
Both Poet and Phyfician;  
Artist as famous in his Kind,  
For ought I know, as Titian.



In Coffee-houses purest Air  
 His foggy Lines he writes,  
 In Fields of Duft and Spittle, there  
 This *British* Hero fights.  
 By sudden Motion then o'erta'en,  
 The Privy-house he chuses;  
 Great are his Thoughts, and great his Pain,  
 And yet no Time he loses.  
 Grip'd in his Guts and Muse, he there indites,  
 And praises *Arthur* most, when most he sh—

Henrico Higden, *Arm.*  
*Cum infæliciter ipsi Comœdia cesserit.*  
 1693.

**Q**uod inquieta voce, risu, sibilis,  
 Salesq; comptos & innoxios jocos,  
 Superba Bruti turba sic exceperit;  
 Quod purpuratus Infans, & vecors Eques,  
 Summoq; Meretrix in subsellio sedens,  
 Totusq; delicatulorum circulus,  
 In te tuumq; conjuraverint opus:  
 Nolito in iras irritas erumpere,  
 Damnare Musas, increpare Apollinem,  
 Cœlosque votis improbis laceffere.  
 Quin Drama tandem luce donans publica,  
 Invisis orbem, quin, timoris inscius,  
 Vanas Maligniorum despicias minas?  
 Abunde damnum sic resarcies prius,  
 Famaq; consules; Lector dabit libens  
 Quid improbus spectator abnegaverat.

*On the Treatment of the Modern Drama.*  
 By Mr. Kn—— of Magd. Col.

**O**Nce Bear and Champion did engage  
 In mortal Fray on *Roman* Stage:  
 Our Moderns have reviv'd the Matter,  
 The former Age renew'd in latter,  
 And made Bear-garden of Theatre.

}  
 Here



Here Beau, the only modish Brute,  
 With honest Authors does dispute :  
 And as on *Roman* Stage predicted,  
 Fell Wound on Champion was inflicted,  
 When stout *Bruino* kept his Station,  
 Invoking Brother Constellation  
 To assist him in the Disputation ;  
 To curry poor heroic Hide well,  
 And harrow Carcase, Back, and Side well ;  
 But tho' he got a bloody Rump on't,  
 His Honour still came off Triumphant.  
 So tho' the Pit Grimalkins, that maul  
 With wicked Serenade of Catcall,  
 Oft rout a poor Dramatic Hero,  
 (As *Teague* was once by *Lero, Lero*)  
 A well-writ Play, like *Ruffians* treat,  
 Confound the Scene; and Plot defeat,  
 In spite of all the *Dammee* Chorus,  
 Th' immortal Wit is still Victorious.

I then in Person of an Author,  
 Since good Dramaticks have no Growth here,  
 Like pious Felon doom'd to be  
 Made Pendulum for Gallow-tree ;  
 That gives Advice, lest sinful Mortal,  
 Like him, his Days in Hemp should curtail,  
 Advise you all to leave off Writing,  
 The mortal Sin of well Enditing ;  
 But if no Counsel can be used,  
 By rhiming Wretch when once be-mused,  
 (For Crown and Bum there's such a Curse in;  
 They're ne'er at Ease, but when untrussing)  
 Since wholesome Salt of Author season'd,  
 To Taste of Nation is unpleasant,  
 (When busy Noddle's next in Labour,  
 And has a Need to purge on Paper)  
 Invoke the Bastard Race of *Phœbus*,  
 Skill'd in Acrostick, Pun, and Rebus,  
 With Spirit of Late Marriage-hater,  
 T' assist to make Lampoon on Nature,  
 And e'en on Farce it self a Satyr ;



For that alone gives Titillation,  
And saves poor Poet from Damnation.

*On Dr. Lower, who was observ'd to be grown Good-natur'd  
a little before his Death. By another Hand.*

**H**A D not good Humour o'er the Ill prevail'd,  
Death in attempting Dr. *Lower* had fail'd;  
For he, alas! good Man, in Health declin'd,  
By changing the bad Manners of his Mind:  
And's very Understanding got a Cough,  
By leaving an old Habit too soon off.  
For had he kept his Humour most austere,  
He might have yet liv'd many a Year;  
Preserv'd in his own Pickle, Vinegar:  
But when the *Alkali* had kill'd the Sow'r,  
His Blood being sweeten'd, oft troop'd Dr. *Lower*.

*To his Cruel Mistress. Out of French.*

## I.

**T**I S then decreed, and now I find  
I'm for a Sacrifice design'd;  
Since my imperious Fair denies  
Rest to my Soul, and Slumber to my Eyes.

## II.

*Go take a Kiss*, Love whispers in my Ear;  
But Love, alas! gives Way to Fear.  
Awful Respect th' aspiring Flame commands,  
Tyes up my Tongue, and binds my Hands,

## III.

Ah! must your bleeding Lover die,  
And see his Balm, and see his Cure so nigh?  
Or fierce, and eager of the Bliss,  
Shall he presume to snatch a balmy Kiss.

## IV.

No—he'll ten thousand Deaths endure,  
And all the Rigours of his Fate attend,  
E're he'll by Sacrilege attempt his Cure,  
And his dear *Bellamette* once offend.



*An Ode upon a Kiss. Out of French.*

I

NAY, now ambitious Thoughts farewell;  
 I pity Kings in all their State,  
 While thus in *Lesbia's* Arms I dwell,  
 And mighty Love does on my Triumphs wait.

II.

Thus let me, languishing, expire,  
 Incircled in her snowy Arms,  
 'Till she revives me with her Charms,  
 And pours into my Breast a nobler Fire.

III.

Thus let me sigh my Soul away,  
 And revel in immortal Bliss,  
 Thus let me spend th' auspicious Day,  
 And crown each smiling Moment with a Kiss.

IV.

*Adonis* ne'er was half so blest,  
 Nor half the Pleasure shar'd, as I:  
 Tho' Love's bright Goddess him carest,  
 And in her Arms hugg'd the delicious Boy.

V.

Nor *Jove* himself such Transports knew,  
 When *Danae's* Charms the captive God did hold,  
 Tho' he, the Pleasure to pursue,  
 Mortgag'd his poor Almightyship to Gold.

VI.

A thousand Loves in solemn State  
 On those two rosy Lips reside;  
 While busy I, with eager Pride,  
 Sip all their Sweets, and bless my happy Fate.

VII.

Now on her glowing Breasts I range,  
 Now kiss her Cheeks, and now her Eyes;  
 The Pleasure's heighten'd by the Change,  
 And fills me with unruly Joys.

VIII.

But ah! my beauteous Nymph, beware  
 How you increase my Store;



For else your pamper'd Slave may dare,  
 Drunk as he is with Joy, to press for something more.

IX.

For say, fond Lovers, what you will  
 To deify a Kiss,  
 'Tis but a Pledge or Prologue still  
 To the succeeding Acts of Bliss.

*A Sapphic Ode in the Valesiana.*

**D***Ulcus quam sit putat esse mollis  
 Virgo, quod nescit; sitis inde magna  
 Cognita nondum Veneris puellas  
 Torquet adultas?  
 At recordantur Viduæ peractas  
 Cum viris noctes, sitis inde major,  
 Cognita dudum Veneris priores  
 Suscitât ignes.  
 Virgini ignosci Viduæne malis?  
 Illa, quod nescit, cupit experiri;  
 Hæc quod experta est, avet: Inde Virgo  
 Æquius ardet.*

*A Translation.*

*Principio, Cælum, & Terras, Titaniaq; astra  
 Spiritus intus alit, totumq; infusa per artus  
 Mens agitat molem——*

**I**'LL sing how God, the World's Almighty Mind,  
 Thro' all infus'd, and to that All confin'd,  
 Directs the Parts, and with an equal Hand  
 Supports the whole, enjoying his Command:  
 How all agree, and how the Parts have made  
 Strict Leagues, subsisting by each others Aid.  
 How all by Reason move, because one Soul  
 Lives in the Parts, diffusing thro' the whole.

For did not all the friendly Parts conspire  
 To make one whole, and keep the Frame entire;  
 And did not Reason guide, and Sense controul  
 The vast stupendious Machine of the whole;



Earth wou'd not keep its Place, the Skies wou'd fall,  
 And universal Stiffness deaden all.  
 Stars wou'd not whirl their Round, nor Day nor Night  
 Their Course perform, but stop their usual Flight.  
 Rains wou'd not feed their Fields, and Earth deny  
 Mists to the Clouds, and Vapours to the Sky.  
 Seas wou'd not fill the Spring, nor Springs return  
 Their grateful Tribute from their flowing Urn.  
 Nor wou'd the All, unless contriv'd by Art,  
 So justly be proportion'd in each Part ;

That neither Seas, nor Skies, nor Stars exceed  
 Our Wants, nor are too scanty for our Need.  
 Thus stands the Frame, and the Almighty Soul,  
 Thro' all diffus'd, so turns, and guides the whole,  
 That nothing from its settled Station swerves,  
 And Motion alters not the Frame, but still preserves.

This God, or Reason, which the Orbs does move,  
 Makes Things below depend on Signs above :

Tho' far remov'd, tho' hid in Shades of Night,  
 And scarce to be describ'd by their own Light.  
 Yet Nations own, and Men their Influence feel,  
 They rule the Publick, and the Private Will ;  
 The Proofs are plain. Thus from a diff'rent Star  
 We find a fruitful, or a barren Year ;  
 Now Grains increase, and now refuse to grow,  
 Now quickly ripen, now their Growth is slow.  
 The Moon commands the Seas ; she drives the Main  
 To pass the Shores, then drives it back again.  
 And this Sedition chiefly swells the Streams,  
 When opposite she views her Brother's Beams :  
 Or when she near in close Conjunction rides,  
 She rears the Floods, and swells the flowing Tides ;  
 Or when attending on the yearly Race,  
 The Equinoctial sees her borrow'd Face.  
 Her Pow'r sinks deep, it searches all the Main,  
 Testaceous Fish, as she her Light regains,  
 Increase, and still diminish in her Wane.  
 For as the Moon in deepest Darkness mourns,  
 Then Rays receives, and points her borrow'd Horns ;  
 Then turns her Face, and with a Smile invites  
 The full Effusions of her Brother's Lights,

They



They to her Changes due Proportions keep,  
And shew her various Phases in the Deep.

So Brutes, whom Nature did in Sport create,  
Ignorant of themselves, and of their Fate,  
A secret instinct still erects their Eyes  
To Parent Heav'n, and seems to make them wise.  
One at the new Moon's Rise to distant Shores  
Retires, his Body sprinkles, and adores:  
Some see Storms gather, or Serenes foretel,  
And scarce our Reason guides us half so well.

Then, who can doubt that Man, the glorious Pride  
Of all, is nearer to the Stars ally'd?  
Nature in Man's capacious Soul was wrought,  
And given him Voice expressive of his Thought:  
In Man the God descends, and joys to find  
The narrow Image of his greater Mind.  
But why shou'd all the other Arts be shown,  
Too various for Productions of our own?  
Why shou'd I sing how diff'rent Tempers fall,  
And Inequality is seen in all?  
How many strive with equal Care to gain  
The highest Prize, and yet how few obtain?  
Which proves not Matter sways, but Wisdom Rules,  
And measures out the Bigness of our Souls.  
Sure, Fate stands fixt, nor can its Laws decay,  
'Tis Heav'n's to rule, and Matter's Essence to obey.

Who cou'd know Heav'n, unless that Heav'n bestow'd  
The Knowledge? Or find God, but Part of God?  
How cou'd the Space immense be e'er confin'd  
Within the Compass of a narrow Mind?  
How cou'd the Skies, the Dances of the Stars,  
Their Motions adverse, and eternal Wars,  
Unless kind Nature in our Breasts had wrought  
Proportion'd Souls, be subject to our Thought?  
Were Heav'n not aiding to advance our Mind,  
To know Fate's Laws, and teach the Way to find;  
Did not the Skies their Kindred Souls improve,  
Direct, and lead them thro' the Maze above,  
Discover Nature, shew its secret Springs,  
And tell the sacred Intercourse of Things,

How



How impious were our Search, how bold our Course,  
Thus to assault and take the Skies by Force?

A most convincing Reason's drawn from Sense,  
That this vast Frame is mov'd by Providence,  
Which, like the Soul, does ev'ry Whirl advance;  
It must be God, nor was it made by Chance,  
As *Epicurus* dreamt: He madly thought  
This beauteous Frame of heedless Atoms wrought.  
The Seas and Earth, the Stars and spacious Air,  
Which forms new Worlds, or does the old repair,  
First rose from these, and still supply'd remain,  
And all must be, when Chance shall break the Chain,  
Dissolv'd to these wild Principles again. }

Aburd and Nonsense! Atheist use thine Eyes,  
And having view'd the Order of the Skies,  
Think, if thou can'st, that Matter, blindly hurl'd,  
Without a Guide, shou'd frame this wond'rous World.

But did Chance make, and Chance still rule the whole?

Why do the Signs in constant Order roll,  
Observe set Times to shut and open Day,  
Nor meet, nor jostle, and mistake their Way,  
Perform their Course as if by Laws confin'd,  
None hasten on, and leave the rest behind?  
Why ev'ry Day does the discovering Flame  
Shew the same World, and leave it still the same?  
And ev'n at Night, when Time in Secret flies,  
And veils himself in Shades from human Eyes,  
Can by the Signs Men know how fast he fled,  
And in the Skies the hasty Minutes read?

Why shou'd I count how oft the Earth has mourn'd  
The Sun's Retreat, and smil'd when he return'd?  
How oft he does his various Course divide

'Twixt Winter's Nakedness and Summer's Pride?  
All mortal Things must change. The fruitful Plain,  
As Seasons turn, scarce knows her self again;  
Such various Forms she bears: Large Empires too  
Put off the former Face, and take a New:  
Yet safe the World and free from Change does last  
No Years encrease it, and no Years can waste.  
Its Course it urges on, and keeps its Frame,  
And still will be, because 'twas still the same.



It stands secure from Time's devouring Age,  
For 'tis a *God* that guides, nor can it change with Age.

*On the Death of Dr. KIRLEUS.*

**Y**E Ghosts of *Triggs* old *Saffold*, and *Ponteus*,  
Arise! arise! to meet the Great *KIRLEUS*:  
And ye kind Damsels of this sinful Town,  
Us'd to dispense Love's Joys for half a Crown,  
Lament, for now your trusty Friend is gone. }  
Ye *Holborn* Bullies, strew his Herse with Roses,  
For to his heav'nly Skill you owe your Noses.  
Weep, *Cupid*, weep, nor thy just Sorrow smother,  
For, Child, thou'dst better far have lost thy Mother.  
With Rev'rend *Kirle* Love's Power will fall away,  
His Empire lessen, and his Strength decay.

Thy *Pills*, Old Bard, in Spite of State and Kirk,  
Ev'n on the Sabbath-Day it self wou'd *Work*:  
And Sinners brought (so righteous was thy Sentence)  
To pensive Stool of sorrowful Repentance.  
Since Death on thee has laid her Fingers Icy,  
*Ipsa te Pinus, ipsa flevire Myrica*,  
And Sympathetick Firs in mournful State,  
With Tears of Turpentine bewail'd thy Fate.  
Thou never did'st reject poor daggl'd Miss,  
Altho' she sued in *forma Pauperis*.

Grave Shop-keepers were *set up* by thy Aid;  
And many a *sound* Divine by thee was made.

In Term and out of Term *Kirle* serv'd the Nation,  
And knew no Intervals of dull Vacation.  
Say what you will, this Matter of true Fact is,  
That few exceeded him in Chamber-Practice.  
Lawyers in Crowds to his fam'd Mansion prest,  
In hopes to have their Cause by him redrest:  
For none knew better how to make an End on't,  
'Twixt *Plantiff* Counsellor, and Chap *Defendant*.  
Tho' the Disease prov'd ne'er so stiff and cross,  
He soon cou'd check it with a *Noli Prof*.  
Young *Clerks*, when stray'd from *Noverint Universi*,  
By him were cur'd; and was not that a Mercy?

He



He was Love's Shre've, and drove Infection,  
 Chac'd Ulcers by a Potion of *Ejection* ;  
 And as for th' oldest Ills, knew how to scare 'em,  
 By marching with a *Posse Pillularum*.

Methinks I still behold Majestick *Kirle*,  
 With solemn Air his *Belgick* Whiskers twirle ;  
 Wrapt in blue Rug, methinks I hear him talk,  
 And prole for Customers in *Gray's-Inn Walk*.  
 But why fond Hopes shou'd I thus feed in vain ?  
 He's gone, alas ! and ne'er will come again.  
 Since, then, he's left us for a better Place,  
 Remember, Gentlemen, your Friend *John Case*.

*An Epitaph on Dr. Kirleus of Gray's-Inn-Lane, occasioned by his Friends reporting him only gone into the Country.*

**T**H E famous *Kirleus*, Collegiate Phyfician,  
 As cheap a Practitioner as you could wish one,  
 Who only with Diet-Drink, and a few Pills,  
 Cur'd Gout, Stone, and Pox, and a Thousand more Ills,  
 Is gone to the Country infernal with Physick.  
 To cure *Rhadamanthus*, they say, of the Ptifick.  
 Let not *Nendick* then brag,  
 Of this *Tetrachymag*,  
 Nor himself *Tilburg* Prize on  
 Drinking Bumpers of Poison.  
 So useful a Doctor our Youngsters will miss,  
 He hinder'd no Business, 'till Death hinder'd his.  
 A Journey thus tedious all Sporters may mourn,  
 For 'tis Forty to One that he'll never return.

*The Fable of the Satyr and the Traveller.*

I.

**T**O his poor Cell a Satyr led  
 A Traveller with Cold half dead,  
 And with great Kindness treated :  
 A Fire Nose-high he made him strait,  
 Shew'd him his Elbow-Chair of State,  
 And near the Chimney seated.

His



## II.

His tingling Hands the Stranger blows,  
 At which the Satyr wond'ring rose,  
 And bluntly ask'd the Reason.  
 Sir, quoth the Man, I mean no Harm,  
 I only do't my Hands to *warm*,  
 In this cold Frosty Season.

## III.

The Satyr gave him from the Pot  
 A Mess of Porridge piping hot;  
 The Man blow'd o'er his Gruel.  
 What's that for, Friend? The Satyr cry'd,  
 To *cool* my Broth, his Guest reply'd,  
 And Truth, Sir, is a Jewel.

## IV.

How, quoth the Host, then is it so,  
 And can you contradictions blow?  
 Turn out, and leave my Cottage.  
 This honest Mansion ne'er shall hold  
 Such Rascals as blow *Hot and Cold*,  
 The De'l must find your Pottage.  
*The C———'s desir'd that in their next Choice,  
 They'd be pleas'd from this Fable to take good Advice;  
 For a Man that two Churches at once has in View,  
 Shams both in their Turns, and to neither is true.*

*A Dialogue betwixt the New Lotteries and the Royal Oak.*

*New Lotteries.*

**T**O you, the Mother of our Schools,  
 Where Knaves, by License, manage Fools,  
 Finding fit Juncture and Occasion  
 To pick the Pockets of the Nation,  
 We come to know how we must treat 'em,  
 And to their Hearts Content may cheat 'em.

*Royal-Oak.*

It chears my aged Heart to see  
 So num'rous a Progeny;  
 I find by you, that 'tis Heaven's Will,  
 That Knavery should flourish still;

You



You have Docility and Wit,  
And Fools were never wanting yet.

Observe the crafty *Auctioneer*,  
His Art to sell waste Paper dear:  
When he for *Salmon* baits his Hooks,  
That Cormorant of Offal-Books,  
Who bites, are sure as Maggots breed,  
Or Carrion-Crows on Horse-flesh feed.  
Fair specious Titles him deceive,  
To sweep what *S*——and *T*———*n* leave.

If greedy Gulls you wou'd ensnare,  
Make 'em Proposals wond'rous fair.  
Tell 'em strange Golden Show'rs shall fall,  
And promise Mountains to 'em all.

*New Lotteries.*

That Craft we've been already taught,  
And by that Trick have Millions caught.  
*Books, Bawbles, Toys*, all Sorts of Stuff,  
Have gone off this Way well enough.  
Nay, *Musick* too invades our Art,  
And to some Tune wou'd play her Part.  
I'll shew you now what we are doing,  
For we have divers Wheels a going.  
We have found out richer Lands,  
Than *Asia* Hills, or *Africk's* Sands,  
And to vast Treasures must give Birth,  
Deep hid in Bowels of th' Earth;  
In fertile *Wales*, and God knows where,  
Rich Mines of Gold and Silver are.  
From whence we drain'd prodigious Store  
Of Silver Coin'd, tho' none in Ore,  
Which down our Throats rich Coxcombs pour,  
In hopes to make us vomit more.

*Royal Oak.*

This Project surely must be good,  
Because not easily understood:  
Because, it gives a mighty Scope  
To the Fool's Argument, Vain Hope.  
No Eagle's Eye the Cheat can see,  
Thro' Hope thus back'd by Mystery.



*New Lotteries.*

We have besides a Thousand more,  
For Great and Small, for Rich and Poor,  
From him that can his Thousands spare,  
Down to the Penny-Customer.

*Royal Oak.*

The silly Mob in Crowds will run,  
To be at easy Rates undone;  
A Gimcrack-Show draws in the Rout,  
Thousands their All, by Pence, lay out.

*New Lotteries.*

We, by Experience, find it true;  
But we have Methods wholly New;  
Strange late invented Ways to thrive,  
To make Men pay for what they give;  
To get the Rents into our Hands  
Of their Hereditary Lands,  
And out of what doth thence arise,  
To make 'em buy *Annuities*.  
We've Mathematick Combination,  
To cheat Fools by plain Demonstration,  
Which shall be fairly manag'd too,  
The Undertakers know not how.  
Beside,———

*Royal Oak.*

Pray, hold a little, here's enough,  
To beggar *Europe*, of this Stuff.  
Go on, and prosper, and be Great,  
I am to you a puny Cheat.

In Obitum *Th. Shadwell*, pinguis memoriae 1693.

## I.

**C**onditur hoc tumulo *Bavius*, gravis esse memento  
Terra tuo *Bavio*, nam fuit ille tibi.

## II.

Tam citò miraris *Bavii* foetere cadaver?  
Non erat in toto corpore mica salis.

## III.

Mors uni *Bavio* lucrum; nam jugera *Vates*  
Qui vivens habuit nulla, sepultus habet.

Por-



IV.

*Porrigitur novus hic Tityus per jugera septem,  
Nec qua tondebit viscera deerit Avis.*

V.

*Dicite, (nam bene vos nostis) gens Critica, Vates  
An fuerit Bavius peior, an Historicus.*

VI.

*Militiam sicco Wilhelmus Marte peregit,  
O Clemens Caesar! consulis historico.*

VII.

*Tom writ, his Readers still slept o'er his Book;  
For Tom took Opium, and they Opiates took.*

*An Impromptu to Shadwell's Memory, by Dr. B—*

**A**ND must our glorious Laureat then depart!  
Heaven, if it please may take his loyal Heart;  
As for the rest, sweet Devil, fetch a Cart. }

*In Decretum Parliamenti 1689. De non adulterandis  
Vinis.*

*CRimen adulterii vetuerunt Biblia frustra.  
Jam quid ages, Caupo? Parliamenta vetant.*

*Inscriptions design'd for the Dial, over the Fountain in  
the new Square at Lincoln's-Inn.*

I.

**U**T referat gratam mercedem qualibet hora,  
Munificum laudet qualibet hora Deum.

II.

*Unda fluit lapsu, quid stas ignave, perenni,  
Carpe viator inter, sic tibi vita fluit.*

III.

*Hac Legum domus est, colit hanc Themis aurea sedem,  
Hospite nec Domus est dignior ulla Dea.*

*Antenor's Speech in the second Æneid, apply'd to the De-  
claration for Liberty of Conscience. In the Year  
1687.*

———Times



———*Timeo Danaos, & dona ferentes.*

**Y**OU dull Dissenters, what Vain Folly blinds  
 Your Senses thus, and captivates your Minds ?  
 Think you this proffer'd Liberty is free  
 From Tricks, and Snares, and papal Treachery ?  
 Think you 'twas meant according to the Letter ?  
 Oh ! that such plodding Heads shou'd know the Pope no  
 Trust me, this Kindness either was design'd [better.  
 T' inflame our Quarrels, and our Weakness find :  
 Or else the Breach was open'd at a Venture,  
 That at one Hole both Cowl and Cloak might enter.  
 Pray Heav'n there be no farther Mischief meant,  
 But I'm afraid there's *Roman* Opium in't.  
 Be't what it will, the gilded Pill suspect,  
 And with a smiling Scorn your proffer'd Fate reject ;  
 A Papist, tho' ungiving, means you Evil,  
 But when he scatters Gifts and Mercies, he's the Devil.

*Prologue spoken before the University of Oxford. 1683.*

**W**Hen *Greece* o'erwhelm'd in the wide Deluge lay,  
 And all the Land was one continu'd Sea,  
 The Muses Hill secure, and lofty stood,  
 Above the vain Attempts of th' insulting Flood,  
 There good *Deucalion* first saluted Land,  
 Put in his Boat, and touch'd the happy Strand.  
 So when wild Faction all our Land alarm'd,  
 Our Land by the prevailing Jugglers charm'd,  
 When pregnant with dire Seeds the Clouds did rise,  
 Prefaging civil Tempests in our Skies,  
 Here God-like *Charles* did a safe Harbour win,  
 Here laugh'd at all the Threats of daring Sin,  
 And shunn'd the popular Deluge as it came rolling in. }  
 With you no perjurd Bog-trotters we found, }  
 With Meal-Tub-Plots and Armies under Ground, }  
 Rogues, that wou'd damn themselves for Half a Crown : }  
 Rogues, that for one poor Draught of Midling-Beer  
 Wou'd hang a Parish, and for Tripe, a Shire.  
 'Tis true, some few you had ; but Traytors come  
 Here to receive, not to deserve their Doom.

So



So Paradise the Serpent gain'd at first,  
Enter'd the blest Abodes, but strait he was accurst.

This is your Happiness.

But we are still alarm'd with senseless Noise,  
*Guild-hall* Elections, and leud frantick Cries.  
Tir'd with dull Managers of duller Plots,  
And free-born Slaves, and *Magna Charta* Sots.  
Oh! wou'd the Town a Pattern take from you,  
Whom the worst Times still found to *Cæsar* true,  
Discords wou'd cease, ill-natur'd Jars retire,  
And ev'ry Muse in *Charle's* Praise conspire.  
Peace, with her Train, wou'd guard our Halcyon Shore,  
And *Britain* envy *Saturn's* Age no more.

## EPILOGUE.

NOT with more Grief the Whiggish Herd beheld  
Their Plots discover'd, their Intrigues reveal'd,  
And all their godly Villanies run down,  
Than now we feel to leave your happy Town.  
Now must our Tribe, since we depart from you,  
Shake Hands with Learning, and bid Wit Adieu:  
With Dogg'rel Rhimes the stupid Rout appease,  
And murder *English* perfectly to please.  
So some, to get an Alms, a Lameness feign,  
And by pretending Halting pity gain.

When to some Town our strolling Troops repair,  
Leave's to be granted by the worthy Mayor:  
He with his num'rous Train first takes his Seat,  
Below his Scarlet Brethren fill the Pit.

Then ev'n our Women must less gay appear,  
Leave painting off, lest they shou'd seem more Fair  
Than the pale Daughter of the Rev'rend Mayor.

If we, in Acting, as our Part requires,  
Swear by the Gods, and all the heavenly Fires,  
The Sot pricks up a wond'rous Pair of Ears,  
My Zeal no longer such Profaneness bears,  
Twelvepence for ev'ry Oath your Hero swears.

Wit here, triumphant, bears an ample Sway,  
And the bright Metal shines without Allay;



Nothing is here condemn'd for being good,  
 Nor talk we Nonsense to be understood.  
 But tho' your Learning the whole Isle inspires,  
 Your Townsmen warm not by the neighb'ring Fires,  
 Born in the happy Place, where Wit does rule,  
 They keep their nat'ral Right of being Dull.  
 So the rude Nations, where with greatest Light  
 The reveal'd Truth was first expos'd to Sight,  
 By no rewards, no miracles reclaim'd,  
 Wou'd ev'n in Spite of Providence, be damn'd.  
 Howe'er our Courtiers do their Fate dispose,  
 Dullness the *Charter* is they'll never lose.

*A Catch. By Mr. T. Brown.*

I.

**L** E T the Woman be damn'd, (a mod'rate Fate)  
 Or die an old Maid, as gray as a Cat,  
 That her Lover refuses for Want of Estate.

II.

Let her that sets Man, like a Beast, to be sold,  
 And above metal'd Flesh loves a Lump of dead Gold,  
 Look green when she's young, and be pox'd when she's old.

III.

But let those that are wise condemn the dull Store;  
 Wives chose by their Weight, will be weighty no more;  
 If for Gold they will wed, for the same they will whore.

*A Panegyrick upon Coll. George Walker. After the  
 Manner of the Irish.*

**O** U R Gracious King gave him five thousand Pound;  
 And out of the Rebels Lands, when they are found,  
 He promises him a thousand Pounds by th' Year,  
 Which, in short Time, will unquestionably appear.  
 Likewise, he promises him the Dean'ry of *Londonderry*,  
 When that the Dean of *Londonderry* will die;  
 But if the Dean of *Londonderry* will not die,  
 He promises him the Bishoprick of *Londonderry*.

More



More of his valiant Deeds and Worth what need we then  
[to cry-ah,  
Since *Walter George* has made Amends for *Walter Obediah*?

To Mr. D'Urfeſey, upon his incomparable Ballads, call'd  
by him Lyrick Odes.

**T**Hou Cur, half *French* half *English* Breed,  
Thou Mongrel of *Parnassus*,  
To think tall Lines, run up to Seed,  
Should ever tamely paſs us.

## II.

Thou write *Pindaricks*, and be damn'd !  
Write Epigrams for Cutlers;  
None with thy Lyricks can be ſhamm'd  
But Chamber Maids and Butlers.

## III.

In t'other World expect dry Blows;  
No Tears can waſh thy Stains out;  
*Horace* will pluck thee by the Noſe,  
And *Pindar* beat thy Brains out.

*On Flowers in a Lady's Boſom.*

**B**Ehold the promis'd Land, where Pleaſure flows!  
See how the Milk-White Hills do gently riſe,  
And beat the filken Skies!  
Behold the Valley ſpread with Flow'rs below!  
Other Discoveries, Fate, let me not ſhare;  
If I find out, may I inhabit there.  
The happy Flow'rs, how they allure my Senſe!  
The fairer Soil gives 'em the noble Hew;  
Her Breath perfumes 'em too:  
Rooted i'th' Heart, they ſeem to ſpring from thence.  
Tell, tell me why, thou fruitful Virgin-Breaſt,  
Why ſhould ſo good a Soil lie unpoſſeſt?  
Surely ſome Champion, in the Cauſe of Love,  
Has languish'd here—more weary with the Sight,  
Than vanquiſh'd quite,  
While the ſoft God took Pity from Above,



And thinking to reward his Service well,  
 Bid him grow there, where he so nobly fell.  
 So when the longing *Cytherea* found  
 The murder'd Boy, who long deceiv'd her Eyes,  
                     Under a Flow'r Disguise,  
 And pluck'd the curious posy from the Ground,  
 Fair *Cytherea*'s Bosom look'd like this;  
 So blush'd *Adonis* in the Seat of Bliss.

*The London Vintners Answer to Mr. Brown.*

**I**F what thou assert, dear *Thomas*, be true,  
 It is to get rid of such Chap-men as you,  
 That I, and my Brethren, have learned to brew.  
 Whatever Ingredients we put in the Vat,  
 Whether Dogs-Turd or Honey, no Matter for that;  
 For all our Design's but to poison a Rat.  
 He that dies by bad Wine, and not by the Halter,  
 Departs without Chime of *Hopkins's* Psalter,  
 And that you well know is no Matter of Laughter.

*To Mr. Henry Purcel.*

**L**ong did dark Ignorance our Isle o'er-spread,  
 Our Musick and our Poetry lay dead;  
 But the dull Malice of a barbarous Age  
 Fell most severe on *David's* sacred Page;  
 To wound the Sense, and quench his Heav'n-born Fire,  
 Three vile Translators lewdly did conspire,  
 In holy Dogg'rel, and low chiming Prose,  
 The King and Poet they, at once, depose.  
 Vainly he did th' unrighteous Change bemoan,  
 And languish in vile Numbers, not his own.  
 Nor stopt his Usage here:  
 For what escap'd in *Wisdom's* ancient Rhimes,  
 Was murder'd o'er and o'er in the Composers Chimes.  
 What Praises, *Purcel*, to thy Skill are due,  
 Who hast to *Judah's* Monarch been so true,  
 By thee he moves our Hearts, by thee he reigns,  
 By thee shakes off his old inglorious Chains,  
 And sees new Honours done to his immortal Strains.

}  
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 Not



Not *Italy*, the Mother of each Art,  
 Did e'er a juster happier Son impart.  
 In thy Performance we with Wonder find  
*Corelli's* Genius to *Bassani* joyn'd.  
 Sweetness, combin'd with Majesty, prepares  
 To wing Devotion with inspiring Airs.

Thus I, unknown, my Gratitude express,  
 And conscious Gratitude cou'd do no less.  
 This Tribute, from each *British* Muse is due;  
 The whole Poetick Tribe's oblig'd to you.  
 For where the Author's scanty Words have fail'd;  
 Thy happier Graces, *Purcell*, have prevail'd.  
 And surely none but you, with equal Ease,  
 Cou'd add to *David*, and make *D' Urfy* please.

On Dr. S H E R L O C K.

**R** *Egibus obsequium dum binis obligat unum,  
 Furat utriq; unam prodit utrique fidem.  
 Quid mirum? Si sit semper jurare paratus,  
 Cum per quos jurat tres habet ille Deos.*

The same Allegiance to two Kings he pays,  
 Swears the same Faith to both, and both betrays.  
 No Wonder if to swear he's always free,  
 That hath two Gods, to swear by, more than we.

*Upon the taking of the new Oaths.*

**O** U R Fathers took Oaths as of old they took Wives,  
 To have and to hold for the Term of their Lives;  
 But we take our Oaths, as our Whores, for our Ease,  
 And a Whore and a Rogue may part when they please.

*Tom Brown* having committed some great Fault at the  
 University, the Dean of *Christ-Church* threatn'd to  
 expel him; but *Tom*, with a very submissive Epistle,  
 begging Pardon, so pleas'd the Dean, that he was  
 minded to forgive him, upon this Condition, *viz.*



That he should translate this Epigram out of *Martial* extempore.

**N** O *N* amo Te, Zabidi, nec possum dicere quare;  
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo Te.

Which he immediately render'd into English thus,

I do not love you Dr. *Fell*,  
But why I cannot tell;  
But this I know full well,  
I do not love you, Dr. *Fell*.

A pensive Thought at the *Rose* Spunging-house in  
*Wood Street*, and left there by *T. Brown*.

**N** O *N* adversa videns me fractum fata coarctum,  
Carcer Corpus habet, mens coapta volat.

LACONICS; or, *New Maxims of STATE*  
and CONVERSATION.

**W** E naturally love to cheat; 'tis interwoven with our Constitution: By the same Token, we often boast that we have palm'd false Dice upon others, when we our selves are the Bubbles. Do but hear, says Sir *John Squander*, what a Trick I put upon a Whore last Night! 'Fore *George*, I made the silly Baggage take a *Lewis d' Or* for Seventeen and Six pence, after the Proclamation.

A Soldier, a Vintner and a Physician, are the three Degrees of Comparison; and so are a Cut-Throat, a Backbiter, and a Flatterer: But the Physician is the superlative Murderer, and a Flatterer the superlative Villain.

How is it possible, says Madam *B———*, for a Woman to keep her Cabinet unpick'd, when every Rascal has got a Key to't? Aye, but Madam, the Rascal's Key signifies not a Farthing, unless the Owner of the Cabinet, at least, goes Halves with him.

A Widow and a Government are ready, upon all Occasions, to tax the new Husband and the new Prince with the Merits of their Predecessors, unless the former  
Huf-



Husband was hang'd, and the former King sent to Grass; and then they bid them take fair Warning by their Destiny.

For a King to engage his People in War, to carry off every little ill Humour of State, is like a Physician's ordering his Patient a Flux for every Pimple.

Scandal is a never failing Vehicle for Dulness. The *True-born Englishman* had died silently among the Grocers and Trunk-makers, if the Libeller had not help'd off the Poet.

Merit is not always the Road to Preferment; some Men get it by resolving not to be deny'd, as *Irishmen* in Town pick up Women, by hunting them, as School-Boy do Squirrels, 'till they are weary, and fall down before them.

A thousand Actions pass in the World for virtuous, tho' they proceed from a quite different Principle. My Lord released *Arsennus* out of Goal, and paid his Debts. This every one applauded as an Act of the highest and most disinterested Generosity. They little knew that my Lord, at the same Time, lay ev'ry Night with *Arsennus's* Sister.

Tho' a Soldier, in Time of Peace, is like a Chimney in Summer, yet what wise Man would pluck down his Chimney, because his Almanack tells him 'tis the Middle of *June*.

War, as the World goes at present, is a Nursery for the Gallows, as *Hoxton* is for the Meetings, and *Bartholomew-Fair* for the two Play-Houses.

A Woman may learn one useful Doctrine from the Game of *Backgammon*, which is, not to take up her Man 'till she's sure of binding him. Had Madam C——, and some of our young Ladies, consider'd this, they would not have made such a Blot in their Tables.

'Tis a Mortification to a Prince to see an old Minister torn from him, but Self-Preservation is the first Law of Nature; and any Man, in his Senses, would sooner submit to part with his Crutch, than his Leg.

The surest Way of Governing, both in a private Family and a Kingdom, is for a Husband and a Prince sometimes to drop their Prerogative.



Could a Women keep her Failings to herself, as well as she does her Age, *Cheapside* would be the happiest Place in the World, and the House would not be troubled every Sessions to grant bills of Divorce.

'Tis the most nonsensical Thing in the World, for a Man to be proud, since 'tis in the meanest Wretch's Power to mortify him. How uneasy have I seen my Lord *All-Pride* in the *Park*, when the Company turn'd their Eyes from him and his gaudy Equipage!

Gaming finds a Man a Cully, and leaves him a Knave.

The Generality of Women would sooner be found in Bed with a Gallant, than in their Undress; and some Men in the World would rather be seen with their Misses in the *Park*, than their Wives.

The greatest Men may, sometimes, over-shoot themselves; but then their very mistakes are so many Lessons of Instruction.

Examples make a greater Impression upon us than Precepts. The Sight of Sir *Edward B——b*, running after a Coach for Six-pence, will sooner reclaim a Prodigal, than a Sermon.

An old Counsellor in *Holbourn* us'd, every Execution-day, to turn out his Clerks, with this Complement, Go, ye young Rogues, go to School and improve.

Of all our Infirmities Vanity is the dearest to us: A Man will starve his other Vices to keep that alive.

How many Fops, at *Man's* Coffee-House, and *Will's* have laid out the only Half Crown they had in the World upon an Ounce of Snuff, when they wanted a Dinner, and their Lodgings were unpaid?

Young *Cotilus's* Pension, for his Weekly Expences, amounts just to twenty Shillings. His Chair-Men run away with eighteen of it, and he finds Tea and Chocolate, Essence and Powder, out of the rest.

Vanity is so inseparable from our Nature, that it survives our Ashes, and takes Care of Epitaphs and Tomb-stones before we die. *Clearchus* was as brave as *Hercules*; he had given Proofs of his Valour upon a thousand Occasions, yet once upon a Time had a Dish of hot Coffee flung in his Face, and bore it patiently.



The Reason was, he had a foul Shirt on, and was loth to die in it.

A Citizen that thinks to compound for forty Years Knavery, by building a lowzy Hospital, and endowing a paultry Lecture, does not offer so much for a good Seat in Heaven as he would do for one in *Middlesex*. He does not bid above ten Years purchase for Eternity.

In Point of Interest, if there were no more in't, a Man should rather lessen himself, than pretend to too much. A famous Instance of this we had in a late *Quack*: Not content to be the seventh Son of a seventh Son, he must needs call himself the unborn Doctor. This was too much for the Multitude to swallow, so the Coxcomb starv'd between his two Titles.

The Church of *England* generally preaches *Alkali's*, the Presbyterians *Acid's*. Both may do well, according to the different Constitutions they meet; but the former seem to operate best with the Men of Sense, and the latter with the Mob.

There's nothing like bearing an Injury, or a Jest, heroically. The Town may da——da——dam me for a Poet, says *Charilus*, but they si——si——sing my Songs for all that.

'Tis in vain to regret a Misfortune, when 'tis past retrieving; but few have Philosophy or Strength enough to Practice it. A famous Physician ventur'd five thousand *Guineas* upon a Project in the *South-Sea*: When he was told, at *Garraway's*, that 'twas all lost, Why says he, 'Tis but going up five thousand pair of Stairs more. This Answer deserv'd a Statue.

We have different Notions of Providence: What one Man calls a Misfortune, another Man would call a Blessing. Bully *Dawson* was over-turn'd in a Hack, not far from his Lodgings. This sav'd him Coach-hire, or, at least, the Trouble of bilking poor *Jehu*; and to his dying Day he look'd upon it as one of the greatest Mercies that ever befel him. A big-belly'd Woman would have miscarry'd upon't.

That which discomposes one Man, and breaks his Rest, makes another laugh.



*Damon* met *Macer* once in an extravagant Heat, railing at the horrid Ingratitude of the Age, and what not. Never was any Man, says the latter, so barbarously and inhumanly us'd, as I have been. There's no Faith, nor Honesty, nor Morals, in the World. Why, what's the Matter? cries *Damon*. That eternal execrable Dog of a Printer, replies the other, has work'd off the last Sheet of my Poems without sending me a Proof.

A Change is not always for the best. We have sometimes seen the Ministry discarded, and a new Set of Men brought in their Room, ten times worse than their Predecessors; like the Devil in the Gospel, that left the possess'd Man's Body, and came afterwards seventy strong.

Well, I must get me a Floor of new Fellows, says the Master of a *Western* Barge, otherwise, one Sheep-stealing Rogue will spoil all the rest.

What is the Reason that the Clergy-Men never forgive an Injury? Why, 'tis because they have better Memories than the rest of the World, and never forget.

All Parties blame Persecution when they feel the Smart on't, and all Practise it when they have the Rod in their Hands. For all his pretended Meekness, *Calvin* made Roast-Meat of *Servetus* at *Geneva*, for his Unorthodoxy.

When *Moliere's Tartuff* was acted in *France*, all the Church-Men complain'd of it. The *Festin de Saint Pierre*, tho' a lewd beastly Piece, went down without the least wry Face. At so much an easier Rate may a Man expose Religion, than Hypocrisy.

I very much Question, after all, whether Mr. C----r would have condescended to lash the Vices of the Stage, if the Poets had not been guilty of the abominable Sin of making familiar, now and then, with the Backslidings of the Cassock.

Hypocrisy may chain up a Man, when he is among Brethren of the same Class, but Nature will certainly break out, whenever it finds an Opportunity. How many *Caledonian* Peers, that can sit out four long-winded Sermons at a Time, on the other side the *Tweed*, whore, and drink, and deny themselves nothing in the *Pall Mall*,  
and



and St. *James*? 'Tis a mighty Refreshment to be out of the Reach of Scandal.

A Whore, in the Business of Love, is what Farthings are in the Business of Trade; only us'd for the Convenience of ready Change.

'Tis the most unpardonable Affront in the World to tell a Woman that she's old. My Lord *A——*, who was the greatest Courtier in his Time, us'd to say to his Lady, every New-Years Day; Well, Madam, how old will your Ladyship be pleas'd to be this Year?

The Virtuoso's may talk as long as they please, that the Seasons are inverted, and the Sun decay'd; whatsoever becomes of our Fruits, our Women ripen much earlier than formerly.

Madam *S——*, last Year, brought her Daughter to St. *Martin's* to be marry'd. Little Miss look'd so unfit for Business, that the Parson, innocently, ask'd her Mother, And what, have you brought this Child to be Baptiz'd?

A Man would willingly have it in his Power to oblige the Fair Sex to the last Moment of his Life. When Sir *H——* was to be cut for the Stone, in the Sixty-seventh Year of his Age; Well, but Doctor, says he, this Operation won't make a Man impotent, will it?

Covetousness, like Jealousy, when it has once taken Root, never leaves a Man, but with his Life. A rich, Banker, in *Lombard-Street*, finding himself very ill, sent for a Parson to administer the last Consolations of the Church to him. While the Ceremony was performing, old *Gripewell* falls into a Fit: As soon as he was a little recover'd, the Doctor offer'd the Chalice to him. No, no cries he, I can't afford to lend you above twenty Shillings upon't, upon my Word I can't now.

When the High Priest enter'd the Sanctuary, which was but once a Year, the *Jews* have a Tradition, that he begg'd of God not to hear the Prayers of Travellers, who, to have Fair Weather for themselves, don't care what becomes of the rest of the World. Had we any such Custom among us, it would not be amiss if our *Arch-Flamen* pray'd to him, not to hear the different Petitions of the several Sects among us, that, if heard, would not only ruin the rest of the World, but themselves,



What Sect of Men could set up with such Disadvantage as the Quakers, when they are kick'd, and buffeted, and laugh'd at by every Body? But their Darling Principle sooth'd the Vanity of Men, and made them Judges of every Thing, *Dans le Dernier ressort*. Of late they have lick'd their Cub into some Shape, and are far from making a contemptible Figure. Who knows but it may be their Turn to be the Reigning Religion an hundred Years hence?

A Gigantick Man, and a Book of a monstrous Size, generally fall short of what they seem to promise. An ordinary Soul can no more inform an over-large Body, than an ordinary Genius can enliven a big Volume. 'Tis as if a Gentleman of 200 *l.* a Year should affect to live in *Hampton-Court*, where the very Repairs would exceed the Income. Is not a Leaf of the *Dispensary* worth a Cart-load of King *Artburs*?

Not only Religion and Law, but even Gold and Silver, are falsify'd to procure Gold and Silver.

If we must have War with *France*, about *Spain*, the sooner the better, before Affairs are settled, and while the Government is young. In King *Charles* the Second's Time, *Jack Ogle*, a very famous Person in his Generation, had got a Clap: Doctor, says he, to a Chirurgeon, what wi—wi—will this Business cost me? Why, some three *Guineas*, Sir. And wha—wha—what Rate does a Pox go at? About six, Sir. Well then, ho—ho—honest Friend, cries he, I'll e'en let it run up to a Pox, and cure both under one. Pray Heaven there be no *Jack Ogle* among our present Politicians.

How unnatural a Sight is it to see a Parson, with a florid Countenance and a double Chin, preach up Abstinence in *Lent*!

Some Clergymen in the Pulpit are such different Animals from what they are elsewhere, that Mrs. *K—*, when she acts a virtuous Part upon the Stage, is not more different from Mrs. *K—* with a Rummer in her Hand at the *Horje-Shoe*.

It has been an old Remark, said a Presbyterian Minister, in his Sermon, that *Opinio* is of the Feminine Gender, because Women, for the most Part, are positive and opini-



opiniated: Whereas, *Judicium* is of the Neuter, because in all critical Exigencies, Men of Judgment chuse to be Neuters. The Grammatical Observations are not worth a Farthing, but a wholesome Mythology's couch'd under it, which the *Venetians*, at present, practice.

A speculative Religion is only calculated for a few Philosophers, and not the gross Vulgar. 'Tis too thin a Diet for coarse Appetites, as we find Soops and Sallads are for common *English* Stomachs. For this Reason the popish Priests amuse them with Pictures, Shows, and Images; the Presbyterian Parsons with apish Gestures, fantastic Expressions, and fordid Similies, that are full as gross as Images: The Church of *England* goes the middle Way to work, and gives them half in Surplices and Organs, and t'other half in good Sense and Reason.

Tho' a Clergy-man preach'd like an Angel, yet he ought to consider, that two Hour-glasses of Divinity are too much at once for the most patient Constitution. In the late civil Wars, *Stephen Marshal* split his Text into twenty-four Parts. Upon this, one of the Congregation immediately runs out of Church. Why, what's the Matter, says a Neighbour? Only going for my Night-Gown and Slippers, for I find we must take up Quarters here to Night.

A long Reach and as little Conscience are necessary Qualifications to a Minister of State, as a long Hand and little Fingers are to a Man-Midwife.

A Wit and a Beau set up with little or no Expence. A Pair of red Stockings, and a Sword knot, sets up one; and peeping on once a Day in at *Will's*, and two or three second-hand Sayings, the other.

Every Man thinks so well of himself or so ill of his Neighbour, that he would not change with him in every Respect, though he would in some. Thousands perhaps may wish they had *Mrs. Abel's* Voice, or *Sir Charles's* Estate, yet there's scarce a Man in the Kingdom, I believe, would change for good and all; that is to say, would have *Mrs. Abel's* good Manners, and *Sir Charles's* Gratitude.

'Tis wisely done, as a Gentleman observ'd, of a Surgeon, to live next Door to a Bawdy-house; of a Short-hand



hand Teacher, to a Meeting-house; and one that has a good Hand at Pimping, to place himself near the Court; for then they may expect Business.

A Man of Merit may be allow'd to insinuate in Modesty. Prince *Maurice* being ask'd who was the greatest General of the Age, handsomly answer'd, the Marquis of *Spinola* is the second.

Well, this Thing call'd Prosperity makes a Man strangely insolent and forgetful. How contemptibly a Cutler looks at a poor Grinder of Knives, a Physician in his Coach at a Farrier a Foot, and a well-grown *Paul's Church-Yard* Bookseller upon one of the Trade that sells second-hand Books under the Trees in *Moorfields*.

'Tis hard that a Man should go out of the World almost as weak a Wretch as he came into it. *Senes bis Pueri*, Old Men are twice Children, says the Proverb. There is an old Drawer at the Baptist's Head in *Chancery-Lane*, that drew Vinegar when the *Scots* came into *England* with their Bagpipes and Covenant, in the Year 1640. Soon after, he was preferr'd a Story higher, I mean to draw Wine, in which Station he continu'd about forty Years; and since the late Revolution, he is a Vinegar-drawer again.

'Tis a very hard Case, if a Man can't find some Excuse for his Frailty, let it be what it will. About seven Years ago, when there were such Complaints of the ill Summers, and Mr. *Flamsteed* talk'd, that there were *Maculae* in the Sun, I knew a Gentleman that us'd to get up about the Dusk of the Evening, and went to Bed by Break of Day, and this was the constant Course of Life he led. His Uncle ask'd him, what the Plague made him such a Sot? Oh, says he, the *Royal Society* say the Sun is sick, and for my Part I hate to see sick Folks.

A Man does not attain to the Top of Preferment in an Instant. In one House a young Member generally is initiated by moving for the bringing in of Candles, and in another by snuffing them.

Affiduity is one of the best Qualities in a Courtier, to recommend him to his Master. As Prince *Maurice* was once at Dinner, in came a huge Mastiff, and took Sanctuary under the Table. The Pages beat him out of the Room,



Room, and kick'd him, but for all that, *Monsieur Chien* came punctually at the same Hour next Day, and so continu'd his Visits, though they still continu'd the same Treatment to him. At last the Prince order'd them to beat him no more, and made much of him. From that Time the Mastiff commenc'd a perfect Courtier, follow'd the Prince where-ever he went, lay all Night at his Chamber-door, ran by his Coach-side as duly as one of his Lacqueys; in short, so insinuated himself into his Master's Favour, that when he dy'd he settl'd a Pension upon him for Life.

If your Friend is in Want, don't carry him to the Tavern, where you treat your self as well as him, and entail a Thirst and Head-ach upon him next Morning. To treat a poor Wretch with a Bottle of *Burgundy*, or fill his Snuff-Box, is like giving a Pair of Lace-Ruffles to a Man that has never a Shirt on his Back. Put something into his Pocket.

When a Man has contracted a Habit, 'tis a hard matter to leave it off. A Fellow of a House had got such a Trick of talking *Latin*, that he could not forbear it even to the Scullion Boys and Bed makers. One Afternoon, seeing one of the Turn-spit Dogs bask himself deliciously in the Sun, he thus accosted him, *Non studes, ignave, non studes, sed toto die otiosus es, & ostendis ingentes tuos Testiculos ad Solem.*

What is Sawce for a Goose, is Sawce for a Gander. When any Calamities beset the *Roman* Empire, the *Pagans* us'd to lay it to the Charge of the Christians: When Christianity became the imperial Religion, the Christians return'd the same Complement to the *Pagans*.

That which passes for current Doctrine at one Juncture, and in one Climate, won't do so in another. The Cavaliers, in the Beginning of the Troubles, us'd to trump up the 12th of the *Romans* upon the Parliament; the Parliament trump'd it upon the Army, when they would not di band; the Army back again upon the Parliament, when they disputed their Orders. Never was poor Chapter so unmercifully toss'd to and fro again!

The



The *Jesuits* here in *Europe*, in their Disputes with the *Protestants*, have Recourse to Miracles, as a Proof of the true Church. In *Æthiopia*, where the *Abyssines* over-number'd them in Miracles, they very fairly deny'd the Argument, and reason'd against them as we do.

The *Quakers* here in *England* won't take up Arms, no, not they, because all War is unlawful. When the *French* attack'd them in *Pensylvania*, the Case was alter'd; the Drums beat, the Guns fir'd, and carnal Weapons were not thought sinful.

An *English* Bull-dog, and a *Scotch* Presbyterian, are of a different Species from all the Bull-dogs and Presbyterians in the World.

Not to flatter our selves, we *English* are none of the most constant and easy People in the World. When the late War pinch'd us, Oh! when shall we have a Peace and Trade again? We had no sooner a Peace, but, Huzza, Boys! for a new War; and that we shall soon be sick of.

It may be no Scandal for us to imitate one good Quality of a neighbouring Nation, who are like the Turf they burn, slow in kindling, but, when once thoroughly lighted, keep their Fire.

What a fine Thing it is to be well-manner'd upon Occasion! In the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, a certain worthy Divine at *Whitehall*, thus address'd himself to the Auditory at the Conclusion of his Sermon: In short, if you don't live up to the Precepts of the Gospel, but abandon your selves to your irregular Appetites, you must expect to receive your Reward in a certain Place, which 'tis not good Manners to mention here.

We can't properly call that Man unhappy, who knows nothing of his Misfortunes. *Lisander's* Wife is the most insatiable Strumpet that ever liv'd, yet *Lisander* jogs on merrily, snores contentedly, and believes her honest. T'other Day he made a Visit to *Chærephon*, whose Wife denies her self no innocent Freedoms, but is as chaste as a *Vestal*. Lord! cries *Lisander* to himself, What an unlucky Wretch is poor *Chærephon*, to have such a Viper in his Bosom?



Conscience is a Riddle I don't know what to make of; 'tis sometimes Pride, 'tis sometimes Obstinacy, 'tis sometimes Interest, 'tis sometimes Nothing; like a skittish Jade, it will startle at a Wind-mill, and stand Buff to a Cannon; it will keck at Pap, and digest Steel.

*Æmilia* would not let her Husband take the Oaths to the Government, and yet never scruples to try a Fall with the next Comer for Half a Crown. Her pious Husband too, tho' he won't swear, will sooner get drunk upon Tick, than go sober to Bed.

In the Time of the last War, a *French* Woman kept a little Bawdy-house in *Ghent*. To ingratiate with the *English* Officers, her constant Complement was, *Ayez pitie, Messieurs, d'une pauvre Refuge, qui est venue pour la Religion*. Notwithstanding her Religion, she had Harlots always at their Service.

Since this Revolution, a worthy Church-man, that for several Reasons must be nameless, thank'd God that the Majority of the Clergy-men had taken the Oaths, and that others again had refus'd them; for, says he, by taking them, we have secur'd our poor Church, which otherwise had been in Danger of falling, as our Sister of *Scotland* has done; and by some of us refusing them, and sacrificing all we had to them, we have shown the Nation there's such a Thing as Conscience still among us. And yet this Reverend Parson chose rather to save the Church, than show his Conscience.

*Melissa* looks as demure as a Nun, goes twice a Day to Church, abhors the Play-house and Players, has always the Catalogue of the *Lent-Preachers* by Heart, rails at Patches and Commodes, and yet is a Fury incarnate in a Corner. I went to pay *Melissa* a Sum, says a Gentleman, last Night, and she was so fond of my Money, that I thought, in my Conscience, she would have run away with the Purse.

Women tax their Gallants of Inconstancy without Reason. Their Humours, their Faces, their Charms, daily change; what makes them then complain?

For a Woman to think to secure her Lover, when her Beauty, that made him so, is gone, is to expect as great a Miracle as Transubstantiation wrought in her Fa-



Favour, where the Accidents are said to remain, when the Substance, that supported them, is vanish'd. But this is no Age for Miracles.

What unaccountable Creatures are Women! They treat their Humble Servants like Slaves, when they see them; they rail at them, they despise them, they'll hardly vouchsafe them a Look, yet are uneasy in their Absence.

A Minister, by ill advising his Prince, and putting him upon wrong Methods, has often had the Honour to see a flourishing Country reduc'd to Beggary. A Gentleman was railing, as fast as his Lungs would give him Leave, at Cardinal *Richlieu*: Don't talk so loud, says his Friend to him, lest some of his Creatures there should over-hear you, meaning a Parcel of Beggars that stood by them.

Some Authors are so long a correcting and mending their Works, that, like *Pauls*, they may be said to be old before they are finish'd.

To acquaint a Man with his being a Cuckold, and to preach the 30th of *January* Sermon before the House, are two ticklish Points that one wou'd willingly avoid.

'Tis merry to consider what Sort of Reasons some Men give for what they do. A Dissenting Parson was preaching a Funeral Sermon in *Moorfields*; he laid about him so powerfully, that all the Congregation wept, except one Fellow, who seem'd not a Jot concern'd. Being ask'd the Reason why he did not weep? What have I done to weep? says he; I am not of this Parish.

A good Outside the best Sir *Charles Cotterel* in a strange Place.

Servants are careless and impudent, and their Masters, generally speaking, may thank themselves for't. A worthy Knight near *Twickenham*, had some Gentlemen at Dinner with him; he calls for a Bottle of Ale, his Boy opens it just under his Nose, by the same Token it flew all upon his Face, Cravat, and Perriwig. The Knight, not at all disturb'd, and wiping himself, Well, says he, this is the wittiest Boy in the World; I warrant you, he serves me a hundred such witty Tricks in a Year. Here, Sirrah, says *Tom Otway* to him, who chanc'd to be then  
in



in the Company, here's a Shilling for you to encourage you in your Wit.

How glad a Man is when he hears another accus'd of a Fault, which does not reach him! Some People were talking against Pluralists, and what a horrid Scandal and Shame they brought upon the Church. Heav'n be prais'd, says a certain Prelate, no body can tax me with Pluralities: I have but one Benefice, God knows.

If the Church had a Mind to make any thing pass for a Sin, 'tis an easy Matter to lug and stretch a Text 'till it fits the Purpose. A Parson would needs prove Dancing to be sinful, and thus he brought it about. *Imprimis*, Dancing is a circular Motion, deny it who can. In the next Place, 'tis as plain as a Pike-staff, that a circular Motion is Diabolical; for doth not the Text expressly say of the Devil, *Circuit terram quarens quem devoret?*

The late Ordinary of *Newgate*, Mr. *Smith*, who was one of the most famous Scruple-drawers of his Time, had one impenitent Clipper once to deal with. Why, says the Fellow, what Harm have I done? A Parcel of over-grown Shillings fell into my Hands, and I only par'd off their Superfluities. They would have bought but Twelve-penn'oth of Beef and Turnips at first, and they'll buy Twelve-penn'oth of Beef and Turnips still. Ay, but hark you, my Friend, crys the Ordinary, What is it to clip a Thing, but to pare it round? And what is paring Round call'd in Scripture, but Circumcision? And who, under the Evangelical Dispensation, dares practice Circumcision, but one that has actually renounc'd the Christian Religion, and is a *Jew*, a most obstinate perverse *Jew* in his Heart? Upon this, the poor Clipper threw himself at his Feet, own'd the Heinousness of his Sin, confess'd that Sabbath breaking had brought him to't, and wept like a Church-Spout.

A jolly red-fac'd Preacher, at the upper-end of *Thames-Street*, had a great Mind to prove a standing Army to be *Jure Divino*; and how did he make it out? Why, as plain as you'd wish: God Almighty, says he, keeps a standing Army of Cherubims and Seraphims, to prevent the Incurfions, and Depredations of the Devil: And what



what are Kings, but his Vicegerents? The Man meant all well, that's certain, and the Fraternity at *Young-Man's* are bound in Honour to present him with a Silver Bottle-screw and a Tobacco-box.

A Divine ought to calculate his Sermon, as an Astrologer does his Almanack, to the Meridian of the Place and People where he lives. What Stuff is it to preach against Usury at *White-hall*, and Fornication in *Lombard-Street*? No, invert the Tables; preach against Usury in *Lombard-Street*, and Fornication at *White-hall*.

On Sunday Morning a Shower of Rain drove a Gentleman of my Acquaintance into the College Chappel at *Chelsea*. The Minister, as he told me, was very furiously inveighing against Covetousness before a Parcel of Fellows that were in no great Danger of being infected with that Sin, or overseeing a greater Sum than Half a Crown. He ought to have preach'd against Swearing, Pilfering, rubbing out of Ale-house Scores, and building of Sconces.

Ingratitude, Perfidy, Oppression, Bribery, and the like, may be preach'd against in every Church between *Berwick* and *St. Michael's Mount*.

*St. Epiphanius*, *St. Theophilact*, *St. Gregory of Nazianzen*, the *Concilium Illiberitanum*, and *St. Austin de Civitate Dei*, rumble well in a Country Church, and make the Parson admir'd by his Flock; but is not one good Argument more convincing than a thousand Citations out of *St. Gregory*?

To quote *St. Ambrose*, or *St. Jerome*, or any other Red-letter'd Father, to prove any such important Truth as this, That Virtue is commendable, and all Excess to be avoided; is like sending for the Sheriff to come with the *Posse Comitatus* to disperse a few Boys at Foot-Ball, when it may be done without him.

Some Divines make the same Use of Fathers and Councils, as our Beaus do of their Canes, not for Support or Defence, but meer Ornament and Show; and cover themselves with fine Cobweb-Distinctions, as *Homer's* Gods did with a Cloud.

Tho Ignorance is none of the best Qualifications for one that sets up for Director of others, yet 'tis better we should



should have a few ignorant Parsons, than our Parishes have none to look after them. My Lord D——ask'd a certain Bishop in the late Reign, why he confer'd Orders upon so many Blockheads? Oh! my Lord, says he, 'tis better the Ground should be ploughed by Asses, than lie untill'd.

All Churches, let them pretend what they will, aspire at Power. The *Huguenots* in *France*, after the Assembly of *Rochel*, in the Year 1623. gave Commissions to their Officers to raise Horse and Foot *in Nomine Ecclesiarum*.

The Presbyterian Divines have been observ'd of late, to preach after the Manner of the Church of *England*-Men. Without setting up for a Prophet, I dare venture to affirm, that this will be their Ruin. 'Twas the melodious Twang of the Nose, the dusting of the Cushion, the black Cap tipt with White, the zealous Toss of the Handkerchief, in short, the Fire, the Vehemence, the Impetuosity of their Action, that gave them all their Authority with the People; which they'll soon lose, if once they quit Show and Grimace for good Reason and Sense. People then will go to their Parish-Churches.

Singularity of Expression, Habit, and the like, keep up a Sect that would otherwise fall. This, for ought I know, has been the chief Preservation of *Judaism*. When ever the Quakers part with their broad-brimm'd Hats, little Cravats, and Coats without Pockets before, the Author of *The Snake in the Grass* may e'en leave off writing against them, for their Farthing Candle, call'd the private Spirit, will go out of it self.

People may talk what they will of the Liberty of *Amsterdam*, but 'tis no where in such Perfection, say I, as in *London*. A Man in *Amsterdam* is suffer'd to have but one Religion, whereas in *London*, he may have two Strings to his Bow.

A Man that splits himself between two Churches, is true to neither, but to his own Interest.

There must be something more than ordinary in the Wind, when a splay-mouth'd Linsey-woolsey Sir *Humphrey*, to qualify himself for a Gold Chain and Scarlet Gown, can swallow so rank a Pill as Superstition, and submit to the Popery of *St. Paul's*. Some-



Sometimes the Church of *England* and Presbytery shall be one, sometimes as different as Light and Darkneſs, juſt as the preſent Juncture of Affairs will have it.

The Miniſters of both Churches, that can admit ſuch amphibious Animals by Turns to their Communion, have ſome inviſible Loop-holes to creep out at, which no-body elſe can ſee. For Shame, charge the *Jefuits* no more with Equivocation!

A Man that keeps ſteady to one Party, tho' he happen to be in the Wrong, is ſtill an honeſt Man.

He that goes to a Cathedral in a Morning, and *Salters-Hall* in the Afternoon, is a Rascal by his own Confeſſion.

A true Citizen's Conſcience makes a Gain of every Thing, even of Godlineſs itſelf.

*Mahometaniſm* came into the World, with Teeth and Claws, was nurs'd up in Violence, Rapine and Murder, yet, grown up to Man's Eſtate, generally gives Quarter to thoſe of a different Belief. Chriſtianity, whoſe diſtinguiſhing Character is Love and Meekneſs, allows Cutting of Throats for the Propagation of the Goſpel.

A Man in throwing Dirt at his Adverſary, does often beſpatter himſelf. Two Country Fellows quarrel'd in the Field, and one purſu'd the other up to his own Village. When he found himſelf ſafe, Now come on, ſays he, ye Cuckoldly Dog, if you dare; we are four to one of you.

A Woman will ſuffer any Thing, ſooner than to ſee her Huſband beſtow his Kindneſs elſewhere. My Lady *B*——found Sir *John* and her Gentlewoman too familiar together. The very next Moment ſhe turn'd her away. Huſſy, crys ſhe, at Parting, I have no Occaſion for ſuch as you; all the Buſineſs you do hear I can as well diſpatch my ſelf.

*Selfiſh* never ſpeaks well of any one, and never dines at Home. 'Twas juſtly ſaid of him, That he never open'd his Mouth, but at another Man's Expence.

A jealous Man and a Cuckold, ſays Sir *John Sucklin*, differ like Alderman and Mayor; a little Time makes one



one the other. A common Slanderer wants only an Opportunity to be a Cut-throat.

What greater Torment can there be on this Side Hell, than Desire and Impotence?

The *Ephesian* Matron, of famous Memory, was an Angel to some of our modern Wives: She had the Manners to stay 'till her Husband was cold, before she dispos'd of herself. Ours enter into Articles before the old Bond is cancell'd. Dear *Betty*, says a Butcher in *Smithfield*, a little before he dy'd, I am not a Man for this World, therefore I would advise you to marry our Man *Jack*; 'tis a clever, well-built, strong Fellow, and our Business you know, requires such a one. Well, Husband, answers she, and so it does; but if that's all, never trouble your self, *John* and I have agreed that Matter already.

'Tis not a fine Show of Books makes a Scholar; and yet, cries the *Fleet-Ditch* Quack, why should not I know as much as any of the College? I'm sure I have as good a Library. As if staring upon a Parcel of Books neatly bound, or upon a Heap of Guineas thro' a Goldsmith's Glass in *Cheapside*, would either make a Man learned or rich.

Buying of Books is grown into a Fashion, even with those that can't read them. The aforesaid Quack hearing a *Buxtorf's Hebrew* Lexicon put up at Auction, cries aloud, I'll have it. When he had look'd upon it a little, he return'd it back to the Auctioneer. Mr. *Millington*, says he, you may e'en keep this Book for your own Use? I'll have none on't. Why, the damned Book-binder has spoil'd it; he has made it begin at the End.

In some Grounds every Thing degenerates. Wheat runs into Barley, Artichokes turn to Thistles, Grapes give nothing but Verjuice. And thus the best Subject grows flat and insipid in some Hands, that have the Reverse of *Mida's* Talent, and turn every Thing into Lead.

He that writes abundance of Books, and gets abundance of Children, may in some Sense, be said to be a Benefactor to the Publick, because he furnishes it with Bum.



Bum-fodder and Soldiers; but 'tis impossible he should bestow enough upon them to make them appear handsomely in the World.

'Tis a Sign of the last Necessity in an Author, when he is forc'd to steal from himself. 'Tis worse than robbing the Spittle.

Mr. *Shadwell*, in one of his last Plays, is so honest as to own, that he had stole a few Hints out of a *French Comedy*, but pretends 'twas rather out of Laziness than Want. This Confession, instead of mending Matters, would have hang'd him at the *Old Baily*; and why it should save him in *Parnassus*, I can't tell.

'Tis strange that an Author should have a Gamester's Fate, and not know when to give over. Had the City Bard stopp'd his Hand at *Prince Arthur*, he had miss'd Knighthood, 'tis true, but he had gone off with some Applause.

*Cleander*, don't give your self the Trouble to write against *Nevius*; stay but a while, and you'll find he'll scribble himself out of his little Reputation.

One would almost swear, that some Authors had serv'd an Apprenticeship to a Faggot-maker. A substantial Stick or two on the Outside, a promising Title, a tolerable Preface, and all Rubbish within.

Never was there such a Shoal of Versifiers, and so few Poets.

Some Books, like the City of *London*, fare the better for being burnt.

Plays, and Romances sell as well as Books of Devotion; but with this Difference, more People read the former than buy them; and more buy the latter, than read them.

'Tis natural for every Man to be fond of his own Country, and what it produces. In the Parish-Church of *Soest*, in *Westphalia*, there is a Representation of the Last Supper in a Glass-Window, where our Saviour and the Apostles sit down before a Gammon of Bacon, the topping Dish of the Country, instead of the Pascal Lamb. Two hundred Years ago, perhaps in the Days of *Popery*, an *English Painter* would have made it a Surloin of Beef.

'Tho'



'Tho' Life is so short, we spend it as unprofitable as if we had *Mathajelab's* Age to squander away. How many tiresome *Dutch* Volumes and tedious Nights, has Dr. B——y gone through, to acquire all that useful Learning about *Tberiolian* Cups, and *Sicilian* Groats!

'Twas a merry Saying of *Rabelais*, That a Man ought to buy all the bad Books that come out, because they will never be printed again.



A true COPY of a SPEECH, made by an *English* Colonel to his Regiment, immediately before their Transportation to *Flanders*.

THUS far, Gentlemen and Fellow-Soldiers, I have conducted you, in Order to your Transportation for *Flanders*. The Honour of the Post I now enjoy, is due only to his Majesty's Goodness; but the Happiness which I propose to my self in the Possession, is a Gift which none but your selves can bestow upon me.

Your civil Deportment, and strict Obedience hitherto, I take as an Earnest of my good Hopes and Successes hereafter; and when I consider you are *English-men*, whose Loyalty to your Kings, and natural Courage, are celebrated all over *Europe*. I once thought I might have spar'd you the Trouble of this Meeting; but though long Speeches are now grown pretty well out of Date, yet having something of high Importance to communicate to you, I am resolv'd rather to be out of Fashion, than lose the Opportunity.

I must acquaint you, in the first Place, that notwithstanding our Loyalty and Courage may be at as high a Pitch as any mortal Man can boast of, yet the greatest Loyalty



alty may be debauch'd, and Courage daunted, by the false Suggestions and cunning Insinuations of our Enemies, which captivating our Understandings, and perverting our Judgments, disarm us more forcibly than the open Assaults of our Foes.

Honour is such an inseparable Qualification of a Soldier, that when the Honour is gone, the Soldier dies, though the Man perhaps may drag on a miserable despis'd Life. Now, the Justice of the Cause in which we are to engage, has been always esteem'd the first and greatest Motive to Men of Honour to hazard their Lives and Fortunes upon; and to undergo the Hardships of War, and to appear glorious with all those Wounds, those Scars, and Deformities upon them, which still from the Justice of the Cause, have ever been reputed Honourable. What Man of Honour then would appear in a villainous Cause, and venture his Limbs and Life, and perhaps his Soul, among the rest, in an unjust War? Slaughter in such Cases, becomes Murder, Plunder is Robbery and Theft, and Victory it self oftentimes ends in the Destruction of the Conquerors.

Having premis'd these Things, I must next observe to you how industriously this War has been misrepresented; and, with Grief and Abhorrence I speak it, some of the great Towns and Places where I have formerly quarter'd, have behav'd themselves with a great deal of Rudeness upon that Account: I think it therefore my Duty to put you in Mind of this, that you may be prepar'd against it. Many of those brave Fellows, that at the first rising of my Regiment, came in Volunteers, have already been bury'd in the Bed of Honour: To you therefore that have never cross'd the Seas 'tis I am chiefly speaking; it may be of Use to you to know what kind of Reception and Entertainment you are to expect Abroad. You, Gentlemen and Fellow-Soldiers, that have been Sharers in our Sufferings, as well as in our repeated Victories, will be informed of what has pass'd at Home, and consequently all of you be convinc'd of the Justice of our Cause.

I shall begin at the Fountain and Head of all Justice and Honour, I mean King *William*, and follow the Stream



Stream of his most admirable Qualifications, until they are lost in the vast Ocean of noble Thought. First then, he is our natural and hereditary King, and Sovereign Leige Lord, and we his natural-born Subjects. Had I no more than this to say of him, it were enough to confirm our boundless Duty and Loyalty to him. What, Gentlemen, can be more just and honourable, than to observe the inviolable Laws of Nature? And what Man of Honour can forbear to blush, to hear himself charg'd with Disobedience, after such strong and inviolable Obligations.

The Crimes which we commit against Nature, make us degenerate below the Level of Brute-Creatures, who even without the Assistance of Reason, preserve the Law of Nature, from the Kid and his Dam, to the Lyon's Whelp, and the fiercest Lyones. All Creatures, by Nature, follow those which nourish and preserve them; and shall we, whose Profession and Reward too is Honour, shall we forsake our natural hereditary King, who is our common Father, as well as our Protector?

But to proceed: Were he not our King, yet we have so many Obligations to him, that would silence all our Complaints. He it is, who at the Hazard of his Life, and at his own Expence, for our Sakes only, has consented to accept of three troublesome Crowns, to deliver us from the two dreadful Monsters, Popery and Slavery. He it is that brought in with him Peace and Plenty, and has insur'd them to us and our Posterity, beyond the Possibility of being again depriv'd of them. He it is that so tenderly and compassionately loves us, that he holds our Lives in the Palms of his Hands, and is so cautious of exposing them to the common Danger, that he constantly heaps up his own Countrymen as a Bulwark before us, whilst himself remains in the Rear to favour our Retreat, if there should be Occasion.

In his Nature, he is affable, courteous, and liberal even to a Fault; he is likewise extremely merciful and compassionate, and so free from all Ambition and Tyranny, the common and daring Vices of Princes, that



he hath divided his Throne with the Consort of his Bed, and hath intrusted his Power to the Will of his People. But not to dwell too long upon Words, I proceed to Effects, which are more convincing, by how much they are the more sensible to us.

First, From the Beginning of his Reign, how free have we been from unnecessary Taxes? How do we wallow in Peace and Plenty, and are secure even from the Rumours of War? Is not our Trade increas'd, and our Merchants freed almost from the Apprehensions of Loss by the Seas? Are not the Prices of Food and Rayment considerably decreas'd, and every thing in a most regular and flourishing Condition? And more than all, is not Justice equally distributed; and are not the Liberty and Property of the Subject as dear to him as his Prerogative? Have the Nobility, Gentry, or Commonalty, known of any legal Fines or Imprisonments? Have we had any such Thing as brib'd Parliaments? And has not the Church of *England* been always best encourag'd and supported during his whole Government?

Have the Spoils of our Enemies been given to Foreigners, or Honours and Employments bestow'd upon Strangers? Are not our Councils guided by the best of our Nobility, and the Cabinet by the Persons who most love, and are most belov'd of the *English* Nation? Is not the Trade, and *English* Interest promoted, almost to the Ruin of *Holland*? And are they not ready to sink to their poor distress'd State again, for want of Traffick, whilst we ride Masters of the Ocean, and import to them all foreign Commodities, upon *English* Bottoms, to the eternal Glory of our King, and our own inexhaustible Profit?

Are we now infested, as in former Reigns, with Swarms of *Hugonots*, that, like Maw-worms in our Bowels, eat up the Bread of the poorer Tradesmen, and starve the Wives and Families of our willing and industrious Natives? Or are our Palaces guarded by Foreigners, to the Dishonour of our Countrymen? Or our Armies commanded by *Hogan Mogan* Generals, that hate our Nation? Have not the *English* the Prefer-

ence



ence Abroad, both as to Pay and Post of Honour? And are not the Sums given by Parliament constantly employ'd for the Use of our Countrymen only?

My Hearts, are we not always led on to certain Victory by our brave and wise Commander? Or if any of us drop, or are wounded, is not there the greatest Care imaginable taken of us? Are we not welcom'd by the *Dutch* with high Civilities and Respect, and, upon all Occasions, trusted with more than we shall ever be able to pay? Do they not congratulate our Arrival among them with the most sincere and affectionate Demonstrations of Love and Honour, and lament our Departure, as if they had parted with their Guardian Angels? Are not our Sailors paid and encourag'd to that Degree, that there is hardly any Need of Press-Masters?

To conclude; for what Tongue or Pencil can sufficiently represent the inconceivable Virtues of our gallant Commander. Should I compare him with the bravest of his Predecessors, it would raise his Glories to so high a Pitch, that it would blind the Eyes of the Universe, by gazing too stedfastly upon his insupportable Lustre. Comparisons, says the Proverb, are odious; therefore I shall forbear giving my self, or you, any farther Trouble in that Respect.

To conclude all, Fellow-Soldiers, If all that has, or can be said, were omitted, yet is there one Consideration hitherto untouch'd, sufficient of it self to elevate our Courage and Resolution to the noblest Emulation, and fix upon us all the most durable Sentiments of Love and Loyalty. In short, we are now, by the exalted Care and Goodness of our Generals, upon the very Brink of entering upon that Stage of Glory, where the greatest Captains, and the Heroes of the Age, are proud to bear a Part. We our selves shall be Actors in those famous Tragedies, which will represent us in History as the Ornaments of all Ages.

To us it is granted to be instructed in the noble Discipline of Marching and Counter-marching, which is the Perfection and Consummation of the utmost Art of War. To us it is given to divide the Spoils of our Enemies, and share in the Trophies of desperate and



decisive Battles. And to us, and us only, is allow'd the Honour of all the most hazardous Attacks and Enterprizes, by which Means 'tis highly evident, that we are distinguish'd from the *Dutch*, and all other foreign Troops. All this, and abundantly much more, which might be said, will, I don't doubt, sufficiently satisfy you how great is the Honour, Justice, Equity, Prudence, Piety, and many more innumerable Advantages of our glorious Cause.

Thus far, as I said, Gentlemen and Companions in Arms, I have brought you; and if I have detain'd you longer than I intended, remember the boundless Character of our inimitable Captain, and his wonderful Qualifications, have been the Occasion of it. I shall now dismiss you, 'till a fair Gale wafts us over to the *Elizian* Fields of *Flanders*, where, in all Probability, the Fate of War will put a glorious End to the many Misfortunes and Hardships of a Soldier's Life.

*When the Colonel had done, a stout Voluntier addresses himself, in the following Manner, to his Commander, and the rest of his Fellow-Soldiers.*

**M**OST Noble Colonel, your fine Speech has been so pleasant and grateful to us all, especially to my self, that I rather wish you had added much more, than left off so soon: but since your Honour has been pleas'd to take such Pains for our Satisfaction, I beseech you, Sir, to give a poor Soldier Leave to mind you of one Point that seems to require a more full and ample Explication.

I had the Fortune to be born the younger Son of an *English* Yeoman, now call'd, forsooth, a Gentleman; my Father had 80 good Pounds *per Annum*, he kept a good House, and we had Beef, and Pudding, and Nog, to Content. My eldest Brother has the good Luck to be brought up in the Way of his Ancestors, that is, to the plough, and a quite Country-Life; but, for my Part, my Father who was now a Gentleman, resolv'd that I should be Book-learn'd, and so I was lash'd from School to School, until, at last, I be-  
came



came a poor Scholar in the University of *Cambridge*. But the excessive Taxes, Polls, and Prices of all Necessaries, since the *Revolution*, growing too heavy for my Father's Income, to allow any Thing considerable towards my Support, I was forc'd, *super pedes Apostolorum*, to make the best of my Way back into the Country. I had not been there long, but I perceiv'd my Father's Way of living was entirely alter'd, and our Commons grown so short, that my poor Brains were almost turn'd with Grief and Melancholy; and, to add to my Afflictions, the Vicar of our Parish, who, for a long Time, had been an hospitable good Fellow, had shut up his Shop, and boarded upon mere Element and Barly-Dumplin at a poor Farmer's House in the Village.

Lord! Noble Colonel, had you seen this dismal Revolution in our Town. it would have broke even your own couragious Heart; for my Part, I was not able to bear it any longer, but had fix'd my Thoughts upon seeking my Fortuue. In short, I resolv'd to *abandon Dwelling*, and saving your Presence, *out I went a Colonelling*. *London* is the Place I fix'd upon, as the Center of my Hopes; but long I had not been there, when my small Stock being almost spent, I found it absolutely necessary to think of some Employment: I had heard of such as Knights of the Pad, and of the Post, which, as they told me, these hard Times a great many Gentlemen has been constrained to take up with. Others advised me to get my self admitted into the united Company of *English* and *Dutch* Clippers and Coiners; but observing many hopeful young Gentlemen, of those Professions, solemnly conducted up *High Holbourn*, it soon check'd my Inclination against any of those Vocations. I resolv'd then to iteer into the City, to try what Luck I could find there, and, if possible, to bind my self out an Apprentice to some honest Handy-craft Trade. But when I look'd into the Shops, instead of being busy'd in selling their Goods, and answering Customers, I saw most of the 'Prentices either asleep or at Play; or else the Shops as empty, as if the House had been infected with the Plague. I



easily invited one or two of them to drink a Pot with me, where they told me most dismal Stories of Trade, and generally swore to me, that a Man had better be a Hang-Man, in these Times, than a Trades-Man. I soon took Leave of these uncomfortable Companions, resolving to see what was to be done in the remoter Parts of the City; and accordingly I happen'd unluckily to fall into *Spittle-Fields*. But, Noble Colonel, had your Honour seen the poor *English* Weavers, Button makers, &c. sitting at their Doors with their Wives and Children, cursing and railing at the *French* Dogs, as they call'd them, for taking the Bread out of their Mouths: Had your Honour heard them blaspheming the Government, or smel'd the Hogo of their Onions and Garlick, you must have had strange Ideas of the Misery of those unfortunate People. I soon took my Leave of this Quarter too; and finding that there was but small Prospect of any Good to be done at Land, I resolv'd to try my Fortune in a Sea Expedition. In Order to that, I set Sail for *Wapping*, not questioning, but considering I was five Foot and nine Inches at least, I should find some honest Master that would entertain me on Board.

But would you believe it, Sir, the Seamen were all fled with as much Diligence from thence, as I had taken Care to get thither; so that I scarce found any Body but Shoals of Seamens Widows and Wives, with their Children and Orphans, bitterly exclaiming against Prefs Masters, the Navy-Office, &c. I was soon weary of this Place also, which I look'd upon as the Representative of Hell itself; for I found nothing but weeping, wailing, and gnashing of Teeth. Back then I return'd to *Holbourn*, where as my good or bad Stars guided me, I heard a Drum; and seeing the Majesty of a Serjeant, furiously marching with his Halbert in the Front of the Rabble, right or wrong, I resolv'd to list my self immediately for a Soldier. The first Thing I did, was to enquire who was the Colonel, who I found to be your Honour; and hearing all People giving you the Character of a good Officer, and an honest



Honest Gentleman, I was willing to take on; and now here I am, Noble Colonel, at your Service.

And now, Sir, I have troubled you with all this, only to shew you, and my Fellow-Soldiers, that it was Necessity, and not Choice, that brought me hither; and, to be plain with you, I neither regard the Justice or Injustice of the Cause. I neither fight for King *William*, nor against King *James*; but I venture my Life, to preserve my Life by Bread and Pay; and so I believe do most of those that are here present, begging your Honour's Pardon, if I am mistaken in your self.

Your Honour knows, that a lusty young Man's Life is valu'd at seven Years Purchase; and to venture seven Years Purchase against Five Pence a Day, is such a scandalous Bargain, that the Devil himself would be ashamed of, if he had any other Way to help himself. Now, if we want our Pay, we want all Things, and by Consequence get nothing but Blows and Starving for all our Hazards; but that I hope will never be our Case, whilst your Honour is at our Head.

And now, most noble Colonel, I only beg the Liberty of one Word more: Since I was admitted into this honourable and beneficial Employment, I have kept Company with many of my own Profession; some served in *Flanders*, under the Duke of *Monmouth*, and these unanimously commend the good Usage and good Pay they receiv'd in that Service. I have also convers'd with others, that serv'd under the late King *James*; and when I enquire of them how they were treated and paid in those Days, they fall a sighing and sobbing as if their Hearts would break, and I can hardly get any Thing from them, but, ah! shall we never see those glorious Days again? and shew such Raptures of Grief and Love for their Memories, that they almost amaze me. But truly, Noble Colonel, when I discourse with those that have made these last Campaigns in *Flanders*, all of them universally, except those of your Honour's Regiment, have given a Relation so contrary to those of the former, and especially as to the main Points of Pay and good Usage, that if your Honour would be pleas'd to  
G 4 give



give us a fatisfactory Word or two in those two grand Particulars, which I can assure you, Sir, are the principle Motives to us, your Honour may be fully assured, that, like true-born *English Men*, we shall all follow you thro' all Sorts of Danger, without any Regard to the Cause. We will follow you, Sir, thro' Fire as well as Water, even to the Gates of *Paris*, if you command us, and pay us well.

*Here the young Fellow ended ; and having made a very low Obeisance, the Colonel, smiling, made this short Reply.*

**Y**Oung Man, I have heard your long Speech with Patience, and forgive many Impertinencies in it; and that nothing may be wanting to your intire Satisfaction, take this in Answer to the two main Points you speak of.

First, Gentlemen, I do most solemnly promise that I will do my utmost, that your Usage in *Flanders* shall be such as shall be worthy of *English Men*, and the Goodness and Justice of your Cause. And next, as to your Pay, I do here give you my Word and Honour, that you shall be, all of you, certainly paid before you return to *England*. In the mean Time, I command you to your Quarters, and recommend your respective Landladies to your Care and good Management.



*Mr.*





*Mr. ALSOP'S State of CONFORMITY:  
Or, An Account of a Conversation between  
a Gentleman of Oxford, and Mr. Alsop,  
the great Rabbi of the Dissenting Party, a-  
bout his Majesty's Declaration for Liber-  
ty of Conscience, in the Year 1687; as  
also, whether the Church of England-Men,  
or Presbyterians, are most inclin'd to an  
Accommodation.*

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By Mr. THO. BROWN.

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**K**ING James had no sooner declar'd for *Li-  
berty of Conscience*, but the Rabbies of the  
Dissenters forsook their lurking Holes among  
the godly Sisters, and with their *crop-ear'd  
Sanctimony* spread over the Land, like the Locusts of  
*Egypt*, and almost as numerous. Their diminutive Ha-  
bit and Band show'd them the spurious Spawn of their  
good Fathers the *Jesuits*, who, at this Time, began to  
parade it in Couples about *St. James's, White-hall*, and  
the *Savoy*.

Tubs on the sudden grew dear; and, I'm told, one  
Cooper got an Estate by a Cargo of old Wine-Casks, to  
furnish them with Pulpits. The dying Embers of Schism  
and Heresy being blown up by this Declaration, it burst  
out in every Corner: Here started up *Presbyterians*, there  
*Muggletonians*; one making God damn all but themselves,  
and the other saving him the Labour, and doing it them-  
selves. Here pirk'd up *Anabaptists*, there your formida-  
ble *Fifth-Monarchy-Men*, who were for beginning the  
Kingdom of King *Jesus* from that of King *James*, and



putting an End to *Antichrist*, by striking in with the *Pope*. In short, *Antinomians*, *Socinians*, *Ranters*, *Canters*, *Brownists*, *Quakers*, and a thousand nameless and senseless Ring-Leaders of Roguery and Heresy, open'd each his Shop of License, which he call'd the *Power of the World*; and, like Quacks, that pretend lying Wonders in their Bills, in such a Plenty of Fools and Knaves as this Country abounds with, scarce a gifted Cobler, but found Contribution of much more comfortable Importance, than his abdicated Last and Awl; so much more gainful it was to stitch Souls than Soals.

The Bugbear Popery, that at a distance used to raise the Cries of the whole deep-mouth'd Pack, when now it was present, found them the most complaisant Creatures in the World. They were grown so familiar, that in the same Coffee-House you might see a *Jesuit* and a *Holder-forth* join with amicable Spite in running down the *Church of England*.

Well, they gave themselves violent Airs of religious Moderation, Loyalty, and Conscience, and a thousand Things else, of which they formerly abhor'd the very Name more than a Miser Restitution, a Lawyer the End of a Chancery-Suit, a Sexton a healthy Summer, or an Apothecary the *Dispensary*. 'Twas pleasant to hear the Papists preach against Persecution, and the Fanaticks for Passive Obedience and Submission to the *Royal Declaration*. The Exclusion-Men extol Succession, and deify that very Prince on the Throne, when a known-Papist, as the *Restorer of God to his Empire over Conscience*, whom they strove so much to deprive of it, when he was but thought so: To hear them address with Lives and Fortunes for the Royal Family, who had beheaded one King, and endeavour'd the same to a second; and wish, that they had Cosements in their Breasts for his Majesty to see the Sincerity of their Hearts, when their After-Conduct shew'd what confirm'd Hypocrites they were; but they consider'd first, that it was but a Wish, and next, that they spoke to a Man of abundance of Credulity.

But not to dwell longer on this Preamble, you must know, that *Oxford* it self was not free from the Visitation; for *Alsop*, one of the chief Demigogues of the Schism,



Schism, was there, and, like another Gentleman in Black, *sought whom he might devour.* Among the rest, he attack'd the Tabernacle of a young Gentleman of my Acquaintance with more than Jesuitical Impudence and Complaisance, and often beat about the Bush, to start a Convert in him. One of their Conferences he related to me in the following Manner.

Mr. *Alsop* and my self being met, and fallen on our usual Dispute; I am surpriz'd, said I, to find those, who used always to rail more at the very *Fantom of POPERY*, which they imagin'd to be in the *Church of England*, than Porters at the Penny Post, should be so fond of *Poper*y in its own *proper Person*. That those very People, who had brought one King to the Block, under Pretence of his invading *Property* and the Laws of the Land, should so zealously address another for doing the Thing in *Reality*. Like a certain Puritan Alderman, that rail'd at the Lewdness of the *Play-house* in a Brothel. For what is this Declaration, but cutting off all Laws, Root and Branch, and resolving all *Property* into the *King's Will*, while you allow him the Power of suspending or dispensing with Acts of Parliament? For if he has Power to dispense with one, he has with all: So that you might as justly have seiz'd your Neighbours Estate, should the King have dispens'd with that Law that secur'd it, as enjoy'd his Dispensing with the *Act of Conformity*.

I have heard you, reply'd Mr. *Alsop*, with as much Patience as a Court of Delegates a *Bawdy Cause*; but let me tell you, young Gentleman, you're a little too hot in this Affair. Moderation would give you another View; and, with Submission, I will give it you in a fairer Light.

Suppose then here an honest well-meaning Man, that travelling in the Dark, falls into a Pond; he finds he must either be drown, or get out of the Water, by clambering up the Side of a fine inclos'd Garden: Do you think the Owner of it could reasonably plead Damages, or sue the drowning Man for a Trespass? Thus it is with us; our Cause must sink, or we must take Hold of this Opportunity to escape with our Lives. Pray which is most reasonable for us to consider, our Deliverance from hasty De-



Destruction, or the Fences of your fine Garden? Oh! but why would we close with the *Papists*, for this Advantage? A drowning Man would not refuse to catch Hold of a Cord, though thrown out by an Enemy; and since you, who pretend to be our Friends, use us like Enemies, certainly we should be look'd on as Fools in Grain, to reject an Ease, though offer'd by those you call our Enemies.

Alas! Sir, said I, you have set the Matter in a very wrong Light; for this Fellow you mention, was so far from an honest well-meaning Man, or his Fall into the Pond accidental, and in the Dark, that he jump'd in purely out of Spite, and that in the full Force and Light of the Mid-day Sun, only because he had no other Way of destroying the Fences of the fine Garden you speak of, as you may know by the whole Story.— On the Borders of the famous *Tweed*, there liv'd a Gentleman of a very large Estate, and a larger Mind; he was not for racking his Tenants, but allow'd them the full Enjoyment of a certain Manour, on Condition that they should manage it well, and pay him a Pepper-Corn a Year Quit-Rent; nor could he suppose those hard Conditions, when they were to reap the Benefit and Fruit of their Labour. But in Process of Time, this good Landlord had Occasion to go a Journey into a far Country, and so calls all his Tenants together, and tells them, he's leaving them for a little while; but advises them, as they tender his Love, to mind their Plantations, keep up the Fences, watch for one another with a mutual Help and Love; for they were near scurvy Neighbours, who would continually be endeavouring to ruin them, either by Fraud or open Force, by carrying Stories, sowing Dissention, and perswading them, that either this Care of your Ground is superfluous, or that you take not Care enough of it, or the like; but do you mind what I say, and when I return, I will bring an ample Reward for those who have observ'd those Directions. This being said, and all Things prepar'd, the Landlord goes his Journey. Their pilfering Neighbours understanding he was gone, whose Wisdom and Power they stood in Awe of, make many a Trip over the *Tweed*, now and then catch a straggling  
Cock



Cock or Hen ; but often, by the mutual Vigilance of the Tenants, they went Home by Weeping-Crofs, with broken Heads and bruis'd Sides. At last, the wily Kerns finding it in vain to attempt on their Hen-roosts and Hedges by open Force, while they were thus united, contrive to fet them together by the Ears. First they divided their Bands, and insinuated themselves into the Families of the poor good-natur'd Tenants ; then they carried Pick-thank Stories from one to another ; and being naturally cunning and mischievous, they began to perswade some one Way, and some another, in the Observation of the Landlord's Commands, 'till, in short, they had fet the whole Manour together by the Ears. Then, instead of Brother and Neighbour, Son of a Whore and Hang-dog was the best Words they could give one another ; but yet they pretty well minded the main Concern, and the Poultry was not so come-at-able as their Neighbours desir'd. To compleat their Roguery, therefore, they found one among the rest who had the largest Farm, and perswaded him, that the Landlord had left him Steward, and that all the rest ought to be guided by him, and pay him the Pepper-Corn Quit-Rent, and in short, all that was due to their real Landlord ; and though the Impudence exceeded all but a *Scots*, yet I know not how, by the subtile Insinuations of the Black-Guard that broach'd it, in Time he reduc'd the whole Manour under his Jurisdiction ; but, to their Cost they found the Difference betwixt their *old* Master and their *new*. In short, all Things went to Wreck, that is, they were all wreck'd so by their Steward, and his ragged Regiment, that at last some, more stout than the rest, began to enquire into his Authority, and, with equal Resolution, exerted their Liberty. The *Itch* and *Scots* were driven out of their Farms, and they set themselves to reduce Things into the former Order. Among these, there were two more exact, and came to a juster Regulation of this than all the rest, and enjoy'd a while the Sweets of it. But o'th' sudden one of them takes a Freak to pull down all the Fences, and lay all their Ground in common ; the other admonish'd him often, and mended them up again. At last, it came to a Breach ;



Breach ; for *Jack* said, It was contrary to the Landlord's Will, that there should be Enclosures, but all should be common and confus'd. *Harry* he was for keeping it in the same Order he had always had it, and after several Tryals, in vain, to mollify his Neighbour's Obstinacy, he set himself to dig an handsome Trench about his Farm, to keep obstreperous *Jack* out. But *Jack*, vex'd to the Heart at this, coming drunk Home one Night, and as full of Malice as Liquor, (for he would take a chearupping Cup off in a Corner) the Moon shew'd him an agreeable Prospect of his Neighbour's Enclosure on one Hand, and the very Dunghil his own was grown, on the other ; what does he me, but leaps into the Mote, and scrambles up the Bank, demolishes the Dam, and lets the Water into the lower Grounds. But *Jack* was too top heavy to escape undiscover'd : *Harry* sues him for a Trespass. *Jack* swears it was Accident, that falling into the Mote, he endeavour'd to save his Life, and this ensu'd. But the Judge finding this was owing to *Jack's* Malice more than Danger, gave *Harry* Damages. The *Scots*, who were always sculking about, having found out this Feud betwixt these two Neighbours, inform the rest of the Manner of it, who were all mortal Enemies to *Jack* and *Harry*, who at last enter into a compact with *Jack*, every one to join together, and fill up the Mote that *Harry* had made to secure his Enclosure. No sooner said but done. Had not *Harry* just Cause of Complaint against *Jack*, for striking in with both their Enemies, merely to destroy his Enclosure ? This is the Truth of the Story, and you have been told it only by Halves. I need not make the Application, the Pope, the Devil, and the Fanaticks, will appear through the Disguise of the Fable.

But Sir, said *Mr. Alsop*, your Fable does not reach the Case. You make *Jack* an obstinate Fellow, and a mischievous Invader of his Neighbour *Harry's* Enclosures ; whereas the Dissenters are Men of tender Consciences. Hold, interrupted I ; methinks that's an odd Plea ; for what has a Dissenter to do with Conscience at all, while he holds Predestination ? I think of frugal Men, they are the most prodigal alive, to throw away



so many Thousands a Year among you Gentlemen *Holder-forts*, when by their fundamental Doctrine they don't know but 'tis a Limb of the Devil that's preaching to them in God's Name.

Well, well, said Mr. *Alfop*, we had no other Way of keeping up our Party, but by accepting the Benefit of this Declaration. People daily and daily moulder'd away; their Purfes touch'd them more than their Zeal, and they lov'd Ease and three Meals a Day better than *Newgate* or any other Goal in all his Majesty's Dominions. So that if we caught Hold of this Opportunity of retrieving ourselves, and make the best Use of it, you may thank yourselves for it, who would open no Door to let us into your Communion, but one so very small, that we could not thrust our Heads into it, much less draw in our Bodies. You are a little apt, reply'd I, to assert very odd Positions; for we have often invited you to return to your Mother, and she with open Arms expected to embrace you: Your Scruples were answer'd to the nicest Point, and Compliances offer'd, if you can but agree where you would stop, and what would content you. That you shall be judge of, said he, by a Story I'm going to tell you.

There was a Gentleman (says he) of ancient and honourable Extraction, one Colonel *Stiff-rump*, that made Love to a grave and vertuous Lady in our Neighbourhood, of whose Character I will tell you more anon; but in the mean Time, I must be more particular about my Colonel. As for his Age and Person, there was no Exception to be made to them; but his Temper was something imperious and fierce, easy enough to those who would submit to him, but impatient of being contradicted. Some thought him too affected and formal in his Carriage; and what was the worst, he was not content to practise these Formalities himself, but would oblige others to do the same; however, in the main, his good Qualities overweighed his bad. So much for the Colonel. And now, to give you a short Account of the Lady, whose Name was *Good-love*: Her Fortune was very considerable.



rable, which drew abundance of Suitors upon her; yet she rejected them all: She did not delight in gaudy Liveries, and what the World calls a magnificent Equipage; but every Thing about her was plain, and shew'd a well-temper'd Frugality: And as she had not been bred up in Musick and Dancing, she seldom appear'd at any publick Assemblies, but kept for the most Part at Home, and visited none but her Relations. This may suffice to let you see what the Lady's Disposition was. 'Tis now high Time to proceed to my Story: The Colonel, finding it for his Advantage to make an Alliance with her, if possible, very fairly courted her; and, to do the Lady Justice, she receiv'd him with more Respect, and heard his Address with more Complaisance, than she had done any of his Predecessors. In short, Matters went on the Colonel's Side as favourably as a Man could wish; when coming one Morning into her Parlour, *Well, Madam, and what Demonstration do you require I should give you of my Affection? Tell me: I am ready to execute it this very Moment.* Colonel, (says she) *I require none, I always took you for a Person of Honour.* Come, come, (replies he) *that shan't serve your Turn; I have told you an hundred Times I love you, and yet I find you continue still an Infidel, and won't believe me; therefore I am resolv'd to give you some extraordinary Proof of my Passion, such as no Lover gave his Mistress before me. Now, Madam, if you'd have me trot it to the East-Indies, and bring you the Empress of Japan's Favourite Paroquet, or six of the great Mogul's Fore-teeth, or the huge Diamond that hangs in the Sophy of Persia's left Ear; either any of them, or all of them, are at your Service: Or if you'd have me mount up to the Top of St. Laurence's Steeple, take out my Heart, and broil it there upon the Grid-iron, 'tis no sooner said than done.* Thus the Colonel gave himself these Rhodomontado Airs, when the Lady taking him up short, *No, no, Colonel, (replies she) I expect no Impossibilities from you; but since you have made so free with me upon this Point, I will put you to the Tryal; but you shall find me very easy in my Proposal. Know then, I have only*  
*one*



one Thing to ask of you, the doing of which can neither call your Life nor Honour in Danger ; and which if you comply with, I promise to be yours, and only yours— And pray, Madam, what may that be? (cries the Colonel, in an Extasy) I am sure I would sacrifice my Life, my Reputation, my All, to oblige so—Talk not of Sacrifices, (answers she) I am content with lesser Services ; and to convince you of the Truth of this, behold, all I demand of you, is, that you would send immediately for the Barber, and cut off your Whiskers, because they hinder me from having a full and perfect Communion with your Lips.——But, Madam, will nothing under my Whiskers satisfy you?——Why, can I possibly ask you an easier Instance of your Love? Any well-manner'd Gentleman would part with them at the Request of a Friend, but much more at that of his Mistress. And unless I part with them, must I never hope to be happy in you? ——Never, upon my Word. ——Why, then, Madam, farewell : I'll see all the Women in the Universe pil'd up like so many Faggots, to make the Devil a Bonfire, before I'll cut off my Whiskers to please the best of them. With that he took his Leave abruptly, and has never been seen since. To apply this Story. Now the Church of England, whenever she pleases, may marry or incorporate the Dissenters, provided she will part with her Whiskers, that is to say, a few foolish idle Ceremonies, which neither contribute to her Beauty nor her Security ; by which Means she would render herself impregnable, for the subaltern Sex can never injure her ; yet with the untoward Obstinacy of Col. Stiff-rump, rather than part with these Whiskers, Trifles upon so valuable a Consideration, she chuses to lose a great Part of the Kingdom, not contemptible either for their Numbers, Piety, Learning, or Wealth.

When Mr. Alsop had done his Story and Application, he smil'd as if the Day were his own ; but to pluck him down from his imagin'd Conquest, Sir, says I, whoever told you this Story, deserves to have his Bones broke ; for, to my Knowledge, he has misled you, not only in the Names and Characters of Persons



fons concern'd, but almost in every Particular; there-  
 fore to set you aright, I will recount the Story to  
 you, exactly as it happen'd, and that in as few Words as  
 may be. " I knew the Fellow singularly well, and  
 " so I did the Lady; the Man was a *Tallow-Chand-*  
 " *ler* by Trade, his Name was *Jonathan Schism*, and  
 " he liv'd at the Sign of the Calve's Head in St.  
 " *Swithin's* Lane, over against *Salters-Hall*: He was  
 " a mighty Frequenter of Morning-Lectures, and the  
 " like Exercises; but his *Watching* bearing no Propor-  
 " tion to his *Praying*, that is, his Zeal swallowing up  
 " his Concern for his Family, Things were run to  
 " sixes and Sevens; in short, Affairs were come to  
 " that Pass, that he durst hardly shew his Nose over his  
 " Hatch, tho' at the same Time he was as proud as  
 " a gifted Quaker, as full of Malice as an exploded  
 " Poetafter, censorious to the last Degree, glad of any  
 " Misfortune that befel his Neighbours, and never  
 " mannerly but in his Distress. To this odd-condition-  
 " ed Soul was tack'd a Body that nick'd it like two  
 " Exchequer-Tallies; his Hair was greasy, and curl'd  
 " like a Pound of his own Candles, his Shirt of the  
 " same Complexion with his Hat, and the rest of his  
 " Equipage was suitable to this. I beg your Par-  
 " don, Mr. *Alfop*, for dwelling so long upon so nau-  
 " seous a Subject. To come to the Lady, her Name  
 " was *Conformity*, and liv'd at the fine House yonder:  
 " perhaps she had not her Fellow in the Universe, her  
 " Temper always chearful and easy; joyful when she  
 " heard of the Happiness of others, and afflicted at  
 " their Calamities; she never preach'd up her own  
 " Vertue, nor cry'd down that of her Neighbour;  
 " no Raiser nor second-hand Reporter of malicious Sto-  
 " ries; good natur'd, but discreet; humble, but care-  
 " ful to preserve her Authority: In the Management of  
 " her Family, she neither affected a ruinous Magni-  
 " ficence, nor a sordid Oeconomy; but every Thing  
 " was so decent and so regularly order'd, that there was  
 " not the least Confusion or Disorder to be seen.  
 " Thus she liv'd happy, and in the Universal Esteem  
 " of all that knew her; when all on the sudden, ei-  
 " ther



“ ther mov’d by the superior Influence of the Stars,  
“ or touch’d by an extraordinary Fit of Compassion,  
“ with which her generous Temper abounded to a  
“ Fault, or some other Reason best known to herself,  
“ she sent for this slovenly Wretch to come to her  
“ House. Our Friend *Jonathan* immediately waited  
“ on her, and the Lady thus unbosom’d herself to  
“ him: I am no Stranger, says she, to your Cir-  
“ cumstances, and know with what Difficulty you  
“ keep the Wolf from your Door; now, if you will  
“ comply with a few easy Proposals I have to make  
“ to you, I will not only free you from the Appre-  
“ hension of Goals, and living a constant Tributary  
“ to those Vermine the Bailiffs, but I’ll pay your Debts,  
“ and, what is more, settle my Person and Fortune  
“ upon you. This is a Happiness, cries our splay-  
“ mouth’d *Tallow Chandelier*, in a Transport, which  
“ I could never have expected: But may I make so  
“ bold with you, Madam, as to enquire what you  
“ have to propose to me; for if you command me  
“ to crawl upon all Four to *Berwick* upon *Tweed*, or  
“ travel to *Rome* and convert the Pope, there’s no-  
“ thing you can propose, but I’ll cheerfully comply  
“ with, to attain so much Felicity. Why, Mr. *Schism*,  
“ says she, I have observ’d, that you are none of  
“ the cleanliest Men in the World; now I abominate  
“ a Sloven, and therefore, to fit you for my Bed, I  
“ expect you should immediately consent to the fol-  
“ lowing Articles: First and foremost, I require you  
“ to comb your Hair, and clean it; that you put on  
“ a clean Shirt, and be not hence forward such a mor-  
“ tal Foe to clean Linnen; that you go to the *Bagnio*,  
“ and mundify your Tabernacle from the filthy rank  
“ Fumes and Scents of your Trade and Person; that  
“ for the future you watch as well as pray; and  
“ that you be not so proud, but that you shew your  
“ Neighbours the common Civility which is their Due.  
“ On these Terms, said the Lady, I and my Fortune  
“ are at your Service. Will no other Conditions serve  
“ your Turn, reply’d *Jonathan*? Can you desire  
“ any more agreeable, than what would make you  
“ cease



“ cease to be a Monster, and make you like the rest  
 “ of your Neighbours, to whom now your Singula-  
 “ rity and Pride render you a perfect Nuisance? Alas!  
 “ Madam, if nothing but this will do, you and I  
 “ can never dance betwixt one Pair of Sheets. What!  
 “ your’e a perfect Woman, nothing but a Beau will  
 “ please you! I love my self too well, and know my  
 “ Judgment too infallible, to let any Considerations  
 “ alter my Course of Life: Tho’ my Hair be lank  
 “ and greasy, my Pores something frowzy, my Li-  
 “ nen on the Melancholly, and my Behaviour some-  
 “ thing obstreperous; yet it is my Fancy, Madam,  
 “ and my Fancy is my Law and my Conscience;  
 “ and if you don’t like me, rough as I run, fare you  
 “ well, Madam; I am not to be alter’d! Wherefore,  
 “ tho’ I like your Habitation very well, your Per-  
 “ son better, and your Fortune best of all; yet, were  
 “ you Mistress of the Universe, I would not cease to  
 “ be that very numerical, greasy *Jonathan*, to have  
 “ you. But Decency, Mr. *Jonathan*, ——— Hang  
 “ Decency, tho’ finical. You say, perhaps, I stink  
 “ among my Neighbours. I answer, To me the  
 “ Smell’s Perfume. You call me a Sloven, I am  
 “ transported with my Negligent Air. You think  
 “ my Trade a Nuisance, I like it better than a Pow-  
 “ der Shop. As for my being like other People, I  
 “ laugh at it; no, let other People be like me. —  
 “ So, Madam, adieu; for I am old positive *Jonathan*.  
 “ ——— Away flies *Jonathan*, as full of Indignati-  
 “ on as Nastiness. ——— The Lady still, full of Com-  
 “ passion for his Frenzy, makes Use of the Mediation  
 “ of Friends, pathetick Perswasives, Tenderness, and  
 “ the like Endeavours, to reclaim him to his Senses,  
 “ and to make him cease to be the Jest and Scandal  
 “ of his Neighbours; but all in vain, for he remain’d  
 “ positive: Unless she would grow as filthy a Slut  
 “ as he was Sloven, he would have nothing to say  
 “ to her.

The Application, said I, Mr. *Alsop*, is not difficult  
 to make. The venerable and decent Worship of the  
 Church of *England*, and the irreverent and scandalous  
 Meet-



Meetings of the Dissenters, are visible enough to be seen without the Help of a Parallel. The Dissenters might, when they please, be marry'd to or incorporated with the Church of *England*, if they would quit their Singularity, Pride, indecent Worship, and the like, which they derive neither from Scripture nor Reason, and which contribute neither to their Beauty nor Strength; and so be united to a greater Part of the Kingdom, very considerable for their Number, Piety, Learning, and Wealth.

Phoo, said Mr. *Alsop*, this will prove like all other Controversies, both Sides triumphing, and neither Side convinc'd. For I must tell you, that I cannot but think your Adoration of the Churches Antichristian and Idolatrous. Why, reply'd I, don't you think there is a decent Respect due to the Place that's set apart for the Worship of God? — No more, than to my Kitchen, or my Stable, built of the same Brick or Stone. — Well, well, Mr. *Alsop*, you and I won't differ for Trifles, I shall be glad to see you when I come to *London*, which will be very suddenly, and will there confute a Bottle or two with you. With all my Heart, reply'd Mr. *Alsop*; for tho' you're a Churchman, you seem to be a good honest Fellow. Where shall we meet, said I? — Where you please, at what Tavern you frequent. I abominate a Tavern; but I'll tell you what, I can procure two Gallons of excellent *Burgundy*, and I, and another Friend, will meet and fuddle our Noses at your *Meeting-house*; where under the Pulpit, as under the Rose, we may say what we please against either State or Church. Hold, hold a little, interrupted Mr. *Alsop*, my Meeting-house is set apart, for the Worship of God, and it will sound oddly to turn it into a Bibbing-House. Not at all, reply'd I; why not into a Bibbing-House, as well as a Dancing-School, a Buttock-Ball, or the like? Besides, if it be no more than your Kitchen, or your Stable, how can a Bottle of good *Burgundy* prophane it?



142 *Mr. Alsop's State of Conformity.*

Mr. *Alsop* was here at a Stand; and while he was puzzling his Noddle with a Salvo, Company came in to his Relief, and so adjourn'd his Conference, *sine die*.

*The Widow's Wedding: Or, A true Account of Dr. Oats's Marriage with a Muggletonian Widow in Bread-Street, London, August the 18th, 1693. In a Letter to a Gentleman in the Country.*

S I R,

**T**H E only News of Importance I have to communicate to you at present, is, that the famous and never-to-be-forgotten Dr. *Oats*, was marry'd the Beginning of this Week. You know for a Person of his Constitution, that always express'd, and perhaps inherited, an Aversion to the fair Sex; and besides, had found out a Back-Door to bestow his Kindness and Strength elsewhere, to confine himself at last to the insipid Duties of Matrimony, is as unnatural and unexpected a Change, as for an old Miser to turn prodigal. And this perhaps was the surprizing Revolution, which most of our Almanacks, both at Home and Abroad, threaten'd us with in the Month of *August*. I remember I happen'd to be at *Garaway's*, when a Gentleman came in and told us the News. Immediately all other Discourse ceas'd, *East-India* Auctions, the Price of Pepper, and rising of Currants; not a Word of our Army in *Flanders*, or the Siege of *Belgrade*; the *Turkey* Fleet, and the Battle of *Landen*, were not mention'd in two Hours after. Nay, the Duke of *Savoy*, who is now working Miracles for us at *Piedmont*, was wholly laid aside. Every Body stood amaz'd, and it was a considerable Time before they could recover themselves out of this Astonishment. At last an old Gentleman, at the upper End of the Table, broke the Silence, and made himself and the Company very merry at the Doctor's Expence. I remember, says he, I have somewhere read, that when *Erasmus* heard that *Martin Luther*, of blessed Memory, was marry'd, he should say in a jesting Manner, That if, according to the old Tradition, Antichrist was to be got between



*D.<sup>r</sup> Oates's Wedding.*









a Monk and a Nun, the World was now in a fair Way to have a Litter of the Sort. Not that I would (continues he) apply this Story to the Doctor; for God forbid that we should live to see a Brood of sucking Antichrists come out of the Doctor's Loins. My Meaning is only this, that since the Saviour of the Nation has joyn'd his saving Faculty with a damning Talent, (for you are to understand his Lady is a *Muggletonian*, and those People pretend to have the Power of Damnation) we may now expect to see a Motly Race of half Saviours and half Damners. Hold you there, cries another Gentleman, you ought to have said half Damners and half Saviours; for since the Mother's is the surest Side, if the Doctor lives to have Children, they'll damn in all Likelihood before they'll save.

The Doctor (as I have been acquainted by several of his intimate Friends) had two Reasons to incline him to marry in his old Age. The first, was, his great Concern to see the noble Army of Evidences defeated; *Bedloe*, *Dugdale*, and *Dangerfield*, sleeping with their Fathers, viz. the Witnesses that swore against *Susanna*, and those that ston'd St. *Stephen*; *Fuller*, who with good Management, would have made a clever Fellow, bury'd alive in a Prison, *Et cetera*. *Young*, his virtuous Companion, routed past all Hopes of rallying. Others, at the Sight of a Pillory or Whipping-Post utterly discountenanc'd, and asham'd of their Profession. So the Doctor, finding the whole Hopes of the Family of the *Evidences* centering in himself, and that if due Care was not taken, the Species would be entirely lost, resolv'd, as far as in him lay, to prevent its utter Extinction, and to raise up Seed to the Popish Plot himself.

In the Second Place, the Doctor was touch'd in Conscience for some Juvenile Gambols that shall be nameless. It seems, though he had pity'd the other Corruptions of Popery, yet he still fancy'd Cardinalism. Nay, all the World knows Conscience is a sad terrible Thing. What says the Doctor's Friend St. *Austin*? Why, *Conscientia mille Testes*, Conscience is a thousand Witnesses. Is it therefore to be admir'd if the



the Doctor, who, make the best of him, is but *one* single Witness, and scarce that, found himself forc'd to yield to *a thousand*? So then, as I said before, his Conscience perpetually alarming and disturbing him, the Doctor, merely, at last, for his own Ease and Quiet, made a Vow to sow his wild *Oats*, and not to hide the Talent which God had plentifully given him in an *Italian* Napkin. No sooner was this pious Resolution communicated to his Friends, who were mightily pleas'd at the News, but they look'd out sharp to find him a proper Yoke-fellow. It was represented to him, that a Maid was by no Means for his Turn; the Doctor was fat and purfy; a Maidenhead was not to be got without much drudging for't; and besides, 'twas now just the Dog-Days, and who knew but the Doctor's Reins might receive great Damage, in Case of a violent Encounter. At last, an independent Minister advis'd him to Mrs. *Margaret Wells* of *Bread-street*, (whose former Husband was a *Muggletonian*, and she continu'd of the same Perswasion) urging this Argument in her Behalf, That in her the Doctor might have open and free Ingress, Egress, and Regress, as oft as he pleas'd: That as he might enjoy her without the Sweat of, so he might eternally live with her without the least Peril of, his Brows, she being no Charmer, and consequently would not equip him with a Pair of Horns, which he knew the Doctor abominated, as being Marks of the Beast, and altogether Popish. The Doctor lik'd the Proposal; and, at the first Interview, was so extreamly smitten with the Gravity and Goodness of her Person, that he could neither eat, (which was much) nor drink (which was more) 'till the Business was concluded.

A comical Passage happen'd at the *Commons*, which I think very well worth sending you: The Doctor going thither for a License, two scurvy Questions were ask'd him; the first was, Whether he would have a License to marry a Boy or a Girl? The Second, Whether he would have a License for behind or before? At this the Doctor lost all Patience, held up his Cane, and thunder'd out, *You Rascal*, as thick as Hops, 'till upon



upon the Proctor's crying *Paccavi*, the Sky clear'd up again.

*The Articles of Marriage were as follows :*

*Imprimis*, The Doctor promises, *in Verba Sacerdotis*, to keep never a Male-Servant in his House under Sixty, and to hang up the Picture of the Destruction of *Sodom*, in his Bed-chamber, *ad refricandam Memoriam*, and to teach his Children to swear as soon as they speak.

*Item*, The Doctor promises, that he will never offer to attack, either in Bed or Couch, Joint-stool or Table, the Body of the aforesaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells*, *à parte post*, but to comfort, refresh, and relieve her, *à parte ante*; giving the aforesaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells*, in Case he offend after that Manner, full Leave to make herself Amends before, as she pleases. As also on a second Trespass, to burn his Peacemaker; however, with this Proviso, that whenever the aforesaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells* happens to be under the Dominion of the Moon, that is to say, whenever it is Term-Time with the aforesaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells*, then the above-mention'd Doctor shall have full Power, Liberty, and Authority, to enter the *Westminster-Hall* of her Body at which Door he pleases. This last Clause was not obtain'd, 'till after a stiff Dispute on the Doctor's Part, who threatned to break off, if it were deny'd him. The other Articles, as less considerable, I pass over, to come to the main Business in Hand, the Marriage.

On the 18th of this present *August*, the Doctor, being new wash'd and trimm'd, with a large sacerdotal Rose in his Hat, and all his other Clergy Equipage, came to the House of an Anabaptist Teacher in the City; where, in the Face of a numerous Assembly, consisting of all Sorts, Divisions, and Subdivisions of Protestants, he was marry'd to Mrs. *Margaret Wells*. The Doctor was observ'd to be very merry all Dinner-time; and the largest Part of his Face, meaning his Chin, mov'd notably. There stood right over against him a mighty Sirloin of Beef, to which he



he shew'd as little Compassion as he did the Jesuits in the Time of the Plot. After Dinner, six Fifth-Monarchy Men, larded with as many Ranters, danc'd a Spiritual Jig, and twelve Sweet-Singers of *Israel* employ'd their melodious Quail-pipes all the while. But Madam *Salamanca* (for so we must now call her) seem'd not to be much affected with this Diversion, but look'd very disconsolate and melancholy. One of the Sisterhood ask'd, Why on a Day of Rejoycing she express'd so much Sorrow in her Looks? To which Madam *Oates*, after a deep Sigh or two, answer'd,

That she very much doubted, like the *Staffordshire* Miller, that mounted King *Charles* after the *Worcester* Fight upon one of his Mill-Horses, whether she should be able to bear the Weight of the Preserver of three Nations.

Thus the Time was agreeably spent 'till Ten, and then the Bell rung for Prayers; and then his Spouse, after the laudable Custom of *England*, being gone before, the Doctor resolutely march'd to the Place of Execution. There was no Sack-Poffet, nor Throwing the Stocking; both those Ceremonies being look'd upon as superstitious, and Things of mere human Invention. The Bed continu'd in a trembling Fit most Part of the Night; for 'tis not doubted but the Doctor acquitted himself manfully, since the good Woman has already assur'd her Midwife, that the Doctor fought out all his Fingers, and she began to find an Alteration in her Constitution. An Astronomer in *Moorfields* has been consulted upon this Occasion, and he foretels it will be a Boy; which has made the Doctor very busy among the *Hebrew* Roots, to find out a proper Name for his Son. I am

Your Servant,

THO. BROWN.

A S U P.



A SUPPLEMENT to the *Works* of Mr.  
THO. BROWN, Prose and Verse, the  
greatest Part never before printed.

To Sir John Sands, *against keeping of Mistresses.*

From the *Crown.*

WE are at the Tavern, and have your Case under our present Consideration. 'Tis concluded on all Hands, that you can neither justify your present Way of living to your self, nor yet to the Publick; which ought to be of some Regard with all Lovers of their Country. You are got into the modern Foppery of *Keeping*; and behold what are the Sentiments of this honourable Board about it.

Mr. ——— who you know is a Poet, deliver'd himself in the Language of his Profession. He maintain'd, that, whatever the wicked World thought to the contrary, a Miss was as much inferior to a Wife, as the *Pindaric* Muse is to the *Epic*; that one is a Whore without Stays, whereas the other is a civil well-bred Person, that always wears them.

Mr. ——— who is likewise a Son of *Parnassus*, desir'd me to tell you, that a Miss and a Wife differ only as a single Epigram, and a large Collection of Poems, *viz.* that a Man sooner rids his Hands of one, than the other. But as *Martial* has long ago declar'd his Opinion in the latter Case,

*Quid prodest brevitās, dic mihi, si liber est :*

that is to say, What the Plague is a Man the better for the Shortness of a Distich, if he obliges himself to read a whole Cart-load of them; so he desires to know where



lies the mighty Advantage of a Whore above a lawful Spouse, if the Spark keeps constant to her; and if he does not, where is the Sense of keeping her in Pay.

Mr. ——— express'd himself against the predominant Sin of Keeping, to this Effect: Of all the Vices the present Age is to answer for, nothing comes near it; and yet the Sots make merry with Marriage, which is full as ridiculous as if Dr. *Chamberlain* should laugh at the Bank of *England* for paying People in Paper. If Marriage is expensive, Keeping is certainly more, and with less Pretence. I knew, says he, a Gentleman that lov'd Gaming as he did his Eyes. One Night he lost a hundred and fifty Guineas at the *Groom-Porter's*; when he came Home he found his Lady in the Parlour, with two Candles burning before her: Lord! Wife, says he, what a strange Extravagance is this; two Candles lighted at a Time, and House-keeping so chargeable? But he forgot, it seems, what his shaking of his Elbows had cost him that Evening. This is the Case of all Keepers: What our Churchmen charge the Dissenters with, is actually true of them; they startle at a Gnat, but they can swallow an Elephant.

Right, says *Harry*——, Keeping is the greatest Solecism a Man of Pleasure can commit: If the Gallant is true to his Mistress, it has all the Phlegm, and if he is fond of her, all the Expence of Matrimony. In short, I have an equal Aversion to Marriage and Keeping. They differ only like *Holborn* and *Cornhill*: Both are Streets. But to do Sir *John* Justice, the latter is nothing near so long as the former.

That is as it happens, cries virtuous Mr. ———; for I can shew you several Persons about the Town that parted fairly with their Wives before the first Month was over, and yet could endure to cohabit with their Harlots many Years. But Imagination governs all these Matters. For my Part, I think of Women as I do of Books, the finest of Both Sorts will hardly endure a thorough Examination. If they find more Favour than this, they may thank the courteous Reader for it, who sees more in them than they deserve. I remember I took Mr. *Waller* and Sir *John Denham* last Vacation down with me into the Coun-



Country; I read them over, and what was the Consequence of that, I was weary of them. You may laugh at me for a Man of a vicious Palate: but I can't help that. Before I came to Town, I was glad to borrow *Wesley's* execrable Poem of the Parson of the Parish, only for Variety.

Though I am not wholly of your Opinion, says Mr. — to him, yet I agree with you, that Keeping is Nonsense all over, and that for a Reason which none of you have yet assign'd. Sir *Henry Wotton's* Definition of an Embassador, in Part, belongs to him. *Legatus est vir bonus ad mentiendum foris Reip. gratia.* And a Keeper is a good Man, to maintain a pretty Woman in fine Cloaths, handsome Lodgings, and all that, for the publick Benefit of the Commonwealth.

Mr. — the Merchant is in our Company, who has travel'd Abroad, and seen the World: He says, that a Whore in the Civil State, is what Farthings are in the Business of Trade, only to be used for the Convenience of ready Change. But that a Man that makes a Whore, if not his constant Wife, yet his constant Companion, and a Government that makes Farthings their only current Money, will soon be convinc'd of the Vanity of their Politicks. And he said *Ireland* was lately a sad Instance of the latter.

What vexes me most, says —, is to hear these Keeping-Coxcombs magnify themselves upon their Discretion, I save Charges by it, cries one —.

Yes, replies his Neighbour, they are as much Savers by the Bargain, as one that goes down to *Tunbridge* or the *Bath*, to save his Expences in Town. But since this Point hath been spoken to already, I will say no more to it. Only give me Leave, Gentlemen, to cap the Story of the two Candles with another like it. A Brace of Country Attorneys went into a Tavern one Morning to take a Whet, and because they had not seen one another for a Term or two, they drank to the Tune of eleven Pints. At last, one of them call'd for a *French Roll*: Why, Brother, says the other, are you not ashamed to inflame the Reckoning? Let the Keepers apply this.



Well, but I 'scape Confinement by it, says another—. I don't know that, says Mr. N ——— for I think a Man is as much a Prisoner by a Gout or Rheumatism of his own begetting, as if the Government had confin'd him. What signifies it a Farthing to one in this Case, whether the Priest ties the Knot, or he does it himself? 'Tis true, the Confinement of Keeping does not last so long as that of Marriage, but it devours more in a Month than the other does in a Year. It's like falling into the Hands of the *Black Rod*, or a *Serjeant* of the *House*, where the Fees run so high, that you spend more in a few Weeks, than would handsomely maintain you in another Prison all your Life. But to see by what Chimera's the World is manag'd: Matrimony is Hell in *Folio*, because it's a Charm that can't be dissolv'd when a Man pleases. At the same Time, those that keep, can sometimes submit to a Confinement full as long and severe; yet bear it as easily, because forsooth 'tis of their own ordering. This puts me in Mind of the famous Citizen of *Paris*, who had pass'd threescore long Years within the City Walls, and never had the least Inclination to make a Step into the Country: So soon as he heard that his Prince had commanded him never to stir out of it, he discreetly dy'd with the Thoughts of being a Prisoner. There are Penitents in *Spain*, who on certain Days of Mortification, lash themselves as heartily as any of our *Newgate* Rogues are whipp'd by the publick Executioner: 'Tis certain the Pain and Anguish are the same; but one does it voluntarily, and the other cannot help it. What pretty Salvo's a fruitful Imagination can find out!

Thus far, Sir *John*, we have given our Thoughts of Keeping in general, without descending to Particulars; but now we come to consider your own Case more nearly. To the Surprise of all your Friends, you have pitch'd upon a Daughter of the Stage, upon an Actress, to shew your particular Favours to; and pray be pleas'd to hear what the Company thinks of it.

Mr. ———, who, next to Mr. *Rymer*, is the best Historian about the Town, says, that this Transaction of your Life will be bound up with the Annals of *Goatam* in the next Age; because to pretend to confine a She-  
Player



Player to one's self, is altogether of a Piece with hedging in a Cuckow.

Mr.—, the Poet first mention'd, prov'd out of the ancient Records of *Parnassus*, that all Actresses belong to those of his Profession; and that if a Lay Person pretended to lay his unhallow'd Hands upon her, he was guilty of making an Impropriation, and ought to be indicted in *Apollo's* Spiritual Court.

Mr.— of the *Temple*, who, tho' he never goes to *Westminster*, is nevertheless an Oracle of the Law, pretends that your Case comes within the Statute of Monopolies; that you have done as bad as inclos'd a Common; and that all the Lovers of *Magna Charta* ought to break down the Fence.

'Tis but fit it should be so, cries another; for he that pretends to confine a Damsel of the Theatre to his own Use, who by her Character is a Person of an extended Qualification, acts as unrighteous, at least as unnatural a Part, as he that would debauch a Nun: That after all, such a Spark rather consults his Vanity than his Love, and would be thought to ingross what all the young Coxcombs of the Town admire and covet.

Captain——ended this serious Debate. He said, that whoever gave Pay to a Woman, or a Soldier, expected they should prove faithful to him. Now, continu'd he, to expect Fidelity from a Female that has been rais'd up in that hot Bed call'd a Play-house, is to expect Honesty from an Evidence. 'Tis a Folly not to be excus'd: 'Tis to bottle up Air, like *Shadwell's* Virtuoso: 'Tis to wash a Blackamoor. 'Tis to make *Dr. Oates rectus in curia*: 'Tis, in short, to grasp at more than attaining an Impossibility; for 'tis impossible to secure any other Woman to your self, but much more an Actress.

Thus we have sent you, Sir *John*, the Opinion of the Committee of our whole House upon this Occasion. You are desir'd to consider of it coolly by your self; and and when you have so done, if 'tis possible, repent; otherwise do like some of our Divines when they contradict what they formerly asserted, and stand buff to it.

*Tom.*—— would have you meet us to-morrow Night at the *Rose*, where he pretends to attack you with



so many Arguments against the Female Sex, that he does not question to make you a Profelyte to the Bottle.

*The Answer of Sir John Sands, in Defence of keeping a Miss rather than a Wife.*

Gentlemen,

I Find I have a whole *Posse Comitatus* to encounter; but I rely so much upon the Goodness of my Cause, that without calling in the Assistance of my Brother-Keepers, without giving my self the Trouble to repel Numbers by Numbers, I don't question but that I am able, in my own single Person, to maintain the Field against you.

You are divided, Gentlemen, like all other Assemblies, in your Opinions: Some of you seem to favour Marriage, but declare against Keeping: Some of you denounce War equally against both, and consequently must set up for Fornication at large. I make this Inference, because my Charity won't suffer me to believe that any of you are such rank Infidels, as to discard the Sex by Wholesale. If I thought you had any of that Complexion among you, yet I should not think it worth my while to dispute them into better Sense. 'Tis an old receiv'd Axiom, you know, that *contra negantem Principia non est disputandum*.

As for the former Gentlemen, I mean those that have some Respect for Marriage, but are utter Enemies to Keeping, they would oblige me to prove that lying at an Inn, where a Man stays no longer than he finds himself well used, and the Place agreeable, is half so chargeable or foolish, as staying there all one's Life, let the Entertainment be what it will. There are certainly Degrees in Confinement, and the *Fleet* is not altogether so Pagan and uncomfortable a Place as *Sally* or *Algiers*. Oh! but Imagination governs all these Matters. If, as we have frequent Instances of it in History, Imagination can kill as effectually as a Blunderbuss loaded with a dozen Bullets, deliver me, I say, from  
from



from the Hands of that Tyrant Imagination. But tho' this is Answer enough to so trifling an Objection, yet, Gentlemen, I will prove, that there's something more than bare Imagination in the Case. A Miss's Patent runs *durante bene placito*, and she lies eternally at the Mercy of her Patron. A Wife has a Lease of your Body for Term of Life, and has no such Obligations upon her to keep within Bounds. One, like an open Town, can make no Resistance, and consequently has no Temptation or Interest to rebel. A Wife is a sort of Garrison, fortify'd by Law and Act of Parliament, which the Sovereign can't dismantle when he pleases. She lies secure behind that unrighteous Bulwark call'd a *Settlement*, which is made as strong as the *Westminster Hall* Engineers can contrive it; and tho' she's never so plainly convicted of revolting from her lawful Master, and holding an Intelligence with the Enemy, she forfeits neither Life nor Limb; nay, she can challenge a Subsistence as long as she lives. This, I think, shews, with a Witness, that there's a vast Difference between Marriage and Keeping? But, to dismiss this Point, were a Wife never so sincere, and never so submissive, yet there's a Duty in the Case. Consider what I say, Gentlemen, there's Duty in the Case, in which single Word there's Dulness and Impotence, Death and Desolation, and in short, every thing that inspires Horror, and casts a Damp upon Pleasure. 'Tis as bad as the *Mene Tekel* on the Wall, the very Name carries a Palsy with it. It puts People upon unlawful Evasions; it makes them think on other Folks, when their Thoughts should be at Home; and leads them to commit downright Adultery in the Nuptial Sheets.

Even that Pink of Courtesy, Sir *John Falstaff*, in the Play, who never was a Niggard of his Lungs, would not answer one Word when the *Must* was put upon him: *Were Reasons* (says that affable Knight) *as cheap as Black-berries, I would not give you one upon Compulsion*, which is but another Word for Duty. And now we are upon this Chapter, Gentlemen, give me leave to copy from you, and tell you a short Story. A Nobleman, who shall be nameless, in King *Charles* the



Id's Time, kept a Chaplain that was a Rake hell enough in all Conscience: He would break Windows, kick and cuff, get drunk and swear, and do all the boisterous Things you can think of, as uncanonically as any of his Cloth. This Fellow had not liv'd a full Month with my Lord, (by the same Token, that they kept him as hot as a Glass-house all the while) but weary, it seems, of his Reception, he came staggering into the Room where my Lord was drinking with some Friends: 'Faith, my Lord, says he, you and I must part, before *George* we must. Why so, Doctor, have not I used you with all the Civility? — You mistake me, my good Lord, I love Drunkenness as well as ever a Peer of you all; but, a Plague, I hate the Thoughts of being forc'd to mount the Guard every Night, I hate to be confin'd to it. You make Drunkenness a Duty, my Lord, and consequently a Vertue, and, I'd have you know, I hate all Vertue. — Pray let me advise you to think of this at your Leisure.

I come now to those worthy Gentlemen, who are against Inclosures of all Sorts, and fall upon the first Game they can start. Not to call their Judgments in Question, which they never put to the Expence of choosing for them, I would fain be inform'd why a Man should be so fool-hardy as to expose himself to the *fortune de la guerre*, when there's no Occasion for it; or what mighty Satisfaction there is in coming off with the Loss of a Leg or an Arm, when he might have kept himself safe. Were there no such Things as Diseases in the World, and had *Columbus* never discover'd an *Indies*, perhaps I might be reconcil'd to this Sort of Life; but as I am a profess'd Disciple of *Epicurus*, I would, by my good Will, husband every Moment to the best Advantage: For this Reason I scorn to take up Pleasure, as young Prodigals do Money, at 50 *per Cent.* Interest; and 'tis for this very Reason that I abominate Drunkenness, the only Pandar that can make you swallow intriguing in common, because a Man gives half an Hour's seeming Satisfaction, and two or three Days real Sickness.



I am now arriv'd to the last Part of my Indictment, where you play all your small Shot at me, because I have thought fit to be particular with an Actress. Some of you pretend, that such a Choice has more Vanity than Love in it. Admit it has, yet I shall never be asham'd to act upon so honest and universal a Principle. What first set up a Coach and Six, but Vanity? My Lady might shew her self to as much Advantage in a Chariot and Two; and if my Lord would condescend now and then to beat the Hoof, as his Predecessors did before him, it would not be the worse for his Honour's Health. What introduc'd Periwigs as big as Hay-cocks, when the Border, of venerable Memory, would have serv'd the Turn as well; or what justifies those gigantick Grievances call'd Commodes, but Variety? In short, what furnishes Luxury, and sets off Magnificence, what plunders every Corner of the World, and puts us upon ransacking every Element, but this very same Inspirer of all our Motions, for which you wisely condemn me? You may rail at Variety as long as you please; but I would not give a Farthing for a Woman whom all the Town does not desire to lye with. For this Reason I would have her frequently seen by all the young Fellows, and my self, that enjoys her, pointed at in the Streets, and envy'd by all that know me. This sets an Edge upon a Man's Inclination, tho' it flagg'd never so much before, and makes his Mistress still new and charming, because still desir'd by others. Indeed some of you are pleas'd to call the Play-house a Hot-Bed: If this were any Reproach, so are the Exchanges and the Boarding-Schools: so, in short, is all *London*, and ten Miles about it: I was in my Passion going to say all the Island; and if I had said it, I think in my Conscience I had not been guilty of Scandal. After all, if the Play-house is a Hot-bed, so much the better; for I have a mortal Aversion to Coldness, and every Thing that resembles it. But to expect Constancy from a She-Player! I always thought them made of the same Ingredients with the rest of their Sex; and if they have not their Hypocrisy to answer for,



for, I think 'tis a Sign of their Discretion at least. 'Tis an Article of my Creed, that no Woman is constant, but she that finds it her Interest to be so. If that cannot keep my Damsel within due Bounds, I shall never break my Heart for the Matter.

And to conclude this Letter, if I must be cheated, which I am afraid is the Case of us all, I had rather it should be done by a *Jew*, from whom we expect it, and whose Profession it is, than by a sniveling precise Villain, that has a Text for doing it. Gentlemen, I am

*Your most humble Servant.*

*From a Vintner in the City, to a young Vintner in Covent-Garden.*

*Cousin* JOHN,

**Y**OU have done two very adventurous Things of late: You have taken a new House and a new Wife, and all in the Compass of a Week; not having the Fear of some late Acts of Parliament before your Eyes, which have made House-keeping so very chargeable. After this convincing Proof of your Boldness, should you take a Lyon by the Whiskers, it would not surprize me. For, Cousin, to deal plainly with you, you have set up in a very perilous Time, when 'tis Fall of the Leaf with poor Tradesmen all the Year round. The Taxes run high; but never was there such an Ebb of Money since the Creation. Drunkenness, the Lord be praised, notwithstanding all that the new Reformers have done to it, still makes a Shift to maintain its Ground: If it leaves one Liquor, it takes up with another, like the Sea, which, what it loses in one Place, gains somewhere else. All the Nation, to give them their Due, would be drunk, if they could, to forget their Sorrows; but, alas! not one quarter of the Nation can afford to be at the Expence of it. The Situation of Things being thus at this present Writing, you ought to manage your self with



with more than ordinary Discretion, if you intend to make a Figure in this transitory World.

In the first Place, lay it down for a fundamental Rule, never to trust, or at least as seldom as you can. But when you commit that Folly, let it not be with Men who are protected by their Dignity or Character, or (what will not be unseasonable Advice to one that lives in *Covent Garden*) with the Wits, who are protected from paying by their Poverty. The less Faith you have for other People, the more Charity you shew for yourself; for let the P——sons say what they will, I never knew a Man of any Profession justify'd by Faith. Rather than venture that, cheat as much as you can, I mean in a lawful Way: and when you have got an Estate, then 'tis time enough to think of compounding your Sins with Heaven, by building of an Hospital, according to the laudable and ancient Practice of the City. If you have a Mind to be sav'd by your Faith, take my Advice, do it by Wholesale, but never by small Parcels. In the mean Time, get Money and promote Trade; for that (as a wise Alderman long ago observ'd) is the Law and the Prophets.

Secondly, consider, that the Trade of a Vintner is a perfect Mystery (for that is the Term the Law bestows on it); now, as all Mysteries in the World are wholly supported by hard and unintelligible Terms, so you must take Care to christen your Wines by some hard Names, the farther fetch'd so much the better; and this Policy will serve to recommend the most execrable Stumm in all your Cellar. A plausible Name to an indifferent Wine, is what a gaudy Title is to a Fop, or fine Cloaths to a Woman; it helps to conceal the Defects it has, and bespeaks the World in its Favour. Men naturally love to be cheated, particularly those of our own Nation, for the Honour of old *England* be it spoken; and provided the Imposition is not too bare-fac'd, will meet you Half-way with all their Hearts. I could name several of our Brethren to you, who now stand fair to sit in the Chair of Justice, and sleep in their golden Chains at Church, that had been forc'd to knock off long ago, if it had not been for this  
Ar.



Artifice. It has sav'd the *Sun* from being *eclips'd*, the *Crown* from being *abdicated*, the *Rose* from *decaying*, the *Fountain* from being *drawn dry*, and both the *Devils* from being *confin'd to utter Darkness*. If your own Invention is so barren, that it wants to be assist-ed, or you have not Geography enough to christen your Wines yourself, I advise you to buy a Map of *Spain*, *Portugal*, *France*, and *Italy*, and there you will find Names of Places fit for your Purpose, and the more uncommon they are, they will be the more taking. Neither is this Piece of Policy only practis'd in ours, but in most other Trades. A Bookseller, to help the Sale of a dull Pamphlet, will spruce it up with a most glorious Title, and tell you the Edition is almost sold off, when he has five hundred lying dead upon his Hands. A Perfumer will pretend, that his Essences came from *Montpelier*, or *Florence*, tho' he made them at Home. The Glover talks of *Cordova*, and the Mercer of *Naples*, 'till their Lungs are founder'd, when both their Commodities were of *London* Extraction. And what Harm is there in all this? If the People cannot be pleas'd otherwise, we must, in our own Defence, act as the *Nonconformists* Divines do, and humour them in their Folly. *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur*, was the Saying of a Church-man who understood the World so well, that he wou'd have made an admirable Vintner, had he thought it worth his while.

Thirdly, Don't forget to commend your Wine for those very Qualities that your Customers find Fault with it; like the Poets of the Town, who always justify those Passages in their Plays, for which the Critics condemn them. For Example, If they say 'tis sower or harsh, why, Gentlemen, 'tis the Nature of true *French* Wine to be so; if they tell you 'tis small, you must reply, that it has a conceal'd Body; and if they quarrel with it for being heavy and strong, you may stop their Mouths, by saying, 'tis so much the fitter for our Climate, and that a Frieze Coat is not false *Latin* in *England*, whatever it may be in a warmer Country. At other Times it will not be amiss to shift your Sails, and use another Conduct; as for  
In-



Instance: A Company of well drest Gentlemen come to your House, and in respect to their Quality and gaudy Outfides, you draw 'em the best Wine in your Vaults. Pshaw, says one, what the Devil have you brought us here? Damn it, cries, another, this Stuff is not fit to be serv'd at a Porter's Burial. Then you may harangue them to the following Tune. Why Gentlemen, this Wine, an't please you, tho' it displeases you so much, has the good Fortune to be lik'd by other Palates. There's Sir *John Squander*, and my Lord *Topewell*, and twenty more I could mention, Senators, and Men of Understanding, that drink their Gallons of it every Night: But, to say the Truth, 'tis not, between Friends, true Orthodox; I find your Palates are extraordinary, so I will go down my self, and bring you the Flower of *Europe*, tho' I say it; a small Parcel of it came over t'other Day; it only grows in one Vineyard belonging to the *Monks*, a Plague on 'em I have forgot the Place; the greatest Part was bought for the King's Use, against a publick Entertainment, and the Merchant befriended me with the rest: But for God's sake, Gentlemen, speak not a Word of this to any of my Customers; you shall have of it for your own Company as long as it lasts; but if ever this should be known to my Lord, and Sir *John*, and the W—— Country Par——nt Men, that come to my House, I am undone for ever, therefore I hope you'll be secret. Then fly down Stairs like Lightning, bring up a Flask of the worst Wine you have, take off the Oil nicely, and present the Glass to one of those judicious Gentlemen. Now observe how the Scene is alter'd. A plague on't why this will do, says the first. Do? cries the second, spirting it critically upon the Floor, this is fit for Angels, and not poor sinful Mortals. Why, *Jack*, says the third, this is exactly the same Wine you and I used to make merry with on the other Side of the *Alpes*. An't please the Lord, cries the fourth, I'll get my full Dose on't to Night. Master, we are oblig'd to you. Here, Drawer, bring me up a Napkin; and then a good Supper is bespoke, and Drunkenness ensues.



fues. A certain Brother of the Quill, that does not live full an hundred Miles from the *Exchange*, has got a brave Estate by this very Trick, therefore see you put it in Practice. There are a thousand other Stratagems to be used in our Profession, but should I pretend to recount but half of them here, I should make this more tedious than a Pastoral Letter. A little Time and Experience will soon bring you acquainted with them.

I have nothing now left upon my Hands to do, but to answer the Scruples you propos'd to me in your last, which I will dispatch with all the Brevity I am Master of. You desire to know whether a Vintner may take Advantage of People when they are in their Cups, and reckon more than they have had. To which I answer in the Affirmative, that you may, provided it to be done in the Way of Trade, and not for any sinister End. This Case has been so adjudg'd many Years ago in *Vintners Hall*, and you may depend upon't. Don't you see how in all other Trades they never scruple to make a Penny of a Customer's Ignorance, (else how could the Bookseller in *Paul's Church-Yard*, have palm'd *Ogilby's Fables* with Cuts upon a Country Wench, for a Common-Prayer-Book, and told her that *Æsop*, with his Beasts about him, was *Adam* in Paradise) and is not Drunkenness, while it continues upon a Man, a State of Ignorance? Besides, is it not a Sin, a heinous Sin? And ought not we, that are in some Measure accessory to it, to mortify and punish it? And does any Thing more disturb the Conscience of an *Englishman*, than to make his Pocket do Penance? After all, if the Fraud is discover'd, (and 'tis ten to one whether it be or no) the Master of the House is not at all affected by it. A Vintner, like the King, can do no Wrong. The Bar indeed may mistake, the Drawers may be Sons of Whores, and mis-reckon; but a Master is not to be damn'd for the Transgressions of his Servants. Even General Councils, with the Pope at the Head of em, are not infallible. *Humanum est errare*. The poor Woman at the Bar is but just come out of the Country,



try, or the Noise of the Bell, or the Hurry of Business, distracted her. Gentlemen, to make you amends, I'll call for my Quart; I'd not do any ill Thing for the Universe. And thus the Farce concludes.

In the next Place, you wou'd know how you ought to govern yourself in relation to lewd Women that Gentlemen bring to your House: To which I reply, That as Men that have Wives, are commanded to live as if they had none; so, in this wicked Town, a Vintner that has Eyes, must behave himself as if he had them not, and sometimes too he must have no Ears, otherwise, *damn'd Rogue*, and *Cuckoldly Villain*, would make but ill Musick in them. So long as all this serves for the promoting of Trade, for my Part, I think there's no great Sin in it; this I am sure of, that if it were not for this Practice, our Neighbours the Apothecaries and Surgeons would fairly starve; and, you know, we should love our Neighbours as our selves. The worst Effect it produces, is in respect to our Wives and Daughters; it sets their Mouths a watering, and often makes them wish to be in the Harlot's Place. I once knew a Vintner's big-belly'd Wife, that having taken Notice of a painful Whore, who by the Sweat of her Brows had earn'd fifteen Pints of White Wine one Night with fifteen several Men, went ill from the Bar, and nothing would serve her Turn, but she must be deliver'd in the very Chair that had assisted so much Fornication. But you'll say 'tis against your Conscience. Cousin *John*, you are a young Beginner in the World, therefore follow my Direction, and clap a Muzzle upon your Conscience. When you have got twenty thousand Pounds in your Pocket, you may take off your Muzzle, if you think fit, and leave it to itself. Then you may shut up your Doors at Nine, look as discreetly as the gravest Hypocrite in the City, forbid singing of Catches in your House, deliver a Gill of Wine thro' the little Wicket only on the Lord's Day, call the *Sunday* the Sabbath, strut to the Parish-Church at the Head of half a Dozen notch'd Drawers lugging a *Geneva* Bible between them, and take the  
Sermon



Sermon in Short-Hand, as many of your Predecessors, (when they thought they were wealthy enough to deserve Damnation) have done before you. This is all, from

*Your affectionate Kinsman.*

*To my Lady . . . . that marry'd an old decrepid Widower.*

*Madam,*

**Y**OU have used yourself with greater Cruelty than the most barbarous Tyrant durst have done, had it been your ill Fortune to come within his Power. *Algiers* itself inflicts no such Punishment upon its vilest Slaves, as you have voluntarily and freely impos'd upon yourself. *Mezentius*, so execrable in History for tying the Living to the Dead, reserv'd this inhuman Usage only for his Enemies; as Brutal as he was, he never dream'd of his using his Friends in that Manner, much less himself. Yet you, Madam, have thought fit to practise it upon one, who, to my Knowledge, deserv'd a better Treatment at your Hands.

All the Town was melancholly upon the News; but especially those who are in the Interests of Beauty, lamented as heartily, as some pious People do, when they hear of a Christian Town fall'n into the Hands of the Infidels. And that we fear is your Case; for if a Man has no other Way of shewing his Faith but by his Works, 'tis concluded by all Sides, that your Lot is fall'n upon a Person who is as nearly related to an Infidel, as an Informer is to a Villain.

I have lately read over some of the old Martyrologies, where innumerable Instances are to be found, of Persons of both Sexes, who, in a Fit of Devotion, practis'd strange Austerities; but none of them come up to you, even of those, who, for the singular Mortification they enjoyn'd themselves, have been advanc'd to the Kalendar by Holy Church.

We meet with frequent Instances of young Virgins that have leapt into the Flames to make Profession of  
their



their Belief, and courted Death in its most terrible Mien, as eagerly as other Women do a Coronet and a Title. Some have attended the Sick in Hospitals, and in the midst of Affluence and Plenty have deny'd themselves the Conveniencies of Life, and mortify'd in Sackcloth. Some, after the Priest has done his Office, have refus'd to receive the lawful Tribute of Matrimony; and some have oblig'd themselves to a perpetual Silence, which is certainly Self-denial enough in a Woman. Others have injur'd their own Beauty, to preserve themselves from the Courtship of their Lovers, or from the Lust of Tyrants. But, alas! what Proportion does this bear to what you have done? Death puts a Period to all our Miseries; but you have given a greater Proof of your Constancy, by resolving to live. You have confined yourself to a walking Infirmary, and nothing but Providence can give you a Discharge. You have sacrific'd your Youth and Beauty to one that can enjoy neither, nor will suffer others to do it for him, like the modern Library-keeper of St. *James's*; he will neither peruse your Manuscript, the fairest in the World, nor lend it to others, who can make a better use of it. In short, there's never a Ghost in *Glanville* or *Aubry*, if he met him in a Church-Yard, but would take him from his Brother Spectre. You, and your Husband, between you, really undergo two of the severest Punishments which Antiquity believ'd to be in Hell. He, like *Tantalus*, sees the Fruit everlastingly before him, which he is not in a Capacity of tasting. You, like *Sisyphus*, take an infinite deal of Pains to no Purpose, to roll a Stone every Night, which is no sooner *up*, but it falls down of itself, and will do so to the End of the Chapter.

Tho' I need not exaggerate your own Torments to you, who are so well acquainted with them; yet, as a Divine sometimes explains the Effects of Drunkenness to his Parish, that know them as well as himself, give me leave to lay down Part of the Persecution you undergo before your Eyes, that through you the World may know what you endure.

The



The Night approaches ; but the Night which bountifully rewards the Pains of other Lovers, proves but the Beginning of your Misery. Even the Bed, where all the marry'd World besides find Happiness, or at least a Relaxation from their Pain, is the Scene where you suffer most emphatically. That old solemn Piece of Antiquity, call'd your Husband, leads you to this Place of real Martyrdom, but no Execution, with his Head muffled up in an Infinity of Caps ; and his Lungs, lest Musick should be wanting to the Entertainment, are sure to serenade you all Night long. Thus he disturbs your Repose ; but has nothing about him to reward you for keeping you awake. If he has got his Cargo of Wine in his Guts, he snores by your Side as heartily, as *Garagantua* and the Monks in *Rabelais* do, after they have rock'd themselves asleep with singing the Penitential Psalms. But if in Spite of Impotence and Age, he pretends to disturb you with his Vigour, his Shot scarce reaches the Walls of the Fortrefs. Thus your Fate is just the Reverse of *Semele*, she generously expir'd in the Arms of the Thunderer, whereas your Fumbler chills you with his warmest Embraces ; his very Flames give you an Ague-Fit, and, like the Weather we have had of late, his Summer has a Spice of Winter in it. The Mischief on't is, that every Day will leave him a worse Practitioner than other ; and Time, which uses to soften other Hardships, will daily make yours more insupportable.

What is it then that could induce your Ladyship to pitch upon so rigorous a Penance, which your very Enemies (were it possible for you to have any) would never have impos'd upon you ? Since your Body can be no Gainer by this wicked Match, one would imagine you did it for the Benefit of your Soul ; but Religion produces no such Miracles in this Age, whatever it has done formerly. 'Tis enough now if People stick to it while they get by the Bargain ; for few, very few, even those that wear her Cloth and eat her Bread, will be Losers for her.

'Tis



'Tis, in short, the Desire of unrighteous Mammon, that has drawn this Servitude upon you. You took this nauseous Pill only for the Sake of the Gilding. That pale-fac'd Metal, to purchase which our Merchants ranfack every Corner of the World, made you take up with this leaky batter'd Vessel; but with this Difference, that whereas they are at Liberty to shift their Climate as they see fit, you have confin'd yourself to the Latitude of 70, and have settled in a Country which is eternally cover'd with Snow, and affords no Prospect of a Spring. All that your humble Servant can do, is, to wish that your Tyrant's Reign may be but of short Continuance; which is the daily Payer of——

*Lyfander.*

*A Consolatory Letter to Mr. H—— on his  
being a CUCKOLD.*

S I R,

I am none of the best Comforters in the World; however, yours is so common and easy a Case, that any one may set up for a Doctor, and pretend to prescribe Remedies for it. You send me Word, you are a Cuckold, and desire my Advice upon the Matter: Why, is this a Time to complain of Cuckoldom? You ought to have reconcil'd your self to that Point long ago, before you ventur'd into the holy State, and not to mortify with the Thought on't now, when you can't help your self. A Soldier should consider before he lifts himself, how he can bear the Loss of an Arm or Leg; if he meets with an unlucky Shot, 'tis but the Chance of War; and if he comes off in a whole Skin, 'tis more than he could expect, and Providence used him better than he deserv'd. The Oracle in *Rabelais*, to which you are no Stranger, long ago declar'd, *That every marry'd Man either has been, or is, or will be a Cuckold*; and could you ever hope to elude an Oracle? For my Part, 'tis no more than what I expected to hear of you every Post: You have been long jealous of your Wife, and now it comes Home



to you; for Jealousy does as naturally ripen into Cuckoldom, as a Caterpillar into a horned Insect, call'd a Butter-Fly. However, you have got this by the Bargain, that it has cur'd you, God be thank'd, of your Jealousy, which is one of the worst Torments a Man can have; and who wou'd not bear with a sawcy Companion, to get rid of the Devil? But after all, what you complain of, is no Disgrace; you share it in common with the *Cæsars* and *Pompeys*, and most of the Heroe's of former Ages, and with the *N——* and *M——* of this, besides an infinite Number of Dukes, Marqueesses, Earls, Bishops, Knights, Aldermen, Deans, Archdeacons, Heads and Governors of Colleges and Halls; who would regret to be join'd in so good a Company?

But, *your Family's dishonour'd*, and so, perhaps, it has been twenty times since the Conquest. I told you before, I had no extraordinary Hand at Comforting. A thousand other Families have been subject to the same Calamity; and why you should expect to fare better than your Neighbours, I don't understand. *But if I had deserv'd it from my Wife.* Why, so much the better still: Other People use to comfort themselves in their Misfortunes, by reflecting upon their Innocence, and why should not you? If your Wife has a Fancy to go to the Devil, let her ne'er lose her Longing: Rather than that should happen, do by her as *Charles* the Fifth is said to do by a flying Enemy, build her a Bridge to go thither.

Well, but *what would you have me to do?* You say, *Job*, and *Plutarch*, and *Seneca*, have been so often prescrib'd to People in your Condition, that I won't offer them to you. My Advice is then, that you'd come to Town as soon as you can, and take a Lodging in *Cheapside*, or near *White-hall*, and there, I'll pass my Word for't, you'll be thought no Monster; though you unmannerly Folks in the Country stare at a Cuckold, as much as here we do at a King's Evidence just after a new Plot; yet *London's* a civil Place, and we think him no Prodigy here. But if your Affairs won't give you Leave to come to Town, my next Advice, is, to retaliate upon your Neighbours, plant Cuckoldom as thick as you can in your Hundred, and, for that End, get in  
with



with the Aunts, the Nurses, and Midwives; but above all, secure the Church, and get the Clergy on your Side. When your Numbers are grown pretty considerable, make a Descent into the next Hundred, and so on, 'till you have made the whole County of a Piece. When you have effected this, you'll be above the Reach of Scandal, your Multitudes will protect you, and then you'll live as comfortably as we do here in *London*. But *what shall I do with my Wife?* I have already told you: Build her a Bridge, and lose no Time. I am

Your Loving Cousin,

T. B.

To W. Knight, Esquire. Written in the  
Time of the Frost. Jan. 22.

Dear Sir,

'TIS a Sign I am never weary of keeping a Correspondence with you, since I can afford to do it at this terrible Juncture, when the Ink freezes as I write: But you must expect nothing else from me, but what you would hear in every Coffee-house, were you in Town, and that is, to be entertain'd about the Frost. The common People here, are of Opinion, that the Northern Monarch, who has done us the Honour of a Visit, has brought his own Country Weather along with him, and they confirm it with a very good Instance; for they remember, that when the *Morocco* Embassador was here, we had the hottest Summer that ever was known. Thus, according to these merry Philosophers, every Foreigner that comes to see us, takes Care, like *Nicholas* in the *Virtuoso*, to bottle up some of the Air of his own Climate, and retails it among us here.

It has been a general Complaint, that all the Seasons, but Winter, have been of late inverted. Mr. *Flamsteed*, you know, has pretended, that the Sun has been out of Order this good while; and a Friend of yours, who loves dearly to sit up a-Nights, being ask'd what was the Reason that he never saw him, reply'd, that he could not endure to see sick Folks. 'Tis no Wonder that he can  
do



do no more in *January*, since for eight Years last past, he has not been scarce able to maintain his Summer Quarters, and Winter has had the Impudence to bully him even in his own Dog-days. Indeed if he decays in Proportion to what he has done of late, the Lord have Mercy, say I, on Dr. *Burnet's* Hypothesis of the *Charter-house*; for he'll be no more able to cause a general Conflagration, than *Parr* was to get a Bastard in the hundred and fifty second Year of his Age.

But to leave off these metaphysical Contemplations.— If this severe Season lasts many Days longer, it will as effectually try the Orthodoxy of Peoples Constitutions, as the new A — concerning King *James*, will shew who is *stanch* to the Government, and who not. We used to say in the late Reign, that if Popery prov'd to be long-liv'd, 'twould soon be found out who were in the Interests of the Whore of *Babylon*. But this Frost, I conceive, will make truer and juster Discoveries; for a Man, if he's wickedly inclin'd, may play a thousand Tricks with his Faith, and no Body be the wiser; but the Devil is in him, if such searching Weather (which penetrates deeper than the Inquisition) does not extort very unlucky Confessions from his Carcass, especially if in his younger Days he study'd natural Philosophy in *Covent-Garden*. I can't tell how it fares with you in the Country, but here in Town, Water is scarcer than its opposite Element, Fire.

A Friend of mine happen'd Yesterday to be in a Tavern Kitchen, near the *Custom-House*, and complaining of the Cold, Lord, says a Sea-Captain to him, this is nothing, Sir, to what I have felt; no more, as God shall judge me, than a Tooth-picker is to the Main-mast of the *Britannia*. I made the North-East Voyage with Captain *Wood*, and have been in a Country, Sir, where they don't bury between *Michaelmas* and *Lady-day*. What, said my Friend, don't the People die all that Time? Yes, a Pox on them, they die fast enough; but the Ground is as hard as a Flint, and they are forc'd, in their own Defence, to pile up their dead Folks in the Belfry, as we do Faggots in a Wood-yard, and tie Pieces of Paper about their Necks, for all the World, Sir, (as your good House-

wives



wives in the Country do about their Cordial Bottles) to know them again; and so they bury them at Spring of the Year. Sir, says my Friend to him, you seem to be an honest Gentleman, and I don't doubt but what you tell me is true; for I, in my Time, have been a Piece of a Traveller, and have pass'd a Month or two among the *Samoeids*, where it is so excessive cold, that, as in *Italy* and other hot Countries, they forbid the Priests to preach out of the *Canticles* during *July* and *August*, for Fear of putting some old Whimfies into the Heads of the People: So here, the Patriarch of *Moscow* forbids all the Clergy, under Pain of Suspension, not to make the least Mention of the Roasting that is used in the other World, lest they should set all their Congregations a longing to be there. In short, noble Captain, the Parsons take as much Care to conceal the Doctrine of Hell-Fire, for the Reason above-mention'd, from the poor Inhabitants of this Country, as they do the Bible from the Laity in *Spain*. The Captain graciously thank'd my Friend for his News, and so they parted.—

One would be apt to imagine, 'twas in such Weather as this that *David* penn'd the *Psalms*, where he advises People to look to their Ways. The Streets are so excessive slippery, that a Man runs through half the Danger of an *East India* Voyage, in passing only from *Temple-bar* to the *Change* in a Coach; and if he ventures it on Foot, he's oblig'd to walk with the same Precaution upon the King's High-way, as your Fellows in *Bartholomew-Fair* manage themselves upon the High-Rope. For want of observing this Direction, a Country Gentlewoman, t'other Day, met with a sad Mischance at the Corner of *Fetter-lane*; for up flew her Heels, and off came her Commode, and she unluckily discover'd a hideous Breach in her Fabrick, at which two Foot-Soldiers ran away in a Fright, and a grave Citizen that pass'd by, was exceedingly scandaliz'd. The Physicians and Surgeons, however, are no Losers by this Season; for what between Phthisick and Fever, (which really makes a handsome Figure in the Weekly-Bill) and those providential Blessings, call'd broken Arms and Legs, both Professions find as much Employment, as Dr. *Oates* will tell you the



Pimps had at *White-hall* in the Reign of King *Charles II.* Our Divines need not be over-nice in what they preach; for there is such everlasting Barking in the Churches, that though the Parson had the Lungs of twenty Trumpeters, yet 'twere impossible to understand a Syllable he says. Some Phthisicky old Gentleman leads up a Cough, his next Neighbour immediately takes the Hint from him, a third pursues it, and so the Snow-ball rowls merrily on, 'till at last the whole Congregation joins in the *Chorus*, and one Side of the Church answers the other as regularly and harmoniously, as two contending Nightingales in a Hedge, or the Vicars in the new Choir at *St. Paul's*. The *Thames* is in great Danger of being made a Captive, and of wearing Fetters, which he generously endeavours to throw off every Tide, and never was so true an Emblem as now, of that noble-spirited Island of which he is the Defence as well as Ornament, which can never have Chains put upon it of any Continuance.

I am sorry to find by your last, that your Neighbour Mr. *H*—— grows fat upon Marriage; for I don't see how he can answer it to his Conscience. Marriage is a lean, hungry, craving Soil, on which he that can fatten, may raise an Estate in *Scotland*, or recover from an Ague by removing into the *Hundreds*. Ecclesiastical History tells us of a Bishop that suspended one of his Priests for no Crime, but because he had double Chin. That Prelate could not be perswaded that his Curate preach'd, and pray'd, and minded the Business of his Parish, so long as he carry'd such an unapostolical Badge about him. Pray acquaint your Friend Mr. *H*—— with this Adventure of the double Chin, and tell him from me, that neither Canon, nor Civil, nor Common Law, will justify him in making a *Sine Cure* of his Wife. I am

*Your most humble Servant,*

THO. BROWN.

Some



*Some Remarks upon MARRIAGE.*

**M***arriage* being the Port or Haven at which most of the Sons and Daughters of *Eve* design to touch sooner or later, 'tis no Wonder that People are universally curious to know how this ticklish Ceremony is perform'd in other Countries. We find here at Home, that the first Place in the Common-Prayer-Book, that young Maidens generally dip in, is the Service of *Matrimony*. I once knew a raw Girl, that could readily make all the Responses in that Office, before she could answer to one Question in her Catechism; which occasion'd her Father, who was a grave old Gentleman, to wish, that those of her Sex would take as much Care to prepare themselves for their latter, as for their first End; for so it proves to most of them.

It has been frequently said, that *Marriage* and *Hanging* go by Destiny; but, for my Part, I am no Predestinarian, neither do I believe, with the rest of the World, that *Matches* are made in Heaven, any more than I believe that all Oxen are bought and sold there before they come to *Smithfield-Market*. But tho' I am no Admirer of Destiny, as I said before, yet I would not have any one infer from thence, that I believe there's no Manner of Resemblance between *Hanging* and *Marrying*: For *Hanging*, with Reverence be it spoken, as well as *Marrying*, is perform'd by tying a Knot, which Death only dissolves; and they agree too in this Particular, (which is more suitable to the Occasion of the Book) that all civiliz'd Countries in the World observe different Fashions in one, no less than the other.

The *Roman* Catholicks make a Sacrament of *Matrimony*, and, in Consequence of that Notion, pretend it confers Grace. The Protestant Divines don't carry Matters so high; but say, this ought to be understood in a qualify'd Sense; and that Marriage so far confers Grace, as generally speaking, it confers Repentance, which every Body knows is a Step to Grace,



It must be confess'd on all Hands, that *Marriage* is the most serious Action that a Man can engage in, and therefore we ought to think of it, as we do of our latter End, with Fear and trembling. For this Reason, I cannot endure to hear People pass their ill-natur'd Jest upon so holy an Ordinance. If it is a Man's good Fortune to meet with a good Wife, he ought to date his Happiness in this World from that very Moment; and if she proves not as he desires, he ought to look over the Catalogue of his Sins, and interpret it as a Visitation, or at least to take it patiently. For my Part, commend me to that Gentleman, who having marry'd a Lady of an extraordinary Capacity, never complain'd of his Fate, nor made his Spouse uneasy, but honestly thank'd God, that now he had a Hole to put his Head in.

The Ladies that read a Book call'd *Marriage-Ceremonies*, will find sufficient Reason to thank Providence that they were born in so good-natur'd an Island as ours is, where the Preliminaries to Marriage are nothing near so morose and severe as they are in some Places in the World. To give an Instance of this, our Author of the *Marriage-Ceremonies* tells us, p. 51. *Among the Sabrians, (a Sort of mungril Christians, that live on the Confines of Persia next Turkey) the Parties meeting together at Church, the Minister makes the Bride swear before the Women that she is a Virgin.* As ill an Opinion as the World unjustly entertains of our Females, I am very well satisfy'd, that there are above forty thousand consciencious Wives, within the Bills of Mortality, that would have lost all, before they would have taken so rash and insnaring an Oath. How is it possible that a Woman should positively swear to an imaginary Thing, which may be lost (the Lord knows how) between sleeping and waking? This I am sure of, that no Husband was a Jot the securer for prescribing arbitrary and unlawful Oaths.

Yet, as great a Hardship as this may seem to be, it is nothing in Comparison of Hardships practis'd in some Countries, even after the Nuptial Ceremonies are performed. Thus we find in the said Book, p. 42.

*That*



*That among the Greeks, if the Women find in the Bed the next Day any Sign of a lost Virginity, they make a great Feast; but when that is wanting, they say nothing, the Bridegroom sending back the Bride to her Relations and Friends.* The same inhuman Custom is likewise observ'd by the *Persians*, as the Reader may see, p. 64, by the *Moors of Morocco*, p. 73, the *Inhabitants of the Kingdom of Fez*, p. 75, by those of *Algiers*, and *Tunis*, p. 79, by the *Spaniards*, who retain this Custom from the *Moors*, p. 22, and lately by the *Jews in Barbary*. As for the latter, I don't wonder at it to find such Usage among them, because they were a stiff-neck'd People, that was always demanding Signs and Tokens; nor among *Infidels* and *Mahometans*; but that any *Christians*, that are happily freed from the *Levitical Bondage*, should still hanker after the old superstitious Leaven, is a Matter of the greatest Astonishment to me. I cannot but reflect with Horror, how many *Ladies in England*, that now live comfortably with their *Husbands*, and are bless'd with a numerous Issue, had been shamefully discarded and sent Home, if ever such an unrighteous Fashion as this had got Footing among us. It seems to argue a great deal of Cruelty in the Men, that they should relish no Pleasure but what comes at the Expence of their dearest Consorts. But it is my daily Prayer, that Providence will protect the free-born Women of *England* from such bloody-minded Husbands.

But tho' the greatest Part of the World are so extravagantly fond of Virginity, yet we find there are some People that have other Notions of Things. Our said Author, p. 88, acquaints, *That when one of Conchin marries, whosoever he is, he may not lie with his Bride the first Night, but is oblig'd to give her to a Brachman, who lies with her; and that they believe this to be a Favour, and a good Omen.* I hope their Parishes in this Country are not of a large Extent, otherwise the Priest has more Work upon his Hands than he will go thro' with, unless he keeps a Curate or two to relieve him, when Marriage comes in thick. The Holders-forth of our Conventicles affect to be



thought great Pains-Takers, and really deserve the Name; for their Bands will testify for them, both in the Dog-Days and out of the Dog-Days, that they sweat exceedingly. But, alas! what is this, if consider'd in the same Scales with the Drudgery that these Priests undergo in their Ministry. I have often wonder'd that the Popish Clergy, that stand up so stiffly for the Divine Right of First-fruits, don't troop in Shoals to this Kingdom, when they voluntarily pay such an extraordinary Tribute to the Church.

'Tis observable, that in most Countries of the World this Ceremony is perform'd by the Priesthood, who, if they equally pretend to the Power of *Loosing*, as they do to that of *Tying*, they would have more Business upon their Hands than they could well dispense with. Only in *Turkey* marry'd People are join'd together by the *Cadey*, or Civil Magistrate, and here in *England*, in *Oliver's* Time, by a Justice of Peace; the Reason alledg'd for it then, was, that none was so well qualify'd to marry others, as he, who, by his Office, was impower'd to lay People by the Heels, and put them into the Stocks.

As I have already taken Notice, *Virginity* is reckon'd so essential to Marriage, in several Countries, that the poor Bride is inhumanly dismiss'd, and sent Home to her Relations, if she be found defective in that Particular; but in this Author we shall find, that all the World is not of this Humour; in *Pegu*, of the *Marriage Ceremonies*, p. 96, *The King and those of the greatest Quality, lie not the first Night with their Wives, but admit others, and pay them bountifully that will give themselves the Trouble.* With all due Respect to our Women be it spoken, I humbly conceive, that one half at least of the marry'd Men in this Kingdom, if they will speak their Minds freely, must do their Wives this Justice, as to own, that they sav'd this *Porters-Druggery*, as a Monarch (not inferior to *Solomon* for Wisdom) rightly call'd it. Our Neighbours of *Scotland*, before they came to be civiliz'd, used to lie the first Night with the Bride, their Vassal; but now they have flung up such a troublesome Piece of



of State, and make their Tenants drudge for themselves.

We rail at the Church of *Rome*, and not without Reason, for exacting implicate Obedience from her Sons; but, alas! what signifies it, to take a few Articles upon the Credit of the Priest; but to take a Wife (as our Author tells us they do in *Moscow*, and other Places) without seeing her once, or knowing what Defects she may have, is somewhat hard upon the Subject. Heaven be prais'd, that here in *England* we are not forc'd to buy a Pig in a Poke; nay, there are some marry'd Men in the World, that were as intimately acquainted with their Wives before Marriage, as ever they were after. See now what it is to live under a free Government, and to have *Magna Charta* on one's Side.

To conclude these Reflections, it is my hearty Advice, That all unmarried Persons would chuse themselves proper Spouses by the first Opportunity, in order to recruit those Numbers that have been destroy'd in the Wars, and not suffer their Talents to be bury'd in a Napkin. For which they must severely answer one Day. And as for those that are marry'd, the best Way they can take, as I presume, is, to live as easy as they can; and, following the good Counsel of *Hobson* the Carrier, to manage themselves, as not to tire before their Journey's End.

*A Consolatory Letter to Mr. H---being a farther Consolation on his CUCKOLDOM, &c.*

S I R,

I Find by your Answer, that my Advice had not that good Effect upon you which I expected. You still complain of your Unhappiness, and disturb yourself and your Friends with Chimera's of your own creating. If I thought complaining would make you a Farthing the better, I would out-weep a Churchspout, and out-lament a Widow that has bury'd three



Husbands, and now laments for a fourth: Or if I thought you wanted any spiritual Cordials, I would send you a Cart-load of Sermons, to teach you that Patience which the Preachers of them could never practice. But you are a *Malade imaginaire*, and *Moliere* would sooner bring you to yourself than a Divine. In short, think no more of the Viper that stung you, and you are well.

You talk much of what People do in *Spain* upon these Occasions; but what have you and I to do with them? Are we to regulate our Eating by the Sots of *Lapland*, or to go naked, in Complaisance to the Salvages under the Line? Had you liv'd in *Spain*, perhaps I had preach'd Revenge to you; and out of great Concern for your Person, advised you to venture the Gallows, because forsooth your Wife, with the Sweat of her Brows, had earn'd Damnation. But since you live in a Country where the People are wiser than to be enslav'd by such foolish Notions, pray suffer yourself to be govern'd by the Maxims of it. I tell you once more, Cuckoldom is no Scandal in our Nation; and if you were the first and ancientest ——— in *England*, I could say no more to you. If 'tis the Rarity that makes the Monster, you'll never come within the Number of them. 'Tis only the marry'd Men that are not Cuckolds, that, properly speaking, are the Monsters here; as in *Guiana*, 'tis not those that have huge Lips and flat Noses, but those that have them otherwise, are really the deformed.

The old *Romans*, who may be suppos'd to have had as just Sentiments of Honour, as the nicest *Dons* of *Castile*, were guided by wiser Maxims. In Case of Infidelity, the Wife was sent Home with Infamy to her vertuous Relations; but no Manner of Disgrace reflected upon the Husband. *Pompey*, the Conqueror of so many Kings, *Cicero*, the Father of Eloquence, and *Caesar*, the Master of the Universe, had all of them Wives that prov'd as errant Recreants as yours: yet we don't find that they thought themselves a Farthing the worse for it, or that they rail'd at their Stars, or  
flew



flew into such Extravagancies as you do. *Cicero* in particular, that has written so many consolatory Treatises, to relieve a Man under all the Misfortunes and Accidents of human Life, as Banishment, Poverty, the Loss of Friends, old Age, Disgrace, and the like, yet never thought it worth his while to part with one single drop of Comfort out of his philosophical *Aqua Vita* Bottle, to cure the Heart-burning of a Cuckold. And, *Jack*, shall it ever be said, to the Infamy of old *England*, that Heathens, uncircumcis'd Heathens, could practice that Patience, which you that, God be thanked, live under a meeker Dispensation, cannot reconcile your self to?

You tell me, perhaps, that the *Romans* bore this with the greater Resignation, because they could make themselves Amends out of the Sex, and marry another Wife as soon as they had dismiss'd the former. On the other Hand, I think 'tis happy for you, that you live in a Christian Country, where they won't let you cut your Fingers the second Time with a Knife, as long as the Instrument that wounded you last is in Being. There's a Fable in *Æsop*, that fits your Case exactly; therefore pray listen to it with due Attention and Reverence. A Shepherd kept a Flock of Sheep near the Sea, and observing it to be wonderful calm for a long Time, had an Itch upon him to turn Merchant-Adventurer; that is to say, in plain *English*, a Gentleman, liking the Outside of the fair Sex well enough, picks out one to his Purpose, and resolves to marry. So he converts his Sheep and other Moveables into a Purse of Money, buys a Parcel of Dates, and puts to Sea; that is to say, furnishes him a House, provides a fine Suit of Cloaths, goes to *Dukes-Place* and marries. A Tempest ruffled him cruelly there, (this Tempest, *Jack*, by the By, is Cuckoldom) that he was forc'd to throw his Dates over-board, to lighten his Ship; that is to say, his Wife was so damn'd a Thorn in his Side, that he was forc'd to drink her to Death, to get rid of her. And thus, with much ado, escapes to Shore, and returns to the old Place, to follow his old Profession; that is breaks up House-keeping.



keeping, and lives privately, as he did before. A few Days after, finding old Father Ocean to look merrily about the Gills, that is, some of the Sex smile and simper, as if they had a Design to hook him into Matrimony again; a Plague take you, says he, for a Dissembler: What, your Chops water for more Dates, I warrant; but I'll see you hang'd before you shall have any. I don't question, *Jack*, but that there are twenty and twenty Women in our Neighbourhood, that long to be fingering your Dates; but if you'll follow the Shepherd's Example, they shall all lose their Longing.

Well, we have got over this troublesome Point; and now nothing vexes you, but that your Wife should run away with a Soldier, a (confounded Ensign I think you call him) and an ugly Fellow too. But this is the most fantastical Complaint that ever was heard. It puts me in Mind of an *Irish-man* in the Civil Wars, that when he was going to be hang'd, set nothing to Heart, but that he must be trus'd up in a Halter, and not in a Withe. If your House was robb'd, I suppose it would be all a Case to you, whether it was a Beau or a Chimney-sweeper, that did you the Honour to raffle you: And in your present Misfortune, what Relief would it be to you, that a blue Garter planted your Horns, any more than a blue Apron, the Duce take me if I can see. But you, I find, are somewhat of *Bessus's* Humour in the Play, who comforted himself after a good Kicking, that his Honour had not suffer'd, because in the first Place, 'twas a Lord that kick'd him, and secondly, 'twas done with a *Spanish-Leather* Slipper. In your next Letter I expect to find you lamenting, because the Fact was done under a Hedge, or upon a bare Floor, and not with the usual Accommodations in a Bed. Once more, *the Fellow was ugly*: Why, so much the better still, the Cockatrice of your Bosom, will have the less to say for herself another Day, and that ought to be no little Comfort, *Jack*, to one in your Case. Besides, it justifies the old Saying, *That Subjects, and Wives, when they revolt from their lawful Sovereigns, seldom chuse*  
for



for a better. As for her pitching upon a Soldier to be her Gallant, I don't wonder at it. The Gentlemen in Red, and their Brethren in Black, have for several Ages been in Possession of the Sex; the latter, upon the Account of their Secrecy, which may be the Reason, perhaps, why they wear the Rose, the Badge of Silence, in their Hats; and the other, upon the Score of the mighty Performances which the Women expect from them. The Ladies imagine them all to be Heroes; and as the Laity formerly believ'd, that Black conferr'd Grace and *Greek*, so they vainly think, that Red gives the Wearers of it Courage and Vigour above their Neighbours. If we may believe Antiquity, *Vulcan* had a broader Back than *Mars*, and was the stronger made of the two; yet the latter, with the powerful Charms of the embroidered Coat and *Steen-kirk* Cravat, so won the Goddess's Heart, that she was easily tempted to cuckold the poor Blacksmith. In short, Women are like Mackerel, bate but a Hook with a Piece of red Cloth, and you infallibly take them.

But to return to the Chapter of Uglinefs, from which we have digress'd; I told you before, 'twould make it the Worse for your Wife at the Re——on; but upon second Thoughts, I don't know but she may have a great deal to say for herself. You are a handsome Fellow, *Jack*, I own it; but perhaps have convinc'd her by sorrowful Experience, that, as the Proverb has it, *All is not Gold that glitters*. Who can tell but your Wife has read natural Philosophy enough to know, that where the Ground was the roughest, the most unpromising Surface, there the richest Mines lie below.

After all, whether it is so or not, Variety is a mighty Matter; and much may be said on so fertile a Head. People love to alter their Hands, tho' it is not always for the better; a clear Instance of this we find in *Plautus's Amphitryo*, *Jupiter*, who by the high Post he stood possess'd of, one would think should have no gross Palate, lies with *Alcmene* the very Night before she was deliver'd of two chopping Infants. The Lady, for her Part, was complaisant, that's certain; but Women, generally speaking, are not so refractory as Camels are, that



that when they have got their Burden, rise up, and will carry no more ; so this is no great Wonder. But what the Duce should bewitch a Lover, that had the whole Universe before him, to make his Son *Mercury* pimp for him for the Space of twenty four Hours by the Clock, to put himself to the Expence of a Miracle, to make the Moon and the rest of the Stars do double Duty, to keep back the Sun, and make an universal Disorder in Nature, and all to carry on a foolish Intrigue with a big-belly'd Woman ? 'Tis agreed by all the *Dutch* Commentators, that he would never have done so much for *Juno*, his lawful Spouse, in one of her most engaging Moments, with all the Advantages of Dress and Art to recommend her, much less under such embarrassing Circumstances. What then may we imagine to be the Reason of it ? Why, that partly Variety and partly the Itch of making a Cuckold, engag'd him in this Expedition. But all this while, I forget that I am pleading for your Wife, like the Bishop that was employ'd to write against *Luther*, and turn'd one of his Party.

Thus I have briefly run over all your Scruples, and endeavour'd to make you *rectus in curia* ; but before I conclude, give me Leave to tell you a short Story. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance had a Tenant that rented about some 40 Shillings a Year of him : The Hut he liv'd in was a sad wretched Hole, made up of a few feeble Poles, cover'd with Mud, Dung, and Straw ; 'twas not to be mention'd on the same Year with a Crow's Nest, either for the Materials, the Convenience, or Architecture of it. The least Puff of Wind ruffled it more severely than a Hurricane does a Ship in the *Indies*. The Discharge of a Gun, at a Quarter of a Mile's Distance, would give it a *Tertian* Ague for a Fortnight. Then as for the Furniture, it was all of a Piece with the Building, half a Score wooden Spoons, with a Platter of the same Metal, a broken-back'd Chair, and what they call'd a Bed, by a bolder Catachresis than is to be found in all *Mr. Cleveland*. It was not so much as furnished with a Suit of *Grub-street* Tapistry ; I mean, a Set of Protestant Ballads, or the Devil tempting a *London* 'Prentice,



or the Tanner's Advice to his Children, or the Royal Family on Horseback, to keep the poor Walls in Countenance. The Fellow's whole Substance was a Bee hive, half a Score Cabbages, and an Apple-Tree in the Yard; on the Success of which he depended more than the Con——tes on that of a Campaign in *Flanders*: A Tit that sharp'd for his Livelihood on the Common, but as Lean as a Projector's Foot-man; a Cow, whose Milk was Meat and Drink, and her Tail an Almanack to the Family; with a Cock strutting at the Head of a Progeny; and a Brace of Pigs educated within Doors, and serv'd with as much Care as the Heir apparent to the Cottage. His Musick, when he came Home, was, to hear a Litter of young dirty Children squawling on one Side of him, and the above-mention'd *Messieurs de Porcraugnac* grunting on the other, and his rank two-handed Spouse, (that never had a Drop of Water touch her Face since the Parson sprinkled her at the Font, by the same Token even then it made her cry out) endeavouring to keep the King's Majesty's Peace between them. Yet amidst all this Poverty and Filthiness, the Fellow look'd merry, and in good Humour, snor'd as contentedly at Church as the best of his Neighbours, in an old *Sunday-Coat* that had out-liv'd six Generations; still whistled at his Work; and what is more, without any of the Parish to assist him, once a Year got his Wife with Child, as if he breakfasted every Morning on the Duke of *Buckingham's* famous Broth. So his Landlord ask'd him what Shift he made to keep himself so cheerful and merry? Why, Master, says he, when I think of such fine Folks as your Worship, that ride in your Coaches, and eat and drink of the best, without doing any Thing for it, why then, an't please you, I can't forbear cursing my old Father for begetting me under such a starving Planet: But when I consider how few are in your Case, and how many Millions in the same Condition with my self, if not in a worse, why then I set my Hand to my Plough, and jog on as merrily as I can. *Jack*, this Story needs no Application; do but think of the Millions you have on your Side, enough to confound the *Turk* and *Pope*, nay, to carry the whole World before you, if you knew  
your



your own Strength ; do but think how many Noblemen and Courtiers you have to lead the Van, how many Cits to bring up the main Body, how many Soldiers to fight, Lawyers to plead, Physicians to prescribe, and Divines to pray for you, and I dare engage you'll sleep heartily upon't, and persecute me with no more of your whining Letters ; who am

*Your humble Servant,*

THO. BROWN.

• P O S T S C R I P T.

A Physician of my Acquaintance, that has heard of your Misfortune, call'd upon me this Morning, just as I had ended my Letter ; and, lest my Advice should fail of making a good Impression upon you, was so kind to send you the following Prescription. If these Precepts won't cure you, we must proceed to Topicks ; and one of the best Remedies I know, is what follows. When your discontented Soul labours with a little Brow-Anguish, take a Child's Coral, with a Whistle and Bells to it, moisten it with Fasting Spittle, and rub your Forehead with it *ter in die horis Medicis*. It will make your Brow-Antlers cut easy ; for some Cuckolds are as froward under the breeding of Horns, as some Children are under the Breeding of Teeth. Once more adieu.

A LETTER to the Reverend Mr. ———  
in Essex, Grasier, Physician, and Parson.

I Have had a Mind to write to thee this long while, but the Misfortune on't is, that a Man does not know how to accost thee, without being at the Pains to consult the Heralds-Office. *Geryon*, of tripple-headed Memory, gave his Subjects, I suppose, the same Trouble, who, when they came to deliver a Petition to him, found themselves as much embarass'd which of his Heads to address to, as I find my self at present under which of your three Capacities I am first to consider you. In short, I am told you have got three Strings to your Bow, that you are a  
Parson,



Parson, a Graſier, and a Phyſician. Now, which of theſe is your Top-Profeſſion, I mean that which brings you in the moſt Money, the Lord knows. However, hoping the beſt ſtill of the Church, this comes to tell you, Reverend Sir, that I am glad at your good Fortune, and wiſh you all the Proſperity you can deſire.

All your Friends here in Town are extreamly pleaſed at your grafting the Graſier upon the Clergyman. You have reduc'd Things, they ſay, to their primitive Condition, and join'd two Trades, as the World makes them now, that liv'd peaceably together long before the Flood. The old Patriarchs, you know, were both Priests and Graſiers, and had an equal Jurisdiction over their two-legg'd and four-legg'd Congregations. When Paganism got Footing in the World, the Caſe was ſomewhat altered; then Sacrifices came in Play, and the Priests and Graſiers turn'd Butchers; which noble Employment, ſome malicious People will tell you, their Succeſſors have kept up under another Diſpenſation.

But as for your joining the Phyſician to the Divine, they are not ſo well ſatisfy'd. Some wonder'd why you would take up a Profeſſion that lies under the Imputation of being in the Hands of Atheiſts: But, Gentlemen, ſaid I, don't trouble your ſelves for that Matter; for let a Parſon tack a hundred other Profeſſions to his own, yet I'll engage, that like Oil among other Liquors, the Clergyman will float uppermoſt. Beſides, who knows but it was your ill Fortune to live amongſt ſuch a refractory perverſe People as *Don Diego's* were, that would not knock off in any reaſonable Time, but liv'd long, on Purpoſe to ſpite their Relations, and defraud the Church of its Perquiſites. The Ropes grew mouldy, and the Bells were in Danger of forgetting their Notes, for want of Exercise; and the Graſs in your Church-yard, for want of being corrected by the Spade, grew ſo ſcandalouſly and enormouſly high, that the Arch-Deacon complain'd of it at the Viſitation. Then the poor Sexton, God help him, finding no Employment from the Dead, was in a fair Way to be ſtarv'd among the Living; and had as little to do as a Pimp at *Newmarket*, when the C——t is not there. Then he and you; oh! I beg your Par-  
don



don, Doctor; then you and he, under the melancholy Yew-Tree that faces the Church-Porch, all alone, like Mr. *Dryden's* two Turtles in the Siege of *Granada*, coo'd and murmur'd to each others Moan, and made as mournful a Confort between you, as two Sea-mens Widows in a Brandy-Shop near the Navy-Office. Husbands complain'd of their Wives, and Wives of their Husbands, for sticking so unmercifully long to one another; and what is a dreadful Thing to consider, there had like to have been a general Insurrection of all the young Fellows against their most unnatural Fathers for the same Account. To prevent these, and a thousand other Inconveniences, I think it was very discreetly done of you, to set up for a Physician; and now I don't question but the Bells toll merrily, the Ropes are made tractable with using, the Church-yard looks like a Place of Business, and your Sexton can afford to treat himself with a Capon at Supper.

As I was reading *Caligula's* Life t'other Morning, you came into my Head, I protest, and I could not forbear to wish, that it had been your good Luck to live under his auspicious Reign. That Emperor, who was not partial to his own Species, but heartily encourag'd Merit where-ever he found it, whether in Man or Beast, 'twas the same Thing to him, generously bestow'd a fat Parsonage upon his Horse *Incitatus*, whom, by the by, he design'd to make Lord-Mayor of *Rome* the next Year, but granted him, I suppose, a Dispensation to officiate by a Curate, because the poor Brute had a natural Impediment in his Speech. So I was thinking with my self, if this noble-spirited Prince could present his Horse to a rich Living, what Preferment would he have refus'd to a Gentleman of your Ability, had you liv'd in *Rome* at that Time. But you have prevented all these Wishes in your Friends, by the wise Course you have taken to get Money; for the Devil's in't, if three gainful Trades, in *Confederacy*, cannot make a Shift to keep the *French* Wolf of Poverty from the Door. Some People, indeed, think you come within the Canon about Pluralities; but that is a Jest; they may as well call a double Chin a Plurality, and then the Lord have Mercy on the Wicked, and give a Bear and Fiddle that scandalous Name, which would



would touch the Copyhold of half the Curates in *Wales*. I would fain know why the Incumbent, where the Benefice won't keep Body and Soul together, should not be suffer'd to make himself Amends in some other Employment, as well as your Mercers in a Country Village, to sell every Thing, from broad Cloth and Sattin, down to Tape and Pack-Thread. Besides, all the World knows that the *Reformation* stript the Church of Confession and several other advantageous Points, which kept the Laity in good Order: Now what could better supply the Absence of these Things, than the Profession you have taken up, since we find the World is so wickedly given, that they have a greater Regard for their transitory Bodies, than their Souls? So now, if any of your Parishioners are obstinate, don't threaten them with the Ecclesiastical Court, but ply them with Pills; don't excommunicate them, but give them Physick; for that will sooner send them to the Devil, than the Censure of the C——h.

I, that am at so great a Distance from you, please myself now and then with the Thoughts that I behold you in your own Dominions, with as busy a Face as a Country Attorney standing at his Door with a Brace of Pens in his Hair; sometimes I see you in the Pulpit, knocking down Sin like an Ox; sometimes handling of Bullocks in the Market, and from thence sent for to feel the Pulse of a Farmer's plump Daughter *in ordine ad Spiritualia*. Then out comes the Clyster-Pipe; and when that is administer'd, the Prayer-Book is lugg'd piping hot out of the same Pocket to beg a Blessing upon't. The Harmony of Authors too in your Library, must needs be admirable; *Culpepper's* Midwife, and *Dr. Sherlock* upon Death; *Harvey de Lue Venerca*, and *Burge's* of Original Sin; *Colebatch* of Acids, and *Twisse* of the Gospel Sweets; the Dispensatory, and the Concordance; a Father, and an Urinal-Monger. But what pleases me most, is, to hear that you are grown the gravest Person in all the Country. Whatever you do, keep to your Gravity, and that will keep you. Some People, I know, will call it Dulness; and, to say the Truth, Dulness and Gravity like the two *Sofia's* in the Play, resemble one another so much, that 'tis almost impossible to distinguish them; but



but no Matter for that, still hold to the Text of Gravity; for the topping Men in all Professions are protected by their Gravity, as the Towns in *Holland* are by the Mud and Dirt about them.

Having been told of several of your Cures, I wish we had you here in Town, to shew a Piece of your Skill upon an old Acquaintance of yours, who is troubled with a dead Palsey on one Side, which I am afraid he will never recover of, 'till Death or you come to his Relief; I mean poor *Harry S—*, who has lately marry'd the Widow *D—*. For my Part, I can never see him, but I think of the Embalmer in *Herodotus*, that committed Fornication with a dead Body. *St. Francis*, that was forc'd to run into a Heap of Snow, to correct the Insolences of Nature, would have turn'd as cold and motionless as *Lot's* Wife at the very Sight of her. A generous well-body'd Calenture, such as they have under the Line, may perhaps put her Blood into Motion; but a common ordinary Fever can no more warm her, than you can roast a Surloin of Beef by a Farthing Candle. By this you may guess what a wretched Condition your Friend is in. If there is any Thing in your Art that can give this Gentlewoman a civil Lift into the other World, (for really she is too good for this) you are desir'd to communicate it; and, besides a good round Gratuity, *Harry* promises you shall preach her Funeral Sermon; so that after you have destroy'd her with your Pills, you may likewise murder her with your Oratory. I am

*Your humble Servant,*

THO. BROWN.

*A LETTER to Madam ——— kept by a Jew in Covent-Garden.*

**A**T my coming to Town, I was surpriz'd to hear two Things: That the Duke of *Savoy* had quitted the Confederates, and gone over to the *French*, and (what startled me more) that Mrs. *Lucy* had thrown off her old Christian Acquaintance, and revolted to the *Jews*. Faith, Child I could never have imagin'd, that  
you,



you, of all the Women in the World, would ever have chosen a Gallant out of that Religion, which clips and diminishes the current Coin of Love, or could ever be brought to like those People that liv'd two thousand Years on Types and Figures. But, perhaps, you fancy'd the Nation for *Sampson's* Sake, of brawny Memory. If you did, you are like to lose your Longing; for you may as well look for some of the Race of the two Giants at *Guild-hall in Cheapside*, as for any of *Sampson's* Progeny in *Dukes-Place*. Some of your Friends alledge, in your Justification, that you were wholly directed by your Interest in this Choice, and troth I can't blame you. Our Statesmen and Senators, our Divines, Merchants, and Lawyers, act all upon that Principle; and why a poor frail Woman should not be allow'd the same Privileges, I cannot see. So then, I find, 'tis neither Circumcision nor Uncircumcision that avails any Thing with you, but Money, which is, in Reality, of all Religions; and you only put in Practice what your kind Keeper's Ancestors did formerly in the Wilderness, that is, you fall down before the Golden Calf, which, the *Rabbies* say, was some Excuse for their Idolatry. Upon this Foot I'll allow you to grant some Favours to your *Old Testament* Spark, so long as his Pot of *Manna* continues full, and you find him like the Land of *Canaan*, flowing with Milk and Honey. However, in the mean Time, consider how his Predecessors serv'd the *Aegyptians*, and let it not disturb your pious Conscience to use him in the same Manner. For your Comfort, all our Casuists agree, that it is no more Sin to cheat a *Jew*, than to over-reach a *Scot*, or to put false Dice upon a Stock-jobber. And now, old Friend of mine, to tell thee the Truth, I have a great Inclination upon me to be wonderfully loving to thee, and I'll tell thee the Reason: If thou hadst kept still within the Pale of the Church, I believe you and I knew one another so intimately well before, that I should have lain under no great Temptation to trespass with thee. But since thou hast admitted an Interloper into thy Bosom, I have a wonderful longing to beat up his Quarters,



Quarters, and am resolv'd to cuckold this *Eleazar*, this *Eben-Ezra*, this Son of Circumcision, only to shew my Zeal to Christianity. Therefore meet me, dear *Lucy*, this very Evening in the Pit; for I long to know, first, how thou madest a Shift to pass the *Levitical* Muster with him; and, secondly and lastly, to be inform'd, whether *Aaron's* Bells make better Musick than ours.

*Adieu.*

*A LETTER from a Gentleman in Holland to his Friend in England.*

**Y**OU may imagine I lead none of the most comfortable Lives here, when I tell you, that I am quarter'd in a little pimping Village on the Frontier of *Flanders*, where I have no Men to converse, and no Women to intrigue with. To begin with the former, I am a perfect *Barbarian* to them, and so I believe I should be, if I liv'd among them till Doomsday. For all I know, they may wish me at the Devil, and curse me, when I fancy they are at their Complements. However, this is no more Temptation to me to learn their croaking Language, than I should have, if I were marry'd, to imitate the jealous *Italian* in *Poggius*, who gelt himself, on purpose to know whether his Wife was true to his Bed. Then their Liquor is so abominable, that there's no enduring it; rather than do Penance in such vile Stuff, two of my Soldiers are forc'd to fill their Guts with Water every Day, and then stand upon their Heads a quarter of an Hour together, to make themselves giddy, which gives them some feeble Representation of Drunkenness. In short, I am grown rusty for want of Exercise, and pass away my Time as uneasily, as a poor Carp that has been used to range in a River, does in a little Cistern of Water at a *Fishmonger's* by *Temple-Bar*. However I could make a Shift to bear the Brutality of Men, if the other Sex made me Amends; but i'faith they are cold to such a Degree, that neither Love nor Wine can unthaw them.



them. I must needs own, I have the same Quarrel to the Generality of your Women in *London*, as the Clergy have to the Laity, that is to say, they know too much; but a Plague on't, the Females here have the contrary Fault, and are such flegmatick, stupid Creatures, that a Man must live the Age of a Patriarch among them, to teach them to fetch and carry. In short, you may sooner teach a *Laplander* Algebra. Tho' the *Virtuosi* may be mistaken in their universal Character, yet I thought Love had an universal Language, which was understood from Pole to Pole, and that he kept an Exchange in all Corners of the Earth, where the two Sexes might barter their Commodities; but here, it seems, this Traffick is not practis'd, tho' they trade in every Thing else. By Signs, and other Motions, I can make a shift to tell them what I would eat and drink; but I cannot, with all that my Eyes can speak, with all that my Fingers can exprels, make the Women understand my Meaning, so as to relieve my more pressing Necessities. Looking once with a languishing ridiculous Air, as People in Love use to do, my Landlord's Daughter thought I was ill, and a Phylician was presently sent for, (so I guess'd him to be, by the Clister-pipe hanging by his Side) but I had the Grace to refuse the Civilities he design'd me. To try her yet farther, I put a Pledge into her Hands, which the Women in all other Parts of the Globe are willing enough to exchange, and know the Value of; but she look'd upon it as unconcern'd as a *Cheapside* Cit does at a Cuckold, and return'd it me back; and yet the Wench was plump and handsome, was past twenty, and seem'd to be made of the same good-natur'd Materials with the Women in *England*. 'Tis a common Saying, but untrue, that no Nation is so barbarous, but Love and Religion have got Footing in it. If we may believe our modern Travellers, the *Hotentots* have no Religion; and I have found, by sorrowful Experience, that the *Dutch* Women have no taste of Love: Whether this proceeds from this natural Coldness, which produces the same Effects here that Grace does in other Places, or whether their Business, to which they are



no less br d than the Men, proves too prevalent for all amorous Impressions, I can tell; but this is certain, that as a modern Author expresses himself, we find among these *Pagan People*, *un certain usage de prudence quasi generalement etablie, je ne scai quelle vielle tradition de continence, qui passe de mere en fille comme une espece de Religion*. In short, if Love be a Deity, there are no such damn'd Atheists in the World as in this strange Climate. 'Tis true, in other Places those of the fair Sex may be too profuse in their Offerings: but, as the Divines rightly observe, Superstition is better than Prophaneness. Those few here that pretend to own his Power, pay their Oblations to him with as ill a Will, as a breaking Tradesman pays his Taxes to the Government. It does not come from any generous Principle within, the Heart has no Share in the Sacrifice; and the Soul, which in other Countries loves to assist, and go along with the Body upon these Occasions, is as unconcern'd here, as a Tradesman's Rake-helly Prentice at a Quaker's Meeting. Not but that there are Whores and marry'd Women too in this Country; (which m y seem to destroy what I have said before) but they know no more what Gallantry means, than they understand *Arabick*; and the former are such rampant mercenary Devils, that they would even lick old *Lucifer's* cloven Feet for a single Gilder. In short, there's not one honest *Rahab* to be found among them, to justify the Profession; and Love has ne'er a Court in all the Seven Provinces, where a Man can be heard in *forma pauperis*: which is a sad Thing for us poor Soldiers, that are not over-stock'd with the Ready. And then, as I have already told you, those that pass for Maids, are such insensible Things, that one may succeed much sooner in his Pretensions elsewhere, than he can here make himself understood: Or, to express myself in the Language or *Westminster-Hall*, one may get his Cause try'd, enter upon the Premises, and levy a Fine elsewhere, before he can put in his Plea here, let him use all the Art he can. The young Fellows are made of the same unthinking Clay; they sometimes talk of the Flames of Love, but 'tis so as we do,



do, at this Distance, of the Siege of *Troy*, which nothing concerns us. 'Tis next to an Article of Faith with them, that no Evacuation is so refreshing as a *Belch*, that nothing warms but Brandy, and that nothing is worth a Man's courting but Money.

Guess then what a dismal Penance I have undergone in this wicked Place; but now, Heaven be prais'd, my Persecution is like to be at an End; for next Week we are order'd to join the Army at *Nivelle*, where I hope to meet good Store of Champaign, and to make my self Amends out of the Female Recruits that are arriv'd from *England*. Come Battle and Murder, Bloodshed and Desolation, Fire and Faggot: in fine, any Thing but *Dutch* Women, and the Curse of Sobriety. Thus prays

*Your most oblig'd Servant.*

*To his Mistress, that shew'd his Letters to his Rival.*

**Y**OUR barbarous and unjust Usage of me has had this good Effect, tho' I am not at all oblig'd to you for it, as to make me a very good Christian. I was in a fair Way to commit Idolatry, and to pay my Adoration in a wrong Place; so far had a gay Outside impos'd upon me. But, Madam, you have absolutely cur'd me of this superstitious Blindness; and now I can plainly discover the Fiend, where I imagin'd a little before, that nothing but a Goddess inhabited.

Since my Eyes have been thus open'd, I can look upon the fairest of your Sex, without finding the least Emotion in my Heart; and the most beautiful Woman of Heaven's making affects me no more than one of Sir *Godfrey's*: Nay, in some Respect, the Copy may be said to exceed the Original: It has as fair and charming an Outside, but nothing of that Vanity and Impertinence, nothing of that Hypocrisy, Malice, and Dissimulation, which make up the Composition of the other.



I dare appeal to yourself, who are none of the most impartial Judges in the World, whether I ever said, or did, or write, one misbecoming Thing to you. Passion, perhaps, which intoxicates no less than Wine, might betray one to some Excesses ; but still they were to your Advantage ; on which Score you were obliged, if not to forgive them, yet at least to bury them in Silence. I never approach'd you but with a sacred Awe, and always represented a Divinity to myself, when ever I took Pen in Hand to acquaint you with the Sentiments of my Soul. If my Incense was not of the first Sort, (for I am humble enough to believe, that you might have receiv'd much better from a thousand other Hands) yet the Sincerity of him that offer'd it ought to have cover'd him from your Displeasure. Tho' you dislike my Flame, yet in common Charity you might have suffer'd it to expire in its own Urn. If you were resolv'd to punish it for aspiring so high, one single Frown would have extinguish'd it, or at least secur'd you from being troubled with it any longer. But to divert yourself and my Rival, at the Expence of an unhappy Lover, who was then bleeding for you ; to publish his Infirmities, only occasioned by the Violence of his Passion ; oh ! thou downright Devil ! I should say, Woman, was cruel to the last Degree, and such Usage that the worst of Princes never treated the worst of Subjects with. But, Heaven be prais'd, it awaken'd every Resentment about me, and in spite of my Weakness gave me Courage enough to tear you from my Heart, which you had so unjustly usurp'd.

But I forgot, Madam, that you made me a Christian ; so to shew that I am still in perfect Charity with you, I hope, and that without any Reserve, to see you marry'd to my Rival. Since your Vanity takes such Delight to be address'd, the very next Day after the Priest has join'd your Hands, may you receive more Letters from your pretended or real Admirers, than are sent to a Secretary of State after the first Discovery of a Plot. May you shew them to your Husband, in hopes he will challenge one of the Sparks, and



and fall in your Quarrel. May they have that Effect, as to fly-blow him in the jealous Side of his Head; but may he never think you worth the while to venture the cutting of a Finger in the Defence of your Honour. Still may the Sparks persecute you with their Billets; and still may he think them to be of your own contriving, and treat you accordingly. In short, may he and you live long, exceeding long together, and may Providence so influence all his Actions, as to make him an Instrument of doing Justice to you, and to the

*Much injur'd*————

*From a Beau, dissuading his Brother Beau to go to Flanders.*

**A**L L the Chocolate-Houses at this End of the Town are exceedingly surpriz'd at the inhuman Resolution thou hast taken, of passing this Campaign in *Flanders*, and talk of going into Mourning for thee. Nay, would'st thou believe it! those brawny Insensibles, the Chair-men, take it to Heart, and threaten to renounce Flip and All-Fours, since thou hast decreed to leave *England*. Prithee, *Tam*, what have the Ladies done, that thou should'st be so cruel to them? Or, rather, what unweildy Sins hast thou committed, to be so barbarous to thy self? For my Part, I look upon thee to be bewitch'd, for I cannot otherwise account for thy Madness. Thou hast no Religion to fight for, that's certain; and there are Liberty and Property Fools enough in the Nation, without thee, to help to increase their Numbers.

Lord! what will the Degeneracy of this Age come to? That a Gentleman that understands Dressing to Perfection, and has spent so many Hours at *Locket's* and the *Blue Posts*, to cultivate his Palate, should ever be such a Sot, as in cool Blood, and of his own true Accord, to visit that hellish Country, where the Burgo-masters and the Boors conspire between them to infect the very Air with their Belches. Rot my



Diaphragm, if the nasty Word has not polluted my Ink, so that I am forc'd to put some Orange-Water into the Standish, to correct the unsavory Smell. Really, *Tam*, to think of the Miseries thou must endure this Summer, is as bad as going up to the Monument: It has made me giddy, confound me else, and my Head turns round like a Weather-cock. In the first Place, to lye in a damn'd sneaking Tent, where you can scarce turn yourself round, with no Curtains to your Bed; nay, not so much as a Looking-glass in its lowest Signification: Then no other Pulvilio to scent your Periwig, but the Dust of the Plains and Gunpowder, and to stink worse of the latter than *Cheapside* did formerly on a Lord Mayor's-Day; upon those unrighteous Things call'd Marches, no such Convenience as a Chair to be got. For your Comfort, *Tam*, you must walk thro' thick and thin with no Waiter behind you to clean your Shoes, among a Herd of skirtless Rascals, that stink worse than Pole-cats. Oh! let me think no more of them. Besides, 'tis a Million to one that walking thus in the Sun, will dignify your Face with some Pimples. Horrid and hideous! the very Thought of a Pimple has so discompos'd me, that feeling something itch in my Forehead,——I must beg your Pardon, *Tam*,——if being under the Apprehensions of such a Disaster, I now and then make bold to consult that faithful Oracle my Glass:——Heaven be prais'd, 'tis not so bad with me;——and yet what the Devil means that little Spot of Red?——'Tis well 'tis no worse, I may thank my Sotting for this.——Dem it, to drink a whole Pint of Claret at a Sitting! Hell and Furies! how it increaseth!——I would not have a Pimple, *Tam*, for the *Indies*.——But 'tis gone after all, and I find my Suspicions were in vain.

To come now, *Tam*, to the Field of Battle; those ill-bred whorson Things call'd Bullets, are no Respecters of Persons. A Pox on them, they observe no Distinction between a fine Gentleman and a Dragoonier. Perhaps it would not grieve a Man to lose his Life upon a good Occasion; (I speak this by Way of Supposition



position only) but to survive the untimely Fate of one's belov'd Wig, to see one's embroider'd Coat mangled and hack'd, is enough to break the Heart of *Hercules*, if he were alive, and had a true Sense of Things. To dissuade you, if 'tis possible, from embarking in this pernicious Affair, let me conjure you as a Friend, to reflect upon Sir *John Foppington's* Case. About two Months ago he puts on a Milk white Suit, designing to shew himself in it that Evening in the Park; and to do Sir *John* Justice, he never exerted the Brightness of his Imagination so much as he did upon the Trimming of it. Coming by *Catharine-Street*, a saw-cy impudent Chimney-Sweeper daub'd his Coat. I wonder, *Tam*, by the by, that the Parliament never made a five Mile Act to banish such prophane Vallains out of all Corporations, as once they did the Dissenting Ministers. But so it happen'd as I tell you, and poor Sir *John* immediately went Home, and took his Bed upon't. He had all the Agonies of a despairing Sinner.—Come, Knight, says I, there's no Harm, I hope; prithee take Courage, and get up.—Good Heavens! my Coat, cry'd he.—Why there's no Danger, but it will recover, and do well.—Oh, that confounded Chimney-Sweeper!—Providence sent him to visit you for your Sins, Sir *John*.—But what Ill have I done to draw such a Judgment upon me?—The Ways of Heaven Sir *John*, are dark and mysterious. *Jack*,—I never committed Murder nor Sacrilege in my Life, why then should—So he run on for above six Hours. All this while we endeavour'd to soften his Calamity to him, by reminding him of the Inconstancy of human Affairs. We refresh'd his Memory with Stories of Kings depos'd, and famous Monarchies subverted; but 'twas all in vain: He could not be perswaded to live, 'till the Scowerer had taken his Oath before a Justice of Peace, that the Coat was not a Farthing the worse. Nay, this was not enough, the Taylor was sent for to confirm the Scowerer's Deposition; and the Woman of the House, who saw him put it on in the Morning, must swear, as she hopes to be saved, that it was not in the least injur'd.



If this melancholy Instance, *Tam*, is not enough to deter you from your wicked Resolution, and you have no Bowels of Compassion for the Issue of your own Fancy, meaning your Cloaths, pray retire for a Moment or two to your Closet; lay your Hand upon your Heart, and ask it coolly and soberly, how it would relish that most extraordinary Accomplishment, a wooden Leg? Think what a decent Figure you'll make in a Lady's Chamber with so fine a Qualification. Good Lard, a wooden Leg! 'Tis almost as charming as the Devil's cloven Foot. A Lover made of Flesh and Blood above, and of Timber below, what an odd Composition is that! The *Minotaur* in the Fable, who was half Man and half Beast, was a Cherubim to him. Or, *Tam*, if this does not mortify you, pray consider, that there are certain impudent Things in an Army call'd Guns, that without asking any Questions, will demolish a Man's Nose, or run away with one of his Arms, or carry off half his Teeth and Under-Jaw; and yet there lies no Action against them for it. Such Blessings as these are to be had in *Flanders*, with due Care and Application; and, *Tam*, you must see several Heroes about the Town, who purchas'd them at no little Expence of Time and Blood at *Steenkirk* and *Landen*. But, *Tam*, if you have any Guts in your Brains, you'll never long to make one of the Number.

Having mention'd the Loss of Arms, Teeth, and Legs, without which, *Tam*, we can neither make our Reverences with a good Air, nor talk agreeably to the Ladies, nor perform our Parts at a Ball; if this won't fright you, 'twould be impertinent to put you in Mind that you have another Thing still to lose, and that is your Life. For, alas! *Tam*, what is Life worth, when we have lost the only Thing that maketh the Trifle dear to us? As for me, confound my *Glandula Pinealis*, if I am not of *Will Essence's* Opinion, the greatest Genius that *Covent-Garden* ever produc'd for exquisite Dressing, who used to say, For his Part he knew not what a Man's Head was good for, but to hang his Hat or his Periwig on; and that if it were put to his Choice, he would as soon lose that as any other Part about



about him ; that the chief End of Man was to dress well, and Death itself was not so formidable as a *Dis-habille*. But whether does this Subject hurry me? Or how came that sower Monosyllable *Death* in our Pen's Way? Faith, *Tam*, I dare trust my Thought no longer with so melancholy a Theme. So hoping you'll be so kind to your self, as to consider more of this Matter, I am

*Votre tres humble Serviteur.*

The Shoulder-knot Cabal meets to Morrow Night near St. *James's*, to do a singular Act of Justice, and to think of Ways and Means how to restore those long-neglected Ornaments. Your Company is expected there.

*To a young Lawyer that dabbled in Poetry.*

SIR,

YOUR Friends in the Country, understanding, to their Grief, that you are infected with Verse-making, by the same Token that the Spots of *Parnassus* have broke out upon you in several Love-Sonnets, and a Pindarick Ode upon the *Peace*, they have desir'd me, whom they knew to labour under the same Distemper formerly, to attempt your Cure, with the same Prospect, I suppose, as the People of *Spain* and *Italy* employ the Priests to exorcise the Devil, because they are best acquainted with him. Take it therefore for an undoubted Truth, that Law and Poetry are as incompatible as War and Plenty, and that the Lawyer and Poet can no more inhabit in the same Person, than a Beau and Chimney-sweeper. The Law proposeth Interest for its End, and that Consideration makes its Thistles palatable ; but you'll find your self damnably mistaken, if you think to advance your self by the Muses. After you have spent your whole Age in their Service, you must not expect to have your Arrears paid so much as in Malt-Tickets or Exchequer Notes. They'll put you off to one Mrs. *Tattle*, alias *Fame*, the veryest Coquet that ever was ; and that prating Gossip



will sham you with an Immortality-Ticket, forsooth, which is not to become due to you 'till you are laid asleep in a Church-yard; and neither you nor your Heirs will be a Farthing the better for it. What is worse, the nine Sisters above-mention'd will not only disappoint your Expectations as to a Reward, but will engross all your Favours, and suffer no Rivals to interfere with them. Like the *East-India* Women, they'll expect you should prove constant, and bestow no Marks of Benevolence elsewhere, otherwise conclude to be poison'd by them, and made incapable of any Thing else; and nothing, you know, is so furious as the Revenge of a discarded Mistress. If you design to touch at the most advantageous Port in the Land of Poetry, call'd the Theatre, consider how visible the Dangers, and how unsuitable the Returns are. To please the Ladies, you must take Care to lard the Dialogue with Store of luscious Stuff, which the Righteous call Bawdy: To please our Reformers, you must have none; otherwise gruff *Jeremy* will be upon your Bones. In short, a Poet has as hard a Task on't to manage, as a Passive Obedience Divine that preaches before the Commons on the 30th of *January*. Then, to sit with an aking Heart for three long Hours behind the Scenes, within an Inch of Damnation all the while, though you should come off never so victorious, can you imagine the succeeding Pleasure can make you Amends for so much Pain and Anguish? But you fancy the *Indies* are lodg'd in *Drury-Lane*, and that the *Spanish* Plate-Fleet is not to be compar'd to a good third Day. To undeceive you then, the Theatre is not so overstock'd with ungodly Mammon, as you may believe. *Rablais* somewhere saith, that the very Shadow of an Abbey-steeple is enough to get a Woman with Child; and I can tell you, for your Comfort, that the Shadow of the Theatre is starving, and the Air of it as naturally produces Poverty, as that of the Hundreds in *Essex* begets Agues. There was a Woollen-draper in the *Strand*, that unhappily dream'd but of a Candle-snuffer of the House, who is at least four Removes from a Poet, and the poor Fellow broke within a Week after. So then, if you have the Fear of Interest before your Eyes, stick close to the Law, and let Poetry go to the Devil.



vil. *Ovid* will be an everlasting Testimony of this truth to all Ages of the World. His Father, like a wise old Gentleman, design'd him for the Bar; but the giddy Fop flung up that Profession, and set up for a Wit; but observe, I beseech you, what he got by the Exchange. By some of his foolish Verses he drew the Emperor's Displeasure upon himself, who sent him a grazing, to teach him more Manners, and so he liv'd a miserable Fugitive, *in partibus infidelium*, where he had Leisure enough to curse the versifying Planet which betray'd him to these Extremities. One or two perhaps in the Compass of six thousand Years have made their Fortunes by it; but is this any Encouragement for you to betake your self to *Apollo's* high Road? What Man of ordinary Sense would hazard his All in a Lottery, in Hopes of meeting a benefited Ticket, where he has Forty thousand to One Odds against him. Besides, Business and Poetry agree as ill together as Faith and Reason; which two latter, as has been judiciously observ'd by the fam'd Tub-drubber of *Covent Garden*, can never be brought to set their Horses together. Those poor Rogues, that do *Apollo's* Drudgery, like the Servants that belong to Dr. Ch—n's Land-Office, must ev'n take their Labour for their Pains; for *Apollo* and the Doctor pay no Wages; and they agree in this too, that Paper passes with both for ready Money.

On the other Hand, the Law has all the Baits you can think of to take you: Crowds of Clients to dance Attendance at your Chamber every Morning: Wealth perpetually flowing in upon you, and all this attain'd with a few Qualifications; nothing but a strong pair of Bellows, call'd Lungs, and a Forehead of the *Corinthian* Order, are required. So that if you abandon so rich a Soil, to starve upon a barren Common, the very Stones in *Westminster-Hall*, like the Blood of the Recorder's Horses, will rise up in Judgment against you. After all, if you are not Master of Philosophy enough to set your self at Liberty, and cannot entirely shake off the rhiming Disease, let me advise you, as a Friend, to trespass that Way in private; let not your Mistress, nor so much as your Bottle-Companion, know any Thing of the Matter; but when the Writing-



Fit is upon you, do it with as much prudent Circumspection as discreet Thieves when they are going to commit Burglary. Otherwise you must lie under the Scandal of being thought a disaffected Man to *Cook* and *Littleton*; and if that should arrive to my Lord Chief Justice's Ears, good Night to your Practice. This is all that I have at present to say upon this Head, who am

*Your most humble, &c.*

*A comical Letter out of the famous Monsieur de Colletier, to Mademoiselle de Choux.*

*Madam,*

**D**ID you ever see an Almanack in your Life? You'll say this is an odd Question. I'll give you the Reason then why I ask'd it: There's an odd Sort of a Fellow usually pictur'd in it, Madam, with the Devil knows how many Darts in his Body. And what of him? Cry you. Why, Madam, he's only a Type of your humble Servant; for that Son of a Whore *Cupid* has so pink'd me all over with his confounded Arrows, that, by my Troth, I look like, —— let me think, like what? —— like your Ladyship's Pin-cushion. But this is not all: Your Eyes had like to have prov'd more fatal to me, than *Cupid* and all his Roguery; for, Madam, while I was Star-gazing t'other Night at your Window, full of Fire and Flame, (as we Lovers use to be) I dropt plumb into your Fishpond, by the same Token that I hiss'd like a red-hot Horse-shoe flung into a Smith's Trough. 'Twas a hundred Pounds to a Penny but I had been drown'd; for those that came to my Assistance, left me to shift for my self, while they scrambled for boil'd Fish that were as pentiful as Herrings at *Rotterdam*. Some of my Fellow-sufferers I caught, of which I intend to make an Offering to your Ladyship, as well as of, Madam,

*Your most devoted Slave,*

Colletier.

To



*To Madam. —*

AS nothing is so honourable as an ancient Friendship, so nothing is so scandalous as an old Passion. Undeceive yourself, Madam, of the false Merit of being faithful, and take it for a certain Truth, that Constancy is the only Thing in the World that can bring the Reputation of your Beauty in Question. Who knows whether you resolv'd to love but one Person, or whether it was your Happiness to find but one single Lover. Malicious People will be apt to fancy the latter.

You vainly imagine that you practise a Vertue, while, alas! you make us suspect you have Defects we don't perceive. In the mean Time, consider how many Inquietudes accompany this pretended Vertue, and what a vast Difference there is between the Disgusts that an old Engagement gives us, and the pleasant Conflicts of a growing Passion.

In a new Amour we pass every Hour of the Day with new Satisfaction. 'Tis an expressible Pleasure to find that our Love grows upon us every Minute; but in a Passion of an old standing, our Time is spent very uneasily, in still loving less, or not loving at all.

We may live well enough with Persons that are indifferent to us: either common Civility, good Manners, or the Consideration that they may sometimes be serviceable to us, may reconcile us to it: But how miserably do we pass our Lives with them whom we love, when we find that we are not belov'd again?

I have only four Words more to say to you, and I will be so free with you as to desire you to make some Reflection upon them. If you continue still to place your Affection upon that which ought to displease you, 'tis a Sign you have none of the best Tastes; and if you have not Resolution enough to quit that which makes you uneasy, 'tis a downright Weakness; you ought to put it into your Litany, and pray to be deliver'd from it.



*Out of the Reflections of Monsieur Villiers.  
To his much esteem'd Friend, Monsieur-----,  
shewing the Difference between a young  
Lady and an old Hypocrite.*

I Remember that the last Time I had the Honour of your Conversation, we happen'd to talk of several Persons that made a great Ostentation of their Piety, and pass'd for Saints in the Places where they lived, who, as we had just Occasion to suspect, by their over-acting the Farce, were downright Cheats if truly examin'd. I was going to confirm this with a Story that lately fell within my own Observation; but happen'd to be interrupted by the coming in of fresh Company, which put a Stop to the Discourse. However, as it is worth your knowing, I have given myself the Trouble to send you a full Account of it in this Letter.

About a Month ago I had Occasion to travel into the Country with two Ladies, one of them a young Marchioness, descended of one of the noblest Families in the Kingdom; the other a Lawyer's Widow, about fifty Years old, who took the same Title upon her, tho' the Meanness of her Extraction, and her Husband's Employment, that was none of the most honourable, might have secur'd her, one would have thought, from so ridiculous a Temptation. But being left very rich, her own Vanity, and the Complaisance of her Friends, had made her a Marchioness, and this was the Title she receiv'd on all Occasions, and at last challeng'd as her Due.

I had but little Acquaintance with either of them, but I was engag'd in this Journey by a Friend, whose Commands I could not well disobey, and who knew both these Ladies perfectly well.

We were going to the Government of the young Marchioness's Husband, where she was expected, and Preparations were made on the Road for her Reception, the old Marchioness travelling only as her Companion; however, she had her Share of all the Honours and Civilities.



lities that were paid to the other. At the first City where we arrived, as soon as we had alighted out of the Coach, the young Marchioness was invited to a very pleasant Walk without the Town; and it being Summer time, she embrac'd the Motion: But the old Lady taking an Air of Authority upon her, said it would be much better to go to Church, and hear a good Sermon there. The young Marchioness told her, she might go thither if she pleas'd, while she took a Walk. This Answer cruelly nettled the Widow; but she dissembled the Matter as well as she could, and, taking the next Way to the Church, she desir'd me to bear her Company thither. Altho' this Fit of Devotion seem'd somewhat unseasonable to me, yet good Manners would not suffer me to let her walk alone. So with her I went, and all the Way had the Satisfaction to hear her vent her godly Spleen very plentifully at the young Marchioness; she told me a hundred reproachful Stories of her; nay she did not forbear to censure even her Conduct. This Language continu'd 'till she came into the Church-Porch. I admir'd with my self how it was possible for so zealous a Sermon-hunter to be so damnable censorious.

All the while she was at Church, she made up her Mouth as demurely as the best of the Congregation; as soon as it was over, she re-assum'd the old Argument, and rail'd on as fast as her malicious Lungs would give her leave, 'till we came to the young Marchioness, who was still walking in the Garden. I had there an Opportunity to discourse the young Lady in private; and to satisfy my self whether there had been any former Quarrel between them; turn'd the Conversation upon the old Marchioness, of whom she spoke in very obliging Terms, and did not say the least Syllable of her that was disrespectful. I then made no Difficulty to conclude, that this formal Hypocrite, that was perpetually disgorging broken Ends of Sermons, and pelting every Body that came near her with Texts of Scripture, was nothing near so vertuous at Bottom as the young Lady, who kept her Devotion to herself; and I made a thousand Observations during this short Journey, that fully confirm'd me in this Opinion.

The



The young Marchioness, who, as I told you before, made no great Noise or Bustle about her Religion, spent but half an Hour at her *Toilet*, and always got ready one of the first for her Journey.

The old Lady spent no less than three Hours in tricking herself, and made the Company perpetually tarry for her.

Our Religious Dame, for all her Pretences to Mortification, thought it no Sin to patch and paint her self: The Marchioness, content with her Face such as Heaven made it, scorn'd to have Recourse to such Artifices.

The former must always have her Gellies, and Broths, and Caudles, and the Lord knows what, brought to her before she would venture her Carcase out of Bed; the latter never thought of eating 'till the very Moment before she went into her Coach.

The young Lady was always in good Humour, spoke well of every Body, was satisfy'd with every Thing, and carefully avoided all the Complements and Honours that were done her, in a Country where she was Mistress.

On the other Hand, the old Marchioness, who was a perfect Stranger in it, not only took every Occasion to receive them, but was always complaining that she had not Respect enough paid her: The Beds were never good enough for her, the Dinner never pleas'd her, the Servants were always sawcy or negligent, the Bills unreasonable, the Coach-man either drove too fast or too slow: Still she found one Opportunity or another to vent her pious Indignation. No Body's Name could be mention'd to her, but still she found something to blame in their Conduct. Then she was the most imperious Devil alive to her Servants, none of her Women ever liv'd a full Fortnight with her. In short, she was eternally railing, censuring, and backbiting; but still she did it with a godly Air, and in the Language of the Old Testament.

If any one now should ask me the Question, which of these two I thought to have the most Religion, I should immediately declare my self in Favour of the young



young Marchioness; and yet to see how partially the World judges of Persons, the young Lady passes by common Consent for a Woman that is wholly devoted to the World, and the other is universally taken for a Saint.

Thus you see how easily the World is impos'd upon by a fair Outside and glittering Appearance. 'Tis true, your Persons of Sense see through these thin Disguises, and are sensible of the Cheat; but where you meet one of that Character, you find ten thousand Fools that always assist to deceive themselves. A Man of true Piety, that has no Designs to carry on, like one of an establish'd Fortune, always make the least Noise. One never pulls out his Money, the other never talks of Religion, but when there's Occasion for it.

This puts me in Mind of a Passage that happen'd t'other Day. I made a Visit one Afternoon to Madam ———, where I found several City-Ladies of the first Magnitude. After a great deal of foolish Chat about the Duty of Husbands, and the Infidelity of the Men, some Body in the Room, by what Accident I have now forgot, trump'd up *Silvius's* Name, who you know is a Man of great Merit, and has the Happiness to be well receiv'd by the fair Sex. Says a starch'd Piece of Formality, I wonder how he comes to make so many Conquests; but for my Part, tho' he sigh'd a whole Age at my Feet, I am sure I should never lose a Moment's Repose for him. I don't know the Gentleman, replies another Lady; but if he is what the World represents him, I dare not answer to my Heart, that I could maintain it long against him. This latter spoke her Sentiments honestly, and without Reserve, whereas the other was a dissembling Coquet, that had bury'd two Husbands, and was looking out for a third; and, if warmly attack'd; would, I dare answer for her, swallow a Temptation without making wry Faces, as readily as an Usurer does an Orphan.

But tho' a good Reason may be given why we have so many Hypocrites in Religion, when they make their Fortunes by it, I could never comprehend the Mystery, that the Generality of the World should be such

Asses,



Asses, to value themselves for Things that are apparently false.

*Lucius* is the Grand-son of a Chimney-sweeper, all the World knows it, and yet the Sot values himself, in all Companies, upon his noble Extraction, everlastingly talks of the Services which his Ancestors have done the Publick. Yet, says a Gentleman to him one Day, finding him upon this Strain, the publick is obliged to your Ancestors, if it had not been for them, *Paris* had been in Danger of burning more than once.

*Stentor* is one of the vilest Preachers that ever murder'd a Text: He has nothing but his Lungs and Impudence to recommend him: He had never Learning enough at the College to get him a Degree, nor Reputation enough in the City to get twenty Auditors together to sit with him throughout; yet in all his Sermons this Insect quotes Fathers and Councils with as much Assurance as if he knew them, and talks of nothing but the vast Multitudes that flock from all Quarters to hear him.

*Æmelia* is an antiquated Maid, censorious and deformed, she has often brib'd Midwives and Persons to proclaim her for a great Fortune, and twenty times given Money to be join'd in a Lampoon with twenty Sparks one after another, to try if something would come on't. But after all her Intriguing, she could never yet find any one Cully weak enough to marry her: Yet she perpetually tells every one she sees, what advantageous Matches she has refus'd in her Time; such a Lord languish'd, and such a Knight run mad for her. And if you'll believe Captain *Buff*, the King has not dispos'd of the Government of a Fort these twenty Years, but he has had the first Offer of it.

But I forget I am writing a Letter, and have launch'd into an Essay: Therefore I will end abruptly here, rather than trespass any longer upon your Patience, and only beg Leave to add that I am

*Your most humble Servant.*

*Miscel-*





## Miscellaneous Letters.

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A LETTER to the Duke of Buckingham in York-shire.

My Lord,

 N humble Servant of yours here in Town, Monsr. *Borne* by Name, is so fully satisfy'd of the Reality of your Reformation, that he expresses himself in these Terms to all that have the Honour to know you.

I dare venture my own Salvation upon the same Bottom with that of the Duke of *Buckingham's*, so firmly do I believe the Sincerity of his Conversion.

Conversion, says Mr. *Waller* to him, have a Care what you say: People don't use to be converted now a-Days so easily. This new Reformation you talk of in the Duke of *Buckingham* is owing neither to you nor me, nor yet to any Man living.

'Tis a new Friend of his, but one that has been dead the Lord knows how many hundred Years ago, that has very lately brought about this miraculous Change that so surprizes us.

I mean *Petronius Arbiter*, the most delicate Man of his Age, for Poetry, Painting and Musick. One that perpetually study'd and pursu'd Pleasure, one that turn'd the Day into the Night, and the Night into the Day; but at the same Time so absolute a Master of himself, that whenever his Affairs required it, he was one of the most regular Men in the Universe.

The Duke of *Buckingham*, who has long ago resembled him in a thousand other Qualities, was resolved



ved of late to imitate him too in this. Thus I have shown you, Monsieur *Borne*, from whence proceeds this Alteration in his Grace's Life, which you, it seems, have mistaken for a Conversion.

But with both these Gentlemen's Leave, I shall account for it after another Manner.

'Tis a certain Maxim with me, that no Man of a nice Palate can love Vice, when once it ceases to be agreeable; so, for my Part, I don't wonder that a Person of so refin'd and delicate a Taste as your Grace, takes up with the Vertue of Continence in the *North*, where you have no Objects to tempt and disturb you. But I dare engage that if we had you here in Town, and shew'd you some of our topping Beauties, that have Charms enough to conquer the most insensible, we should soon find the new Convert of Monsieur *Borne*, and Mr. *Waller's* new *Petronius*, to be nothing in the World but the true genuine Duke of *Buckingham*.

Heaven forbid that I should ever be so wickedly given, as to dissuade your Grace from so comfortable a Quarter as Love. But I have another Sin to propose to you, which of your self you would never guess, and yet I recommend it sincerely to you, and from the Bottom of my Heart. I confess, it has a Scurvy Name, and the World calls it *Covetousness*; however, it would be of more Advantage to your Grace, than the Wisdom of Philosophers, and the Glory of Conquerors. To be short, I should rather chuse to see your Grace copy any of the Heroes in *Lombard-street*, than either *Socrates* or *Cesar*. Where the Difficulty is great, the Merit of surmounting it is great. Now all the World knows that your Grace will find it infinitely more troublesome to you to imitate the former, than the two latter Gentlemen.

As we don't all on the sudden arrive to the Height of Perfection, I am not so vain as to expect you should practise all the Rules of Oeconomy at first Sight, nor so morose as to advise you to deny your self every Thing amongst so great an Affluence as surrounds you. All I beg of your Grace, is, that you would have a watchful Eye upon your City Friends, that have the finger-

ing.



ing of your Money, to keep them honest in spite of themselves. For unless, out of Tenderness to their Souls, you hinder them from playing the Knaves, I dare swear for them that they would venture Damnation a hundred Times a Day, and all in your Grace's Service.

And now if you think it worth your while, when you come next to *London*, to bring a small Retinue with you, but a great deal of Money in your Pocket, you will certainly be the Wonder of the whole Nation. If you neglect this Advice, the greater Part of the World will never be for you, and you must content your self with a few Admirers in private, of whom I shall always be first, who am,

*Your most humble Servant.*

*A Letter to the Dutcheſs of MAZARINE:  
Out of French.*

I Have presum'd, Madam, to send you some Advice, tho' I am sensible how little you Ladies care to receive any. But let the Effect be what it will, I am too much in the Interest of your Beauty, not to inform you, that you'll injure it extreamly, should you be so ill advised as to set off and adorn your self after the Fashion of the Court-Ladies on the Queen's Birth-Day. Let others of your Sex make Use of Ornaments; for, properly speaking, they are but so many artificial Helps, which we employ to cover the Defects of Nature, or else to give us some Agreements that are wanting in our Persons. But, Heaven be praised, Madam, you lie under no such Necessity: Every Ornament that is bestow'd upon you, hides a Charm, as every Ornament that is taken from you, restores you some new Graces; and you are never so lovely, as when we behold nothing in you but your self.

The greatest Part of the Ladies lose themselves very advantageously under their Dress. How many indifferent Faces pass well enough with Jewels and Diamonds,



monds, and conquer Hearts by Candle-light, that would make a very sorry Figure without them. The richest Necklace in the World would have an ill Effect upon you. It would make some Alteration in your Person, and every Alteration that happens to a perfect Beauty, would certainly be for the worse.

Leave others then to ruin themselves by their Jewels, and other Decorations; Nature that has been at so vast an Expence to frame you, has fav'd you that Charge. You, Madam, would be very ungrateful, and we should discover but a wretched Taste, should we not be equally content with that Profusion of Gifts she has heap'd upon you.

I would counsel you, Madam, to take the same Measures on her Majesty's Birth-Day, which the famous *Bussy d'Amboise* formerly observ'd at a Tournament. Being inform'd before-hand, that all the Noblemen of the Court design'd to put themselves to an extraordinary Expence in their Equipages and Cloaths, he order'd those of his Retinue to be dress'd like Lords, and appeared himself in the plainest Dress in the World, at the Head of so rich a Train. The Advantages of Nature were so conspicuous in the Person of *Bussy*, that he alone was taken for a great Lord, and the other Noblemen, that rely'd so much upon the Magnificence of their Habits, pass'd but for Valets.

Govern yourself, I beseech you, Madam, by the Example of *Bussy*: Let your Women be attir'd like Dutcheesses, but as for your self, appear in the ordinary Dress of a Country Nymph, with nothing but the Charms of your Beauty to recommend you. All the Ladies will be taken for your Women, and the Plainness of your Habit will not hinder you from out-shining all the Queens in the Universe.

I have no great Inclination to tell Stories, which, perhaps, is nothing but the Effect of an ill-grounded Vanity, that makes me prefer the expressing of what I imagine, to the reciting of what I have seen. The Profession of a Story-teller fits but awkwardly upon young People, and is downright Weakness in old Men. When our Wit is not arriv'd to its due Vigour, or  
when



when it begins to decline, we then take a Pleasure in telling what does not put us to any great Expence of Thought. However, I will for once renounce the Pleasure which I generally take in my own Imagination, to recount to you a short Adventure, which I once saw happen at the *Hague*.

During my Residence in that Place, some malicious *Dæmon* put it one Day into the Head of a certain Count and his Friend, to draw the Eyes of the Spectators after them. To put which noble Design in Execution, they both resolv'd that their Dress should have all the Magnificence which this Part of the World was able to give it, and at the same Time discover the Goodness of their Invention.

The Count, who was one of the nicest Men of his Age, had a thousand Singularities to distinguish him. He had a Plume of Feathers in his Hat, which was button'd up by a Diamond, the largest that could be found for this Occasion: He wore about his Neck some *Point de Venise*, which was neither a Cravat nor a Band, but a small Ruff, which had serv'd him formerly instead of a *Golille* when he liv'd at *Madrid*. After this, Madam, you would expect to find him in a Doublet, after the *Spanish* manner, but, to your Surprise, I must tell you, it was an *Hungarian* Vest. Then the Ghost of Antiquity haunted his Memory, he cover'd his Ancles with Buskins, but infinitely richer than the ancient *Romans* us'd to wear them, on which he had order'd his Mistress's Name to be written in Letters that were extreamly well design'd upon an Embroidery of Pearls.

From his Hat down to his Vest 'twas all singular, and odd, and fanciful: By the latter you would have taken him for the Count *de Serini*, or some Beau of Quality, dropt out of the *Hungarian* World; and an old Picture of *Cæsar* or *Scipio* had inspir'd him with the noble Thought of wearing Buskins.

As for his Friend, he had apparell'd himself after as extraordinary a manner as he possibly could, but it was in the modern *French* Way: His Cravat reach'd down to his Middle, and had Stuff enough in it to make a Sail  
for



for a Barge. A most prodigious Cravat-string peep'd from under his Chin, the two Corners of which, in Conjunction with a monstrous Perriwig, that would have made a *Laplander* sweat under the *Northern* Pole, eclips'd three quarters of his Face. In short, he was so be-ribbon'd all over, that one would have thought all the Milliners in the place had join'd their Stocks to furnish him.

This, in short, was the Equipage of our *Messieurs*, when they made their Appearance in the *Voorhout*, which is the Place where Persons of Quality use to take the Air, and divert themselves.

They were scarce enter'd upon the Spot, when Multitudes ran from all Hands to gaze and stare at them; and as every Body was surpriz'd at so fantastick a Scene, they could not tell at first whether to admire it as extraordinary, or to ridicule it as extravagant. In this uncertainty of thought, as they were going to determine it one way or another, *Monf. de Louvigny* arriv'd in the Place, and put a stop to their grave Contemplation. He wore a plain black Suit, and clean Linnen made up the rest; but then he shew'd one of the finest Shapes and most agreeable Face that can be imagin'd: His modest Deportment silently insinuated the Merits of all his excellent Qualities. Having thus describ'd his Charms to you, 'tis no difficult Matter to guess how the Company receiv'd him: The Ladies were touch'd, and the Men were infinitely pleas'd. In short, Madam, all the Spectators were as much affected, as the poor Count and his Friend were mortify'd, to their great Disappointment.

People still remember at the *Hague* how triumphantly *Monf. de Louvigny* came off, and still make Sport with telling the ill Success of the two aforesaid Gentlemen.

I need not give my self the Trouble, Madam, to make a formal Application of this Story to you, who have a Judgment so exquisitely nice and discerning. Let my Advice meet with what Entertainment it will, none of your Subjects prays so heartily for your long and happy Reign over us, as,

Madam,

Your most humble Servant, &c.





# Jo. Haines in Penance:

Or, his Recantation-Prologue, at his acting of Poet Bays in the Duke of Buckingham's Play call'd The Rehearsal. Spoken in a white Sheet, with a burning Taper in his Hand, upon his Admittance into the House after his Return from the Church of Rome.

Written by T. Brown, for his Friend Jo. Haines.

**A**S you dislike the Converts of the Nation,  
That went to *Rome* and left your Congregation,  
By the same Rule, pray kindly entertain  
Your penitent *lost Sheep* return'd again.  
For re-converted *Haines*, taught by the Age,  
Is now come back to his primitive Church, the Stage;  
And own my Crime, of leaving in the Lurch  
My Mother *Playhouse*; she's my Mother Church,  
As Penitents do go from you to *Rome*,  
A Penitent from *Rome* to you I come;  
Tho' I from *Rome* to you did never go  
As Runagade for her, but Spy for you.  
For seeing the *Beau* and *Banterers* every Day  
Ev'n tir'd with themselves in ev'ry Play,  
I went to *Rome*, to seek for Fops more new,  
And more ridiculous than any of you;  
A Miracle from *Rome*, I thought, might do.  
Besides, I left ye, all design'd for *Rome*;  
But seeing ye came not over, I came Home:  
For I, like you, finding my self mistaken,  
Did early tack about, to save my Bacon.  
Pox on't! —

3

A



At *Rome*, a godly part they made me play ;  
 A damn'd unnatural one to me, you'll say :  
 They wou'd not let me roar, or rant, or swear,  
 But fobb'd me off with Penitence and Prayer,  
 Guess how that Penance relish'd with a *Player*.  
 That ever any *Player* should have the Face  
 Thus to pretend to such a Thing as *Grace* !  
 'Tis very hard, indeed, th' *Italian* Nation  
 Should put this Phiz a little out of Fashion ;  
 But yielding Nature, and this tempting Face,  
 Confirms me Flesh and Blood in spite of *Grace* :  
 Therefore, dear loving Sisters of the Pit,  
 Again your Brother Runnagade admit,  
 And don't despise me now because I've liv'd  
 Where sawcy Boys claim your Prerogative.

No, Sisters ; no, ———

I ne'er turn'd Heretick, in Love at least ;  
 'Twas decent Whoring kept my Thoughts still chaste :  
 But you, kind Sirs ! who here are daily known,  
 To love all Whores but her of *Babylon*,  
 Will never damn *Jo. Haines* for his Religion.

Well, Sirs ! ———

B'ing thus confes'd, and free from all Pollution,  
 I beg from your kind Hands my Absolution.

*Tho. Brown's Recantation of his Satire on  
 the French King. Suppos'd by some to be  
 written by Mr. Brown, tho' said by others  
 to be written by a Nonjuring-Parson.*

*Facit Recantatio Versum.*

**A**ND has this Bitch, my Muse, trapan'd me ?  
 Then I'm as much undone as can be ;  
 I knew the Jilt would never leave me  
 'Till to a Prison she'd deceive me :  
 Curst be the Wretch, and sure he's curst  
 That taught the Trade of Rhiming first :  
 'Tis a damn'd Trade, and who pursues it,  
 I'll pass my Word, at last, he rues it :

*Homer*



*Homer* and *Virgil* were but Tools,  
 Fit only for the Use of Fools.  
 And *Horace* too, with all his Art,  
 To Men of Sense not worth a Fart;  
 Even *Casaubon* for Satire famous,  
 Was but a jingling *Ignoramus*.  
 And all the rest, to *Ben*, and so forth,  
 A Crew of uselefs things of no Worth:  
 But now I have no Time to rail,  
 Alas! alas! I'm now in Jayl;  
 My Wits are rather on the Wrack  
 To save my own Poetick Back:  
 Yet, by the Way, 'tis very hard,  
 Poets, of all Men, shou'd be barr'd  
 From lab'ring in their proper Station;  
 Why, where's the Justice of the Nation?  
 Believe me, Sirs, as I am a Sinner,  
 I writ that Satire for a Dinner:  
 And stampt it with a Parson's Name,  
 Not as I meant them any Shame,  
 But since I must the Matter tell,  
 I thought 'twould make the Paper sell:  
 By all that's Good, and all that true is,  
 I ever lov'd and honour'd *Lewis*:  
 He's Great and Wise: more could I say,  
 But fear again to disobey;  
 And for his Priests, I here protest,  
 I value them like all the rest:  
 And tho' I curst them all, what then?  
 The Men are honest harmless Men.  
 Next for King *James* and Prince of *Wales*,  
 I always wish'd them happy Gales;  
 And for my sawcy naming *Molly*,  
 I own 'twas Impudence and Folly.  
 Lastly, for naming the *Non-Furor*,  
 Why that was but Poetick *furor*,  
 I know I have ungrateful been;  
 'Twas raging Hunger drew me in  
 T' abuse those very Friends that have  
 Almost preserv'd me from the Grave;

They're



They're honest Men, mark what I say,  
 If I love any Priests, 'tis they.  
 I now confess 'tis highly base,  
**T'** insult the Gown in such a Case:  
 And could the thing be done again,  
 I'd starve before I'd wrong such Men!  
 What shall I say, I here recant,  
 And own my self a Sycophant:  
 But, oh! I fear that will not do,  
 A thousand dismal thoughts pursue.  
 I'm all in Pain, and let me tell ye,  
 My Back begins to curse my Belly:  
 I'm just as if at Cart's-Arse ty'd,  
 With Hangman grinning by my Side,  
 And Mob of all Sorts crowding round me,  
 Advising *Ketch* to swinge me soundly;  
 And what torments me worst of all,  
 Methinks that some among them bawl,  
 'Tis he that for a Crown to spend,  
 Reviles crown'd Heads, betrays his Friend.  
 All this, 'tis true, I well deserve,  
 And yet 'tis very hard to starve;  
 So that if things were rightly stated,  
 Part of my Sentence might be bated:  
 I was of *Poppin's-Alley* Chief,  
 'Till forc'd from thence to seek Relief;  
 And to avoid some dang'rous Rogues,  
 Took shelter among Pedagogues.  
 'Twas then, like the *Sicilian* King,  
 Under strict Laws I Boys did bring;  
 And tho' I was but a Vice-Roy,  
 I cou'd command the chiefest Boy:  
 But here a little Time was spent,  
 Before I left my Government,  
 Was charg'd with Male-Administration,  
 And so pull'd down from regal Station.  
 To Town again disgrac'd I came,  
 For now 'tis vain to hide my Shame;  
 Where since I sharp'd, and spung'd, and tick'd,  
 Being always scorn'd, and sometimes kick'd.

And



And yet the worst is still behind,  
Oh! hear me but, and you'll be kind.  
For three long Weeks my Muse and I  
Had been shut up in Garret high:  
The Cause, I think, I need not tell  
Poet with P——convertible;  
While thus I lay in desperate State,  
In comes a Bawd, whose Name was *Kate*;  
A rampant Jade, where once I tabled,  
Who finding me of Strength disabled,  
Not Vows nor Promises could save me,  
But off she tears the Cloaths she gave me.  
And thus of Coat, e'en Shirt bereft,  
Poor naked *Tom* in Bed was left.  
In this most sharp and strange Distress,  
'Twas then I thought on trusty *Bess*;  
Who, tho' I knew she was but poor,  
I always found a faithful Whore:  
To her, without a long Petition,  
I briefly told my sad Condition.  
But I forgot to tell you how  
With hot *Ox*-cheek, and Heel of Cow,  
With Trotters neat, and Tripe like Jelly,  
She oft had fill'd my empty Belly.  
And one Thing more I had forgot,  
Hot Fumety and Rife-Milk hot  
She never let me want; for why,  
It was her Trade the same to cry.  
I thought (poor Fool) she'd pity me,  
Who thus resolv'd to set me free.  
With twenty-pence which she had got,  
And Shillings Four, for Loan of Pot,  
To some convenient Bulk she hies,  
And there a Coat and Breeches buys;  
The want of Shirt too, to supply,  
Sends me her Smock, tho' hardly dry.  
And more, to fit me out compleat,  
For t'other Three-pence buys a Cheat.  
When thus equipp'd, Abroad I venture,  
Hoping on Subjects new to enter;



But all my Hopes prov'd vain, God wot,  
*Bess* still must want her Porridge-Pot.  
 My Belly too grows lank, for she  
 Had no Rice-Milk nor Fumety.  
 All Friends I try'd, not one was willing  
 To credit me with one poor Shilling:  
 In this Distress, without advising,  
 I fell to cursed Satyrising.  
 Oh! pity me, or I am lost,  
 Far worse than when in Blanket toss'd;  
 And if this Time I'm spar'd from whipping,  
 If e'er again you catch me tripping,  
 May all the Plagues that e'er beset  
 A Poet poor, on this Side Hell,  
 Sieze me at once, and may I be  
 A publick Mark of Infamy:  
 May all my Whores and Duns o'ertake me,  
 And all my Friends (even *Bess*) forsake me:  
 And may the P——, with which I struggle,  
 Join'd with the Gout, afflict me double:  
 May I at last by Inches die,  
 First lose my Nose, and then an Eye;  
 And when I'm dead, then may I have  
 A just *Memento* on my Grave.



## An ELEGY

*Suppos'd to be written by Stephen Switch,  
 upon Dobbin a Coach-Horse, who depart-  
 ed this Mortal Life on Saturday the 8th  
 of April.*

**O** H! cruel Death! whose Rage without Remorse is,  
 Why should'st thou persecute poor harmless Horses?  
 Whose righteous Blood, as said a Spokesman wise,  
 Against thy Malice will in Judgment rise.



On Courtiers thou'lt my Leave to be severe,  
 For now and then I grudge thee not a Peer;  
 Spiritual and Temporal, no Matter whether,  
 Or a whole Corporation take together.  
 Such *Gain*, methinks, might thy keen *Stomach* stay,  
 Considering thou'dst a *Whale* the other Day,  
 Then, why the *Plague* must thou on *Horse-flesh* prey?  
 It grieves my Conscience, and disturbs my Quiet,  
 To see thee giv'n to such *Tartarian* Diet.  
 Poor two-leg'd Beasts thou think'st not worth a Groat,  
 But into Porter's foolish Sport art got,  
 And must be playing at *All-Fours*, God wot.  
 Were I t'advise a Dinner for thy Palate,  
 A well-cram'd Priest should serve instead of Sallad,  
 Fat Draymen's Chines should be a standing Dish:  
 I'd have an Admiral, when I din'd on Fish.  
 If nought but tender Morsels wou'd go down,  
 Commend me to a Lady of the Town;  
 But for the choice tough Bit t'employ the Maw,  
 I'd take a Scriv'ner, or a Man of Law.  
 But thou'rt, I find, a Stranger to good Breeding,  
 And dost not know the Methods of good Feeding.

Oh! *Dobbin*, thou wert hurry'd off the Stage,  
 Just in the prime and Vigour of thy Age.  
 Howe'er, dear Beast, 'tis to thy Friends some Ease,  
 Thou fell'st by a Right Worshipful Disease.  
 Instead of Clyster, Balls, and Farriers Physick,  
 Thy Days, alas! were shorten'd by the Ptisick.  
 And all Men know (I speak it without scoffing)  
 That many an Alderman has dy'd of Coughing.  
 But if Heav'n's Justice will endure Inspection,  
 What had thy Lungs done to deserve Infection?  
 For I can swear thou ne'er had'st the Ambition,  
 To talk Profaneness, Bawdy, or Sedition.

Once more farewell, my dear belov'd *Quadruped*,  
 The Loss of thee has plainly made me stupid.  
 I knew thy Dad, thy Mother, and thy Grandfir,  
 But thou return'st to my Complaint no Answer.  
 No *Hugmatee*, nor *Flip*, my Grief can smother;  
 I lov'd thee, *Dobbin*, better than my Brother.



Since then so lame my Muse, so dull my Wit is,  
I'll have thy Epitaph compos'd by *Pittis*.

*To Mr. Justice Higden, upon the ill Success  
of his Play.*

**N**O longer your expected Play conceal,  
But to a more impartial Court appeal.  
The Righteous few, true to the Cause of Wit,  
Will soon reverse the Sentence of the Pit.  
Why should their Censure Men of Sense alarm?  
Those Sons of *Muggleton* can do no Harm.  
The Wit, that oft their Malice dooms,  
Outlives its Judges, nay, outlasts their Tombs.  
Thus 'twas my Fate to visit once a Friend,  
Whom dire foreboding Omens did attend:  
The Doctor tells him, Sir, your Hour is nigh,  
Send for the Parson, and prepare to die.  
In vain the help of Physick you implore,  
Art has been try'd, but Art can do no more.  
With this the angry Patient rais'd his Head,  
And, Doctor, do you then conclude me dead?  
Peace, you grave Sot, elsewhere your Cant bestow,  
I'll bury half the College e'er I go.  
And spite of that learn'd Phiz, and rev'rend Beard,  
Will live to see your Rascals'hip interr'd.  
Thus he run on, and as his Stars decreed,  
Was soon from his unkind Distemper freed:  
Left his vain gaping Kindred in the Lurch,  
And saw the Velvet Fop born decently to Church.

*To the same, upon his Play's being damn'd,  
for having too much Eating and Drinking  
in it.*

**F**riend *Harry*, some furious Pretenders to thinking,  
Say thy Play is incumber'd with Eating and Drink-  
(ing,  
That too oft in all Conscience thy Table's brought out,  
And unmerciful Healths fly like Hail-shot about.

Such



Such a merry Objection who e'er could expect,  
That does on the Town, and its Pleasures reflect?  
Are a Dish and a Bottle grown quite out of Fashion?  
Or have the spruce Bears found a new Recreation?  
Else why should these Fops be so monstrous uncivil,  
As to damn at a Play what they like at the Devil?

*Upon persecuting it with Cat-calls.*

WHEN to *Moloch* of old, by Way of Oblation,  
Any Jew of his Son made a wicked Donation;  
The Priesthood with Trumpets and Drums made a Noise,  
To stifle his Groans, and extinguish his Cries.  
Thus our fierce modern Heroes, those Jews of the Pit,  
When to damn a poor Author's Attempt, they think fit,  
With Cat-calls so dreadful the House they alarm,  
Lest the Wit of the Play should their Fury disarm;  
Howe'er, they may pass with the rest of the Nation,  
Tho' their Malice I blame, I recommend their Discretion,  
For 'tis but convenient, you'll readily own,  
That the Beast should perform what the Man would  
(disown.

*A Pastoral on the Death of Queen MARY.*

SHE's gone the brightest Nymph what Bless'd the Green,  
No more the Beauty of her Eyes is seen.  
Who can from Grief's Extremities refrain,  
Or in due Bounds the swelling Tide contain?  
Who can behold this dismal Scene pass by  
With an unmov'd and unrelenting Eye?  
*London!* thou Pride and Glory of our Isle,  
Tho' in thy Bosom both the *Indies* smile;  
Oh! ne'er forget that un auspicious Day,  
Which thy best Treasure rudely snatch'd away.  
Thy busy *Change* be for a Season dumb,  
No sawcy Mirth within thy Mansions come;  
Let all thy Sons in mourning Weeds appear;  
Each Face shew Sorrow, and each Eye a Tear.



T' express their Duty, let all Hearts combine,  
And on this black, this sad Occasion join.

*Mourn, drooping Britain, mourn from Shore to Shore,  
Thy best beloved M A R I A is no more.*

Ye beauteous Virgins, that in moving Strains  
Were used to sing her Vertues on the Plains :  
Ye Shepherds too, who out of pious Care,  
Taught ev'ry Tree *MARIA*'s Name to wear ;  
Your rural Sports and Garlands lay aside,  
This is no Time for ornamental Pride ;  
But bring, oh ! bring the Treasures of your Fields,  
That short-liv'd Wealth which unbid Nature yields,  
The mourning Hyacinth inscrib'd with Woe,  
The beauteous Lillies that in Valleys grow,  
And all the Flowers that scatter'd up and down,  
Or humble Mead or lofty Mountains crown ;  
Then gently throw them all upon her Herse ;  
To these join lasting Bays and living Verse.

*Mourn, drooping Britain, mourn from Shore to Shore,  
Thy best belov'd MARIA is no more.*

Ye dauntless Hearts, that for your Country's Good  
All dangers scorn, and wade thro' Seas of Blood,  
In heavy Silence march around her Tomb,  
And then lament your own and *England's* Doom :  
For Death has by this single Stroke done more  
Than when (ten Thousand slain) he stalks in Gore.  
Ye pensive Matrons, who by Fortune crost,  
In foreign Fields have dear Relations lost,  
Now give a free and open Vent to Grief,  
Banish all Hopes, and think of no Relief ;  
That bounteous Princess, who so justly knew  
What was to blooming Worth and Merit due,  
Who as she lov'd on Valour still to smile,  
Ne'er fail'd to recompense the Soldier's Toil ;  
Is now (malicious Fate wou'd have it so)  
Hurry'd, alas ! to the dark Shades below.

*Mourn, drooping Britain, mourn from Shore to Shore,  
Thy best belov'd MARIA is no more.*

Ye miter'd Heads, and likewise you that wait  
Upon the Altar in a lower State,



Bewail the Loss of so divine a Prize,  
 And open all the Sluces of your Eyes.  
 Rome's gaudy Pomps her Mind could ne'er allure;  
 Firm to her Word, and in her Faith secure.  
 The sacred Scriptures were her daily Care,  
 Her only Exercise and Food, was Prayer.  
 Where can we now so great a Pattern find?  
 Where can we meet so bright, so pure a Mind?  
 Mourn, drooping Britain, mourn from Shore to Shore,  
 Thy best belov'd MARIA is no more.  
 But tho' proud Fate has done her utmost Spite,  
 And bury'd all her Hopes in endless Night;  
 Tho' rav'nous Death has seiz'd the richest Prey  
 That ever did a regal Scepter sway;  
 Her Name shall live, and still continue fair,  
 Fragrant as rich Arabia's Spices are:  
 While Albion in triumphant State shall reign  
 Queen of the Isles, and Goddess of the Main.  
 While Silver Thames in wanton Folds shall play,  
 And Tribute to the British Ocean pay:  
 While haughty Lewis shall remain abhorr'd,  
 And William be by all the World ador'd.  
 Our grateful Tongues her Vertues shall proclaim  
 Thro' all the distant Provinces of Fame:  
 Still in our Hearts shall chaste MARIA reign,  
 Tho' dead, her Station there she shall maintain.  
 Then Shepherds leave at last your mournful Lays,  
 And turn your Songs of Grief to Songs of Praise.

*Prologue to a Musick Speech in the Theatre  
 at Oxford.*

WELL! for a careful provident Bawd, say I,  
 Give my Mother-University.  
 Bless us! how neatly has she rank'd you here,  
 Where drawn in Love's Battalia, you appear,  
 The Black, the Brown, the Fair, and the not Fair.  
 I must confess the Case is alter'd now,  
 From what your narrow fulsome Box could show.



A Musick Room ! a fitter Name 'twould prove,  
 Call it a Stove, a Bathing Tub of Love,  
 Where sweating Scholar faints, and knows not why,  
 And melting Tallow-Chandler drips hard by,  
 And all this Heat from Love, or else *July*.  
 But now you're welcome hither, in this Row  
 Painting does in its full Perfection show,  
*Streeter* above you, Ladies here below.

Did not such Malice in your Beauties reign,  
 We yet might hope a Golden Age again :  
 When *Nature* taught her untold Tale of Love,  
 And Passion from a ragged Gown could move.  
 But now those Days are gone, and saucy Art,  
 Mimick of *Nature*, acts the noblest Part.

E'en Passion is successful in this Age,  
 Unless set off by *Love's* high Equipage.  
 The ruffling Pantaloon declares the Flame,  
 And the well-ty'd Cravat-string wins the Dame.  
 Plain Lovers, like plain Linnen, e'er cashier'd,  
 In whose behalf no Point has e'er appear'd :

What Hopes then have unhappy we to please,  
 Whom niggard Stars made not so vain as these ?  
 Alas ! we hate your gentle stinking Water,  
 Loath distill'd Oils, but those of Mother *Nature*.

This knew our Fates, and plac'd us in a Town  
 Where Beauty is so thin, so rarely sown ;  
 The Nymphs o'th Fleece, and the three Gates go  
 (down.

Like homely Peasants us'd to wholesome Meat,  
 When Love invites us to your splendid Treat ;  
 We'll gape and gaze, and make no hearty Meal,  
 Give us our sturdy Beef and Mutton still.

But let us not despair, I'll lead the Van,  
 And tho' I proudly say't, we Scholars can,  
 Altho' not act the Fop, yet play the Man.

We'll run at all, and freely take our Lot,  
 From the fair *Walcop* down to foul *Bess Scot*.



*The EPILOGUE.*

**A**S from a darken'd Room some Optick Glass  
Transmits the distant Species as they pass;  
The World's large landskip is from far descry'd,  
And Men contracted on the Paper glide.

Thus crowded *Oxford* represents Mankind,  
And in these Walls *Great Britain* seems confin'd:  
*Oxford* is now the publick Theatre,  
And you both Audience and Actors are:  
The gazing World on the new Scene attend,  
Admire the Turns, and wish a prosperous End.  
*Oxford*, the Seat of Peace, the quiet Cell,  
Where Arts, remov'd from noisy Bus'ness, dwell;  
Should calm your Minds, unite the jarring Parts,  
And with a kind Contagion sieze your Hearts.  
O! may its Genius, like soft Musick move,  
And tune you all to Concord and to Love.  
Our Acts which has in Tempest long been tofs'd,  
Could never rest on so secure a Coast.  
From hence you may look back on civil Rage,  
And view the Ruins of the former Age.  
Here a new World its Glories may unfold,  
And here be sav'd the Remnant of the old:  
But while our Thoughts on publick Cares are bent,  
Past Ills to heal, and future to prevent,  
Some vacant Hours allow to your Delight;  
Mirth is the pleasing Bus'ness of the Night,  
The King's Prerogative, the Subjects Right.  
Were all your Hearts to fullen Cares confin'd,  
The Body would be wary'd by the Mind.  
'Tis Wisdom's Part, betwixt Extrems to steer,  
Be Gods in Senate, but be Mortals here.

*Upon Mr. Creech's Translation of Lucretius.*

I.

**L**ET not the *Thracian* Bard admire,  
Whose powerful Strains the list'ning Stones inspire,

L 5



To keep just Measures with his Lyre :  
 Tho' taught by his commanding Harmony,  
 The Beasts forgot their native Cruelty,  
 And to a universal Peace did jointly all conspire.

2

Thy sacred Hand does more,  
 That does *Lucretius* again restore,  
 Who was a mighty Solitude before:  
 His rolling Atoms now we see,  
 In Squadrons and just Measures lie,  
 Even in Confusion now appears just Symmetry.

3

Nought but a heav'nly Hand could make  
 These Atoms their old Nothing forsake,  
 And a true decent Order take :  
 Thy charitable Hand has greater Wonders done,  
 And has *Lucretius* his own Errors shown:  
 Our modern Atheist grieves to see  
 His belov'd Sins so lash'd by thee,  
 That do't in this deserve e'en of Posterity.  
 What Trophies can thy Victory out do,  
 That triumph't o'er the present Times, the past, and  
 future too?

*Algern. Sidney's Letter of Advice to his  
 Friend concerning the Education of his  
 Son. By T. B.*

**S** Ince 'tis your only study, and your Care,  
 How to dispose of *Bob*, your Son and Heir,  
 I'll give you my Advice, Sir, in this grand Affair.  
 If *Bob's* ingenious, and a Boy of Parts,  
 Do not debauch him with the liberal Arts.  
 Those jilting Whores instead of Silk and Sattin,  
 Equipt in Linsey-Woolsey, *Greek*, and *Latin*,  
 Will spoil his Fortune if they once come at him.  
 But if he is mercurially inclin'd,  
 Of Wit sagacious, and heroic Mind,  
 He'd best pursue those honourable Courses  
 Of picking Pockets, and of taking Purfes;

And



And I'll prescribe the Lad a safe and true Gate,  
How to avoid the dreadful Path of *Newgate*;  
Lest bloody Judge and Jury should transport  
The *Boy* to *Tyburn*.———Send him to the Court;  
Where, in a Fortnight's Time he'll learn his Cue,  
Under———

To pick the Pockets of a free-born Nation,  
In furnishing two Dishes for Collation:  
Like learned Cooks, as all Men grant they are,  
To make the self-same Sawce to Peace and War.  
What better are we for this boasted Quiet,  
If we must pawn our Birth-right for our Diet?  
But since it is by Providence decreed,  
That liberty and Property must bleed;  
This only Comfort will their Sufferings ease,  
That, like good Christians, they depart in Peace.  
You cannot, Sir, do better for your Lad,  
Than bind him an Apprentice to this Trade:  
The King's his Surety, and will not neglect him,  
But with a Standing-Army still protect him.  
Yet if *Bob's* Talent lie not in his Brains,  
Make him a Parson, Neighbour, by all Means,  
His Road unto Preferment, Sir, is chaulk'd,  
In all my Life I ne'er knew Blockhead baulk'd.  
As rankest Weeds in richest Soil are found,  
So Spiritual Hemlock thrives in Holy Ground.  
The Church and State, like Sharpers, cry out Halves,  
One claims the Fools, the other all the Knaves.  
Thus, Sir, I've shewn you how your Son may rise,  
But do as seemeth good in your own Eyes:  
For if your *English* Stomach can't digest  
The rav'ning Courtier, or the Jackal Priest,  
Teach him yourself, and let the Son inherit  
His Father's Acres, and his Father's Merit:  
E'er Sense, that, like *Aurora*, does make Way  
For brighter Reason, the ensuing Day,  
With *Noll's* great Image fill his dawning Soul,  
His fancy flatter, and his Judgment rule.  
May's Action's suit unto his Country's Fame,  
And keep the Rebel in the *English* Name.

Let



Let him, like me, all Monarchy oppose,  
And pluck the Idol by his *Roman* Nose.

Your Servant,

Algernon Sidney.

P. S.

Your old Friend Mr. *Ludlow*'s in good Health,  
And hopes to live to see a Common-wealth.



A

# CHARACTER

O F A

## Low - Church Magistrate.



Have at last, with much Difficulty, procur'd you a Copy of the Character of a *Latitudinarian*, anatomiz'd, which you have so long, and with so much Importunity desired of me. All I can learn from the Paper is, that the Author calculated it for the *Meridian* of *York*, as I take it, (the Magistrate of which Place in the Year 44, was a famous *Ambidexter*) and that it will equally serve for any Corporation within his Majesty's Dominions; but I will not detain it from you any longer.

A *Latitudinarian* is a walking *Amsterdam* of Religions, out of whom all the *Ancient* and *Modern Heresies* might be easily retriev'd, though the Volumes of *Epiphanius* and *Ross* were lost. He thinks no part of the Church sacred but the *Weather-Cock*, and honours the Memory of him that invented a Windmill, because it can grind indifferently with *East, West, North, and South*. He talks  
much



much of *Moderation*, yet is as hot as one of his own Custards, and as *Cholerick* as a Hasty-pudding; he's as *Positive* in his own single Self, as an Assembly of splay-mouth'd Divines; *Geryon* and *Cerberus* were only *Types* of him, but though he has three Heads, *viz.* An *Independant*, a *Presbyterian*, and a *Church of England* Head, yet he has not *Brains* to furnish any one of them. By his *Wisdom* and *Gravity* one would think he had *Long Ears*; but 'tis certain he has none, for he is deaf to the *Cries* of the *Poor*, and though he devours Widows and Orphans at a Morfel, yet he has no Bowels. His *Conscience* is as unaccountable as a *Modern Hypothesis*, which spares Cockle-shells in *Noah's Flood*, and dissolves the hardest Mettals; for it starts at an *innocent Ceremony*, when it makes nothing to digest *Perjury* and *Oppression*. 'Tis impossible to frame an *Oath*, but what he'll readily swallow to gratify his *Ambition*. He calls them *State Counters*, takes them for his Interest, and breaks them for his Convenience; he calls God to witness, and yet believes nothing of his Existence, like the Fellow in *Plautus's Amphitrio*, that swears by *Hercules* before he was born. *Trade*, with him, is the *Law* and the *Prophets*; and, in Opposition to the Text, he's resolv'd to serve *God* and *Mammon* together. Had he liv'd in the Time of *Constantine*, he'd have gone to the *Christian Assemblies* one Day to save his Bacon, and to the *Heathen Temples* the next, to secure a Stake against a *Pagan Revolution*. The Men of *Gotham* are register'd for a Pack of Fools, for endeavouring to hedge in a *Cuckoo*; is it not then a scurvy Reflection upon a certain wise City's Care for Religion, to pitch upon a Cameleon for its Head, who changes his Colour as often as he shifts his Place? 'Tis pity that our Laws, that order so honourable a Reward for Plurality of Wives, have not made the same wholesome Provision against Plurality of Religions. He rails at *Superstition*, and pretends to stand up for the *Primitive Church*; but though we read that the Apostles were Fishers, they were not Water-men, to look one Way and row another.

He is very severe against the Bakers, and punishes them upon every Occasion; not for Cheats, for as such he



he honours them, but only to shew his Skill in the History of the Bible, where he finds it was one of that Profession that first hantell'd the Gallows. He designs to adorn the Annals of his Government with something extraordinary, and to purchase a Name, as *Herostatus* did of old, by *Inflaming* the Church. *Stow* and *Hollinshead*, that took such Pains to describe Calves with six Legs, and all other unnatural Births, if they had liv'd in our Age, what a strange Account would they have given of this tripple-headed Beast, that exceeds all the Monsters that ever were known in *Bartholomew* Fair, that ever *Africk* or *Holland* produc'd?

When his Dulness is mounted on Horseback, he makes me think of some ancient Coats of Arms, where the Supporters are of the same Species with the Beasts in the Scutcheon. If the City, to give another Instance of their Discretion, should chuse *Ball* to succeed his Master, as we find *Caligula* once design'd his Horse for the Consulship, I dare engage for *Ball*, that he'll make the soberer Magistrate of the two; and after he has had his Belly full of Hay and Oats in the Morning, that he won't kick and winch, and keep a Pother to be carry'd to Brewers Grains and chopt Straw in the Afternoon.

Whatever he may be to the rest of his Servants, his Cook leads a veary easy Life with him, and has as little to do all the Year round as a Barber in *Moscow*, a Lord Treasurer in *Scotland*, or a Taylor under the *Line* where they all go Naked. He preaches up Temperance at his own Table, but is an *Harpy* incarnate when he can devour on Free-cost, and hates no Sins but those that are expensive. He shews his Charity to the Poor, by providing Prison-room for them; and for fear they should die of Surfeits, takes care to let them Blood with a Dog-whip.

In his own single Self he out-does all the strange Changes in *Ovid's Metamorphosis*. *OEdipus* himself, were he alive, could never unriddle him. The Satyr, that quarrel'd with the Fellow in the Fable for blowing Hot and Cold successively with the same Breath: What would he say to our Flea-bitten Magistrate, that can do both at the same Instant? If he vary'd his Body as often as his Soul.



Soul tacks about, no Taylor could fit this *Posture Clark* in Religion, but he that made a Manteau for the Moon. In vain he promotes a Reformation, who ought to begin it at Home, and stands up for the *Sabbath*, which no one prophanes like himself; for he teaches more Atheism by his Example, than all the Parsons in the City can ever hope to preach down. He is of several Churches, but of no Religion, as we say of Hermaphrodites, that, by being of both Sexes, they are indeed of none, and can neither conveniently receive Love as Women, nor act it vigorously as Men. He pretends to hate Divisions, and yet encourages Schism which he foolishly judges to be expedient for the State; as the Women on the other side of the *Tweed* refuse to be cured of the Itch, because, forsooth it is wholesome.

*Nebuchadnezzar's* Image had a Head of Gold, and Feet of Clay. Our Idol has a Scull as soft as Pap, to a Face of Brass and Arms of Iron. Having mention'd Brass, commend me to that *Murus Abeneus*, his Conscience, which has long since learnt the Trick *Nullâ pallescere Culpâ*.

I wonder with what Pretence he can punish Beggars, who is himself the most inexcusable Vagrant in the three Kingdoms. If the *Pythagorean* System of Transmigration be true, the next Remove his Soul makes must be into an Otter, or some such amphibious Animal, for one single Element can never contain him. He alters his Shapes according to the Company he is in, like those experienced Sharpers, who when they are at Court would pass for good City Security, and when they are in the City, would be thought to have an Interest at Court. When he thinks his Authority will bear him out, *Lucifer* is less haughty and absolute; at other Times he's as submissive and humble as a *Temple-Bar* Vintner in the long Vacation. But who would not bestow a Cudgel upon this fawning Cur, that will leap over a Stick for the Pope's Nuncio, and next Minute do the same for a Crop-ear'd Tub-drubber?

He goes to a Sermon with the same Intent, as the Prisoners in Ludgate go to the Grate, only to shew his Chain; or, as the Beau goes to a Play, not to reform his Manners, but hear himself expos'd. But tho' he sees Hypo-



Hypocrisy lash'd every *Sunday*, he stands all the Fire the Parsons shall flash at him, like a managed Horse: He's convinc'd that 'tis a cowardly scoundrel Sin, yet he won't part with it, because it brings him in Gain: As I knew a fellow once that had Aches all over his Body, which punctually foretold all Changes in the Weather, yet could not be perswaded to be cur'd because he would not lose his *Almanac*, as he call'd it. Had this Linsey-Woolsey Brother liv'd under the *Mosaical* Dispensation, how finely had he been trounc'd, for plowing thus with an Ox and an Ass, and dividing himself so nice between a *Cassock* and a *Cloak*: He revives the Story of *Penelope*, still unravelling what he has done before, and unlearning under one Teacher what he learn'd under another.

The poor Cully in *Æsop*, with his two loving Wives, one of which clear'd his Head of the Black, and the other of his grey Hairs, 'till at last they left him none between them, is a true Emblem of him. The different Churches he goes to will so weed and purge him by Degrees, that they won't leave him a Rag of Religion to cover his Nakedness. With him, as in the Creation of the World, the Evening still goes before the Morning; for tho' he vouchsafes his Morning to the *Establish'd Church*, yet in his Heart he's at the *Meeting*, and his Thoughts still run upon his Afternoon's *Extempore* Repast. Thus he is guilty of *Schism*, even when he seems to assist at the publick Service; like the Man that committed *Adultery* with his own lawful Wife, by thinking on another. I never see him at the Cathedral, but he makes me think of an *Algerine* putting out *Christian* Colours. Indeed if the Churches were shut up, something might be said for his going to the *Barn*; for even *Horse-flesh* we know was laudable Diet at the Siege of *London-derry*. If he does it for Variety, 'tis a Sign he has a most wretched Palate. Who, but a Coxcomb would go to a *Farce* in *Smithfield*, when the Play-house is open? Who, that has din'd at *Locket's*, wou'd afterwards sup among Porters in a Cellar in the *Strand*?

This last Place puts me in Mind of his extraordinary House-keeping, tho' so great a Gormondizer of Spiritual Food, which costs him nothing, yet very little will



will content him in his own Kitchen. By the Power of good Management he can extract three Meals for himself and Family out of one single Shoulder of Mutton, which Piece of Frugality he learn'd, I suppose, from the Story of the *Welsh* Sheriff, that converted an old Cloak first into a Coat, then a Waistcoat, and last of all into a Pair of Breeches. I have heard of a Gentleman, who, purely to save his Money, would take a Coach that cost him Twelve-pence, to be trimm'd by a Twopenny *French* Barber in *Soho*. The City, perhaps, with equal Discretion, chose him to husband their Stock; but by starving the Poor, he has put the Parishes to such Charges in Burials, that they are not like to save any Thing by him; unless, as old *Chiron* was both a Tutor and a Pad-nag upon Occasion to *Achilles*, so they make the Beast serve them in a double Capacity, that is to say, both as their Horse and their Magistrate.

I have been told of a Man that had a very bad Memory, so very treacherous and unfaithful, that if he had made an Assignment in the Morning, he was sure to forget it long before the Hour came. Well, says he, to prevent this for the future, I am resolv'd to buy a *Memorandum-Book*: But what was he the better for it? He soon after forgot that he had bought any such Director to relieve his Memory. This is the Case of our *Latitudinarian*: When those of his Party are under Hatches, then all the Discourse runs upon Christian Forbearance and Condescension, and never a Passage in the Old or new Testament escapes him that makes for that Purpose. But when they are mounted, and in the Saddle, the Tables are turn'd, and he lays about him like Thunder and Lightning, and forgets that Persecution is the Mark of *Antichrist*. 'Tis true, all the while he devours you he cants of Moderation, and pretends he does it unwillingly; but this is only a Copy of his Countenance. He first tears you asunder, as the *Jews* did *Isaiah* of old, with a wooden Saw of a dull heavy Speech: But who wou'd not rather chuse to make a Breakfast for a generous Lyon, than to be eaten by a weeping Crocodile?



For my Part, I wonder that the Priests of the different Churches he repairs to, don't execute a Piece of Military Discipline upon him, and truss him up for a Spy. But I suppose he keeps in with all, by telling them severally in a Corner, that each performs best; like the Harlot in the Play, that was kept by three Gallants, and told each of them in private, that he was the Person that gave her the most Satisfaction. 'Tis next to a Miracle to me that the Priesthood, who are so sharp-sighted upon other Occasions, don't see thro' the thin Artifices of this bare-fac'd Impostor, and dart the Thunder of the Church upon a Wretch who pretends to be a Friend to all, and yet is an Enemy to the whole Tribe. I hope none of the Prophets have given it him under their Hands, that 'tis no Sin to go to the Temple of *Rimmon*. But this present contending between the several Perswasions to secure him to their Party, gives me a perfect Resemblance of an *Ant-bill*, where there is the same lugging, and tearing, and struggling about a dead Fly.

In short, our *Latitudinarian* is a Retainer to all Churches, but a Member of none; and will never have the Benefit of his Clergy, tho' he pretends to make his Court to all the various Sorts of them. 'Tis an unthinking Sot, that keeps the Streets cleaner than his own Conscience. At last, every Body finds out his Disguise and despises him; and as several Cities formerly contended who gave Birth to *Homer*, so, in his Case, all *Churches* and *Congregations* strive who shall disclaim him first. Tho' he has a middle Station here, he must not expect one in another World. *Lacifer* only can pay him the Wages of his Hypocrisy, in whose Clutches we leave him.

*Your most humble Servant,*

T. B.

T O





T O

Dr. *SHERLOCK*.

O N

Occasion of his taking the Oaths, 1690.

*A*ND have you now at length resolv'd to take  
 the Oath, so long refus'd for Conscience Sake?  
 So fam'd a Champion for the Loyal Church,  
 (So call'd) to leave her, and her Friends, i'th' Lurch!  
 Doctor, in short, you have amaz'd us all,  
 Making that nothing you Religion call.  
 Had you comply'd at first, 't had been a Jest,  
 And you no more to blame than were the rest;  
 But after such mature Deliberation,  
 (Preaching up Loyalty in Spite o'th' Nation)  
 At last, to turn Apostate on a sudden,  
 Shews, tho' a Church-man, that you are no good One.  
 The senseless Book y' have writ in your Defence,  
 Discovers more your Guilt than Innocence:  
 Each Argument therein does seem to say,  
 Your Reason, with Religion, 's fled away  
 Now some pretend you tempted were by Woman,  
 Nay, by a Wife, which is a Thing not common,  
 To sin against the Laws Divine and Human:

}  
 Her



Her Importunity was such, they say,  
 When you did Preach, she never ceas'd to Pray;  
 Until at length, by Force of much Perswasion,  
 She brought your Doctorship into the Fashion,  
 To take an Oath, to justify the Reign  
 Of William, till King James return'd again.  
 But, Doctor, most believe what she could say,  
 Had not prevail'd to make you go astray,  
 And with the present Government to join,  
 If little William had not pass'd the Boyn:  
 But now you from your Principles do swerve,  
 For fear that you and yours shou'd come to starve;  
 Trusting to Providence (it seems) your Soul,  
 But for your Body, you're not such a Fool.  
 Doctor, in fine, you'll live to curse your Fate,  
 And then repent, (alas!) when 'tis too late!  
 Reproachful Ruin still such Crimes attends;  
 Your Friends you've made your Foes, your Foes no Friends.





A N

## E P I T A P H

O N

Dr. *SHERLOCK*, 1707.

I

**H** E R E lyes, within this Holy Place,  
 (The Lord have Mercy on him!)  
 The Weesel, in a Wooden Case,  
 Exempt from Human Plagues, unless  
 You lay his Wife upon him.

H.

Some People think, if this were done,  
 Tho' dead, he wou'd be ready  
 To rise before his Time, and run  
 The Lord knows where, to fairly shun  
 That Termagant, his Lady.

III.

Since he is gone, 'tis hard that she  
 Shou'd be so long deserted.  
 Why Death, should'st thou so partial be,  
 Since all good People do agree,  
 'Tis Pity they were parted?

IV.

Pray bid her, when she comes, not prate,  
 But hold her teasing Nonsense:  
 But if the Weesel smell a Rat,  
 He'll fly his Wife, I'll tell you that,  
 As he once did his Conscience.

A Pro-



*A PROPHECY found under the Foundation of the Chapel of Willingford House, engraved on Lead, and discover'd on Saturday the 2d of June, 1694, and sent by T. Povey, Esq; to the Lord Mayor, who Proclaim'd a Fast thereon.*

**W** H E N *Tezokesbury* Mustard shall wander abroad,  
And die in a *Land without Magpye or Toad*,  
Then the *Sawce* of the *Veal*, joining three to one *Lyon*,  
Shall devour a *Fish*, the *Pad-nag* of *Arion*:  
The *Lillies* shall try to swim over the *Ferry*,  
Where they shall be met with, and drowned by *Cherry*.  
The Children of *France*, with *Famine* oppress'd,  
Shall weep that their Mother has never a *Breast*.

*A PROPHECY found under the Trees and Bench in St. James's Park the 12th of June, 1694, engrav'd in Copper, and carry'd to my Lord Chamberlain, by Serjeant Barecroft.*

**W** H E N the last of all *Knights* is the first of all *Knaves*,  
And the best of all *Pimps* is the worst of all *Braves*;  
When a *Coward* is dubb'd for not Fighting, but Feeding,  
And a *Lubberly Brute* preferr'd for his Breeding:  
When a Medal and Chain is bestow'd on a *Hog*,  
Who deserves more a *Rope* than ever did *Dog*,  
When Prophecies are coin'd by a Drunken Buffoon,  
Whose chief Talent lies in abusive Lampoon;  
When the *Black-Rod* is given to a bold brazen Face,  
What Beast may not hope at *Whitehall* for a Place?



**A PROPHECY** found on Friday the 29th of January, 1696. by some Workmen digging up the Ruins of the Privy-Garden, and by them carry'd to the Usher of the Black-Rod, as it was written in a Scroll of Parchment.

**W**HEN a Knight of the North is lopp'd in Ax-Yard,  
By a biting P--'s Trick having plaid a false Card;  
When at the Green-Clotb a Grey Fox do's preside,  
And a Wolf in a Chain thro' the City does ride;  
When Chalk pays for Cheese, and Gold dwindles to Wood,  
And Banks rather let in than keep out the Flood,  
When Grocers-Hall fears to be sent to the Compter,  
Publick Faith being so light that a Feather will mount her:  
When the Coin scarcer grows, tho' the Mints do increase,  
And we are maul'd with a War, without hopes of a Peace.  
When the Ocean's so Frenchify'd, few Ships dare ride in't,  
And is rul'd by a Shovel instead of a Trident;  
When Justice is forc'd to abandon the Land,  
Tho' most People are seen with her Scales in their Hand:  
When a Pack of brib'd Knaves do a Chapel disgrace,  
That deserve the same Fate with the Saints in the Place:  
When London's great Wisdom is seen in a Cuddon,  
And a Man with a Nose do's Things that he shoud'n:  
Then England, I tell thee, thou'rt cursedly Sham'd,  
'Tis too late to repent, so sin on and be damn'd.

**A PROPHECY** found in a Vault in Lambeth Chapel.

**W**HEN the Number that stands next to that of the  
(*Muses,*  
And the Member to Man that of visible use is;  
When the Thing that still wishes his Dad at Old-Nick,  
But together aspires to an Arch-bishoprick:  
When the Panther, so spotless, is plagu'd with a Head,  
Whose Outside is Brass, and whose Inside is Lead:  
When



When *Lambeth*, its Primitive Oracle lost,  
 Instead of a Pillar, is propt with a Post:  
 And *Britain* beholds, in an eminent Station,  
 An immod'rate Dunce of great Moderation;  
 If such a dull Guide to the Church proves a *Benison*,  
 You may swear Contradictions are true, and that *Ten-is-one*.

*On a Silver P I S S - P O T, Occasion'd by a Bill  
 to compel the bringing in of Plate to be Coin-  
 ed, 1696-7.*

**M** Aids need no more their *Silver-Piss-pots* scour,  
 For they must jog, like *Traytors*, to the *Tower*.  
 Presumptuous *Pisspot*, how durst thou offend?  
 Compelling Females on their Knees to bend.  
 To *Kings* and *Queens* we humbly bow the Knee,  
 But *Queens* themselves are forc'd to stoop to Thee.  
 To thee they cringe, and with a straining Face  
 They cease their Grief by opening of their Case;  
 In Times of need, thy Help they do implore,  
 And oft to ease their Ailments make thee roar;  
 What Woman, tho' of strictest Modesty,  
 But her dear *Secret* wou'd impart to Thee?  
 Long hast thou been a Pris'ner and confin'd,  
 But Liberty is now for thee design'd:  
 Thee whom so many Beauties have enjoy'd,  
 Now in a better State shalt be employ'd,  
 And with Delight be handled every Day,  
 And oft'ner occupy'd another way:  
 So shalt thou pass as *Current* and as free,  
 As that which has so often into thee.

*MELESINDA'S Misfortune on the Burning of her  
 Smock, 1690.*

**T** Ir'd with the Bus'ness of the Day,  
 Upon her Couch supinely lay  
 Fair *Melesinda* void of Care,  
 No living Creature being near:

When



When strait a calm and gentle Sleep  
 Did o'er her drowfy Eye-lids creep:  
 Her Senses thus by Fetters ty'd,  
 By nimble Fancy were supply'd:  
 Her quick Imagination brought  
 Th' Ideas of her waking Thought;  
 She dreamt her self a new-made Bride  
 In Bed, by young *Philander's* Side:  
 The Posset's eat, the Stocking thrown,  
 And all the Company's withdrawn;  
 And now the blest *Elisium*,  
 Of all her wisht for Joys, is come.  
*Philander*, all dissolv'd in Charms,  
 Lyes raptur'd in her circling Arms,  
 With panting Breasts, and swimming Eyes,  
 She meets the visionary Joys;  
 In all the Amorous Postures Love,  
 Which th' Height of Extasy cou'd move:  
 But as she roving did advance  
 Her trembling Legs, O dire Mischance!  
 The Couch being near the fire-side,  
 Sh' expanded them, alas! too wide:  
 Sh' expos'd her nethermost Attire  
 Unto th' Embraces of the Fire;  
 So the chaste *Phoenix* of the *East*  
 With flutt'ring fires her spicy Nest.  
 So *Semele*, embracing *Jove*,  
 Burnt with Fire and with Love.  
 The Flames at first did trembling seize  
 The dangling Hem of the lost Prize;  
 But finding no Resistance, higher  
 As 'tis their Nature to aspire,  
 Approaching near the Seat of Bliss,  
 The Center of earthly Happiness,  
 Which vastly more of Pleasure yields,  
 Than all the feign'd *Elysian* Fields:  
 But Ignorance must now excuse  
 The Silence of my bashful *Muse*:  
 Its Modesty had ne'er the Face  
 T' ascend above the Gartering Place;



But doubtless 'twas a lovely Sight  
 The Fire beheld by his own Light.  
 So *Ovid* wish'd himself a Flea,  
 That so transform'd he might survey  
 His Love all o'er, and uncontroul'd  
 Her every Grace and Charm behold.  
 Had *Ovid's* Flea been there to Night,  
 I fear 't had had but small Delight,  
 His Rival Flames had spoil'd his Bliss,  
 And made him Curse his *Metamorphosis*.  
 At last the Flames were grown so rude,  
 They boldly ev'ry where intrude ;  
 They soon recall'd the Lady's Sense,  
 And chac'd the pleasing Vision thence :  
 Soon as her Eyes recover'd Light,  
 She strait beheld the dismal Sight ;  
 Beheld her self, like Blazing-Star,  
 Or bright tail'd Glow-worm to appear :  
 She had no time to meditate  
 Upon the Strangeness of her Fate ;  
 But was confin'd to lay about,  
 To beat the impious Fire out :  
 The am'rous Flames were loth to go,  
 They kiss'd her Hand at ev'ry Glow ;  
 And round her Ivory Fingers play,  
 And seem'd as if they begg'd to stay.  
 Vanquish'd at last they did retire,  
 And in a gloomy Smoak expire.  
 Then viewing of her half-burnt Smock,  
 Thus to her self the sad Nymph spoke :  
*Is this the Effect of Dreams ? Is this*  
*The Fruit of all my fancy'd Bliss ?*  
*Misfortunes will, I see, betide,*  
*When Maidens throw their Legs too wide :*  
*Had I but kept my Legs a-cross,*  
*I and my Smock had had no Loss :*  
*I ought, I'm sure, to have took more heed,*  
*For ne'er had Virgin greater need ;*  
*My Kindness and my little Care*  
*Has left me scarce a Smock to wear :*



*The Claret Drinker's SONG, &c.* 243

*Some have been beg'd, some have been burn'd,  
All are to Clouts, or Tinder, turn'd.  
Two Smocks last Night the Flames surpriz'd,  
And in the Flasket sacrific'd;  
Others I did on Friends bestow,  
Not dreaming I shou'd want 'em now;  
But I cou'd bear the Loss of them,  
Had not the Fire disturb'd my Dream.  
There is a Saying frights me too,  
But Heav'n forbid it shou'd be true;  
That where a Virgin burns her Train,  
So, all her Life-time, she'd remain.  
I dare not be of this Belief,  
For shou'd I, I should die with Grief,  
Live always here a Nun-like Life  
And never, never be a Wife;  
Never enjoy a Marriage-Bed,  
Nor lose a bated Maidenhead:  
Ah! Cruel Flames, you're too unkind  
To bring these Fancies to my Mind:  
Down, down into your native Cell,  
In your own Blazing Regions dwell:  
Vex me no more, let me possess  
My Linen, or my Dream in Peace.  
Thus the poor Nymph, bewail'd her treach'rous Luck,  
At once to lose so good a Dream and Smock.*

*The Claret Drinker's SONG; Or, The Good  
FELLOW's Design, 1684.*

**A** Pox of this Fooling and Plotting of late,  
What a Pother and Stir hath it kept in the State?  
Let the *Rabble* run mad with Suspicions and Fears,  
Let 'em scuffle and jar 'till they fall by the Ears:  
Their Grievances never shall trouble my Pate,  
So that I can enjoy my dear Bottle in Quiet.  
What Coxcombs were those that wou'd farther their Ease,  
And their Necks, for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mass,  
At old *Tyburn* they never had needed to swing,  
Had they been true Subjects to *Drink*, and their KING.



A Friend and a Bottle is all my *Design*,  
 It has no Room for Treason that's top full of Wine.  
 I mind not the Members, nor Makers of Laws,  
 Let 'em sit and prorogue as his Majesty please :  
 Let 'em damn us to *Wollen* I'll never repine  
 At my Lodging when Dead, so alive I have Wine :  
 Yet, oft in my Drink, I can hardly forbear  
 To curse 'em for making my *Claret* so dear :  
 I mind not great Asses who idly debate  
 About *Right and Succession*, the Trifles of State ;  
 We've a Good King already, and he deserves Laughter  
 That will trouble his Head with who shall come after.  
 Come, here is his Health, and I wish he may be  
 As free from all Cares and Troubles as we.  
 What care I how Leagues with *Hollanders* go,  
 On Intrigues between *Sydney* and *Monfieur D'avaux* ?  
 What concerns it my Drink, if *Cazal* be sold,  
 If the Conqueror takes it by Storming, or Gold ?  
 Good *Bourdeaux* alone is the Place that I mind,  
 And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for the Wind :  
 The Bully of *France*, that aspires to Renown,  
 By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own :  
 Let him fight and be damn'd, make Matches and Treat,  
 To afford News-mongers and Coffee-houses Chat.  
 He's but a brave Wretch, whilst I am more free,  
 More safe, and a thousand times happier than he :  
 Come he, or the *Pope*, or the *Devil* too boot,  
 Or come Faggot or Stake, I care not a Groat :  
 Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will heat,  
 No, I swear, good Mr. *Fox*, excuse me for that :  
 I'll drink in defiance of Gibbet and Halter,  
 This is the Profession that never will alter.

*Advice to Dr. OATES not to be Melancholly in 1685, when a Prisoner in the King's Bench.*

AS I'm inform'd, on *Monday* last you sat  
 As dismal as a Melancholly Cat,  
 Folding your Arms, and pulling down your Hat

}  
Over



Over your Eyes, and groaning in a Chair,  
 As if you did for God knows what despair:  
 Fye, Doctor, Fye! you know it is a Folly,  
 Thus to submit and yield to Melancholly;  
 For 'twill mutabilate poor Nature's Light,  
 And turn it's Day into a gloomy Night:  
 Alas! what if you have been often stript,  
 And at a Cart's-Arse so severely whipt,  
 That Rivulets of Blood ran down your Back,  
 Through Slashes given you by Hangman *Jack*?  
 And further (which was Punishment enough,)  
 What tho' you sometimes wore a Wooden Ruff?  
 And what if *Oates* be now laid in a Gaol,  
 ('Stead of a Barn) and thresh'd with that same Flail  
 We call Contempt? Shit, let 'em kiss your Tail.  
 'Long as (through Providence) you are supported  
 By all the Holy Sisters, and are courted  
 Almost of all your *Presbyterian* Brothers;  
 Pish! never make such needless Pothers!  
 What need you care whose Dunghill, Sir, you shit on?  
 Those that take up the Sword for G—— must fight on.  
 But if your Sadness does proceed from Fear  
 Of being mounted on a *Three-legg'd-Mare*,  
 And (in a *Line*) to Preach a Sermon there;  
 Well may you Melancholly be, and vex,  
 Because the Jade does always break the Necks  
 Of those that ride upon her: Therefore sure  
 Nothing so great a Penance can endure.  
 Or Doctor, if you have an inward Sting,  
 For swearing falsely against *Pickering*,  
 And many more innocent poor Wretches,  
 Your Heart must needs be grip'd and full of Stitches,  
 And you may well through Fear beshit your Breeches.  
 If you are guilty of those horrid Crimes,  
 Defer not, Doctor, but repent betimes:  
 If your Heart be Flinty hard, and Stony  
 Doubtless you'll be damn'd, and go to *Tony*:  
 That was the subtle Fox that set you on;  
 He eat the Meat, and made you pick the Bone;  
 He ran away, and left the Goose alone.



246 *To the Memory of Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.*

But who can help it? 'Tis in vain to fret,  
By vexing you may lose, but nothing get;  
Therefore be Merry, Sir, as you were wont;  
Instead of fulsome, use a wholesome——

*To the Memory of Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.*

**F**OR that is dangerous for a Man to be  
Too busy with immutable Decree,  
I cou'd, dear Friend, e'en blame thy cruel Doom,  
That lent so much, to be requir'd so soon:  
The Flowers, in which the Meads are deck'd so gay,  
Altho' they are short-liv'd, they liv'd a Day;  
Thou in the Noon of Life wer't snatch'd away.  
Tho' not before thy Verse had Wonders shown,  
And bravely made the Age to come thy own.  
The Company of Beauty, Wealth, and Wine,  
Were not so charming, not so sweet as thine.  
They quickly perish, yours was still the same,  
An everlasting, but a lambent Flame,  
Which something so resistless did impart  
It still through ev'ry Ear, won ev'ry Heart.  
Unlike the Wretch, who strives to get Esteem,  
Nay, thinks it fine, and jantee to blaspheme,  
And can be witty on no other Theme.  
Ah! Foolish Man! (whom thou did'st still despise)  
That must be wicked to be counted wise:  
But thy Converse was from this Error free;  
And yet 'twas every Thing true Wit cou'd be:  
None had it, but ev'n with a Tear does own  
The Soul of dear Society is gone.  
But while we thus thy Native Sweetness sing,  
We ought not to forget thy Native Sting;  
Thy Satyr spar'd no Follies, nor no Crimes,  
Satyr the best Reformer of the Times!  
While diff'rent Priests eternally contest,  
And each will have his own Religion best,  
And in a Holy Huff damns all the rest.  
Their Love to Gain, not Godliness, is shown:  
Heav'n's Work thy leave undone, to do their own.  
How wide shoot they that strive to blast thy Fame,  
By saying that thy Verse was rough and lame?

They



They wou'd have Satyr their Compassion move,  
 And write so pliant nicely, and so smooth,  
 As if the Muse were in a Flux of Love.  
 But who of Knaves, and Fops and Fools does sing  
 Must Force, and Fire, and Indignation bring,  
 For 'tis no Satyr, if it has no Sting.  
 In short, who in that Field wou'd famous be,  
 Must think, and write like *Juvenal* and thee :  
 Let others boast of all the mighty Nine,  
 To make their Labours with more Lustre shine.  
 I never had no other *Muse* but Thee :  
 Ev'n thou wert all the mighty *Nine* to Me ;  
 'Twas thy dear Friendship did my Breast inspire,  
 And warm'd it first with a Poetick Fire :  
 But 'tis a warmth that does with thee expire.  
 For when the Sun is set, that guides the Day,  
 The Traveller must stop, or lose his Way.

*A SATIRE on MARRIAGE, Supposed to be spoken  
 by one who was threatn'd to be disinherited,  
 on condition he refus'd the Match that was of-  
 fer'd him by his Friends.*

**N**O---let my Friends determine what they will,  
 I'm fixt, and keep my Resolution still  
 Against the Threaten'd Marriage Bonds, declare  
 With them and all the World eternal War :  
 My Freedom I at its just Value rate,  
 And love my Quiet, more than my Estate :  
 Marriage of each is the destructive Bane,  
 No sooner match'd but we lament in vain  
 Their fatal Loss, which we must e'er sustain.  
 Of all its Days the first and last are best,  
 So vastly is it! so compleatly blest'd!  
 Oh ! glorious State! replenish'd with Delight!  
 A Hundred Ills each Day, for one good Night!  
 In Marriage sure, if any Comfort be,  
 'Tis in the hope that we may once be free,  
 When kinder Death the Union has unty'd,  
 And taken to himself the gracious Bride.



Who ever cou'd the tiresome Load sustain,  
 But for the Hope once to be freed again?  
 For why shou'd Man, of a free gen'rous Mind,  
 Be to one Object all his Days confin'd?  
 Still ty'd to what He cannot Love so fast,  
 And find no rest until he finds his last:  
 Ten thousand Tortures in his Soul arise,  
 And while in Spight she lives, each hour he dies.  
 For me I'm too much to my self a Friend,  
 To chuse those Evils which this State attend.  
 I hate a Bargain, when we go to woo  
 Why can't we all things as compleatly do,  
 Without the Curate and the Lawyer too?  
 When once the dire ill-omen'd *yes* we say,  
 The Joys of Love soon vanish all away,  
 The thing's quite spoil'd, because a Duty grown,  
 And pleases now no more because our own;  
 But what's forbidden fiercely we pursue,  
 And wond'rous Charms are in the thing call'd New.  
 Wou'd you at height maintain the pleasing Flame,  
 Then carefully preserve a Lover's Name,  
 By Forms Love's brisk Affairs are ruin'd quite,  
 And the dull Name of Husband palls Delight:  
 Beside, the tedious Yoak what need we bear,  
 When we may be as unconfin'd as Air?  
 Not forc'd to live in Discontent and Noise,  
 And all those Griefs that wait neglected Joys;  
 But uncontroul'd at Liberty to range,  
 Or when o'er-labour'd find our Ease in Change.  
 Oh! with what Art th' industrious Lover tries  
 To hide his Failings from his *Celia's* Eyes?  
 But when espous'd, tis then no longer so,  
 Each other then too soon, too well they know.  
 Then forth each hid Defect with Vigour springs,  
 All Cares to please accounted needless things,  
 Soon all the rare accomplish'd Glories fade,  
 Like a fine Flower in its Bloom decay'd!  
 He that was once so neat! so trim! so gay!  
 Like the delightful Month of smiling *May*,  
 Wears a perpetual Cloud upon his Brow,  
 And looks as low'ring as *December* now:

You'd



You'd think he'd nought but Law-suits in his Head,  
 And all his Grace and all his Wit were fled,  
 By Wedlock made a perfect useles Fool,  
 A droning Idiot, and a dreaming Fool!  
 And whoſo does an equal Hazard run,  
 Can he expect that very Fate to ſhun?  
 Or juſtly think he's juſt ſufficient grown  
 To be her Maſter, who is not his own?  
 No! no! He'll find that all his Skill will fail,  
 (Altho' he is the Head) to rule her Tail.  
 Of this ſo ſerious Buſ'neſs, if you doubt,  
 Illuſtrious *Corydon* ſhall make it out:  
 We ſafely now may quote the glorious Peer,  
 And need no *Scandalum Magnatum* fear.  
 Cuckold of high Degree! ———and that he's ſo,  
 He's taken Pains that all the World ſhou'd know.  
*Davis's* Fate's like his, and *Collin's* too,  
 Whoſe Buſineſs, tho' more ſecret, is as true.  
 Shou'd I thro' all the Race of Cuckolds run,  
 To name them all, I never ſhould have done;  
 Or tell ſince the firſt Planting of the Horn,  
 What vaſt Encreaſe each Age and Soil has born,  
 In *Paradice* the Serpent, ſome believe,  
 With ſomething elſe than Apples tempted *Eve*;  
 The thing is well ſuppos'd, the Creature's wiſe,  
 And knows the Worth of Opportunities!  
 But ſay that this Suspicion is unjuſt,  
 Yet why ſhou'd Man to Woman's Frailty truſt?  
 No! as a wiſe Man ought, I'll be ſecure,  
 And keep me from the Danger that I may be ſure.

Oxford Barber's VERSES on Queen MARY'S  
 Death, 1695.

SOON as the diſmal News came down,  
 And ſpread it ſelf about the Town,  
 I in a trice, with heavy Soul,  
 As Snails their Horns, drew in my Pole,  
 Shut Shop, and in a Paſſion ſwore,  
 I'd never uſe my Sciſſars more:



250 *Upon LOVE, in Imitation of COWLEY.*

Since *Lachesis* so rash had been,  
 To cut the Throat of gracious Queen;  
 But I designing more  
 Than ever Barber did before,  
 Resolv'd on the too sad Occasion  
 To exercise a strange Vocation,  
 Rhyme, the great Business of the Nation.  
 I thought it errant Shame to fetter  
 True *English* Sense in Foreign Metre:  
 For none do bury, I conjecture,  
 Folks in Outlandish Manufacture:  
 Not, but that I my Grief cou'd tell  
 In any other Tongue as well.  
 Whether in *Turkey* or *Arabick*,  
 In *Ethiopick*, or *Malabrick*,  
 In *Cambro-Britanick* or *Togray*,  
 Or *Lingua Balaam's* Ass did bray;  
 But why should I my Readers vex  
 With these Barbarian Dialects.  
 In short already I have ended,  
 And done what I first intended,  
 'Tis uncorrected, unamended.  
 No Tutor did this Work pursue,  
 Nor Money hir'd a Hackney *Muse*,  
 Tho' that's the Fashion of the Town,  
 This I protest is all my own.

*Upon LOVE, in Imitation of COWLEY.*

Whether we Mortals love or no,  
 'Tis the same Case whate'er we do.  
 For Love does killing Pleasure give,  
 And without Love 'tis Death to Live:  
 If then to love, so painful be,  
 And not to love be Misery,  
 What a sad Case must he be in,  
 Who has disgrac'd and jilted been?  
 Banish'd for ever from those Eyes,  
 Which conquer Fools, and fool the Wise,  
 And none but *Stoicks* can despise?  
 They conquer, but they will not yield,  
 Love knows no such unequal Field;

But



*Julii Mazarini Cardinalis Epitaphium. 251*

But in Love's gentle Fight  
Both Conquer, when they both submit.  
Sometimes the better to perswade,  
I call in Heraldry to my Aid:  
I speak my Sire's and Grandfire's Praise,  
Tell her how Brave, how Good he was:  
Then magnify my self, and say,  
How Wise, how Witty, and how Gay  
I am, and (as the times go now)  
How constant, and how sober too:  
But she, instead of this, demands  
What Stock, what Money, Sir? what Lands?  
Shepherds and Clowns inherit Life,  
Do you e'er think to get a Wife?  
Because your Dad was born before ye,  
That, Sir, is but an idle Story.  
Tho' Men be witty, wise or gay,  
Fools may love as well as they:  
Wit will not please at Night, nor profit in the Day.  
Curse on the Money, wou'd he were  
Sunk beyond Hell to languish there,  
Condemn'd to everlasting Chains,  
Where the rich Miser *Pluto* reigns.  
Who first call'd Counters Happiness,  
What an improper thing is this?  
That Money is th' common Cause of Strife,  
The Common Barrater of Life,  
Sets Brethren into mortal Fray,  
Makes Children Parents disobey,  
Make Wars and Slaughters to abound,  
Where Peace, and Joy, before were found;  
And which is worst of all, it does  
Loves gentle Votaries abuse,  
It does to Love it's pow'rful Aids deny,  
Whilst, for want of it, the Lovers dye.

*JULII MAZARINI Cardinalis Epitaphium.*

**H** *IC jacet Julius Mazarinus,  
Gallia Rex Italicus,  
Ecclesia Presul Laicus,*

*Europa*



252 *Julii Mazarini Cardinalis Epitaphium.*

*Europa prædo purpuratus.  
Fortunam omnem ambiit, omnem corrupit;  
Ærarium administravit & exhaustit,  
Civile Bellum compressit, sed commovit;  
Regni Jura tuitus est, & invasit;  
Beneficia possedit, & vendidit.  
Pacem dedit aliquando, diu distulit;  
Hostes cladibus, Cives oneribus afflixit;  
Arrisit paucis, irrisit plurimos,  
Omnibus nocuit.  
Negotiator in Templo, Tyrannus in Regno,  
Prædo in Ministerio,  
Vulpes in Concilio,  
Grassator in Bello,  
Solus nobis in Pace Hostis.  
Fortunam olim adversam, aut elusit, aut vicit.  
Et nostro sæculo vidimus  
Adorari Fugitivum,  
Imperare Civibus exulem,  
Regnare Proscriptum.  
Quid deinde egerit? rogas? paucis accipe:  
Lusit, fefellit, rapuit;  
Ferreum nobis induxit sæculum, sibi ex Aureo nostro  
Aurum fecit.  
Quorundam Capiti nullius Fortunis pepercit  
Homo crudeliter Clemens;  
Pluribus tandem Morbis elanguit,  
Plures in Cælo mortes irrogante,  
Cui Senatus olim unam tantum decreverat,  
Vincemi se arcibus inclusit moriturus  
Et quidem apte  
Quæsit Carcerem.  
Diu cedentem Animam retinuit, agre reddidit.  
Sic retinere omnia didicerat,  
Nihil sua sponte reddere.  
Constanter tamen visus est mori; quid mirum?  
Ut vixit, sic obiit dissimulans.  
Ne morbum quidem noverunt qui curabant,  
Hac unâ fraude nobis profuit,  
Fefellit Medicos.  
Mortuus est tamen ni fallimur, & moriens*

*Regem*



*Epitaphium Dom. Doctoris James.* 253

*Regem Regno, Regnum Regi restituit.*

*Reliquit*

*Præsulibus pessima Exempla,*

*Aulicis infida Concilia,*

*Adoptivo amplissima Spolia,*

*Paupertatem Populis,*

*Successoribus suis omnes prædandi Artes,*

*Sed Prædam nullam;*

*Immensas tamen Opes licet profuderit,*

*Id unum habuit tantum, ex suo, quod daret,*

*Nomen suum:*

*Pectus ejus post Mortem apertum est;*

*Tum primum patuit vasfrum Cor*

*Mazarini;*

*Quod nec Precibus, nec Lachrymis, nec Injuriis moveretur,*

*Diu quasivimus, invenere Medici*

*Cor Lapideum;*

*Quod mortuus adhuc omnia moveat & administret, ne mireris,*

*Stipendia in hunc Annum accepit;*

*Nec fraudat post mortem, vir bonæ Fidei.*

*Quo tandem evaserit tandem rogitas?*

*Cælum si rapitur, tenet, sic datur meritis, longe abest.*

*Sed abi Viator, & cave,*

*Nam hic Tumulus,*

*Est Specus Latronis.*

*Epitaphium Domini Doctoris JAMES, Custodis Coll. Om. Animal. Oxon.*

**H** *IC jacet, qui sub nullo lateret marmore,*

*Thomas James, S.S. Theologiae Doctor,*

*Collegii hujus vere Custos,*

*Optimo dignus Monumento,*

*Nullius indigens,*

*Quem nec parvus Invidiae Sermo,*

*Nec propria Modestia,*

*Nec Mortis Umbra possunt celare.*

*Cujus in Laudibus celebrandis,*

*Nec Fama loquax, nec ipsa mendax,*

*Poterit esse Epitaphium.*

*Sed*



*Sed plura vetat magnarum  
Virtutum Comes verecundia.*

*Hoc igitur omina breve claudat Encomium;  
Vivus Amicos habuit Homines,  
Moriens Conscientiam,  
Mortuus Deum.*

*Ætatis suæ LXVII.*

*Obiit 5<sup>o</sup> Jan. Anno Dom. MDCLXXXVI.*

Monumentum sibi fieri vetuit, Beatissimus  
Pater, *Thomas Willis & Henricus Jones*  
Posure, e daubus Sororibus Nepotes.

**P**ietatis esse arbitrati,  
Huic uni ejus mandato non obtemperare,  
Prædicandum sibi,  
Minime censuere hunc talem virum,  
Meliozem quam ut vellet laudari,  
Majorem quam ut posset.  
Desideratissimi Patris Pietatem  
Non hoc Saxum,  
Sed hæc testentur Mænia;  
Munificentiam hujus Loci Ædificia;  
Liberalitatem Alumni.

*Quid in moribus informandis  
Quid in publicis Curis sustentandis, Academia,  
Quid in propaganda Religione, Ecclesia,  
Quam feliciter Juventutem erudierit, Procerum Familia,  
Quam præclare de Republica meruerit tota Anglia,  
Quantum de bonis Literis, universus Orbis Literatus.*

In Diadema Regium a BLOODIO Furtim  
ablatum.

**B**luddius ut damnum ruris repararet Aviti,  
Addicit fisco dum Diadema suo.  
Egregium sacro facinus velavit amictu  
(Larva magis Reges fallere nulla potest)

*Exidit*



*Excidit ast ausis tactus pietate profana,  
Custodem ut servet, maluit ipse capi.  
Si modo savitiam texisset Pontificalem  
Veste Sacerdotis, rapta Corona foret.*

M. S. JOHANNIS FELL, S. T. P.

**L** Ongworthia Bercheriensium natus,  
In hanc Ædem,  
A Patre Decano admissus  
Alumnus Undecennis.  
Magistralam Togam ante induit quam sumeret Virilem.  
Sacros Ordines  
Diaconatus, vacillante Ecclesia,  
Presbyteratus, penitus eversa,  
Ausus est suscipere,  
Et Ecclesiæ reliquias ea fovit Cura  
Quæ prælusisse videatur Episcopatui.  
Spectata  
In utrumque CAROLUM fide,  
A Filio tandem restaurato  
Tutelam hujus Ecclesiæ Decanus accepit,  
Et huic tantæ plus quam par Provincia,  
Episcopatum una Oxoniensem  
Feliciter administravit.  
Sed dum salutis publicæ intentus  
Negligeret suam,  
Ab Ecclesia iterum periclitante desideratus est.  
Diaconus, A. D. 1647. } } Decanus, A. D. 1660.  
Presbyter, A. D. 1649. } } Episcopus, A. D. 1675.  
Natus Jun. 23. A. D. 1625.  
Mortuus Jul. 10. A. D. 1686.

The Practical Quaker ; or, the New-Lights.

—Velut inter ignes  
Luna minores. Hor.

**I**N Doggrel Rhymes we seldom use  
To stay for any Gods, or Muse ;  
But in so nice a Case is this,  
I think it cannot do amiss :

For



For all the *Link-Boys* round the Town  
 Have sworn (I hear) to run them down ;  
 The Men of *Tallow, Wick, and Cotton,*  
 The *Tin-men* too the Cry have gotten ;  
 Whom, let me see, shall we retain ?  
*Phœbus* for once shall be the Man.  
 Great God of Lights ! we thee invoke,  
 If not on t'other Side bespoke ;  
 The Stars above, to us below,  
 Just like your Farthing-Candles show ;  
 Whilst thou, with glorious Lustre crown'd,  
 Dost hang like one of Six in the Pound ;  
 Thou, who'rt all Eye, cast half an one  
 Down on this new Invention.  
 'Tis knew indeed to Men below,  
 But known in Heav'n long ago ;  
 The Stars, in just such Chrystal Spheres,  
 Have burnt above five thousand Years :  
 They fear no Storm by Day, or Night,  
 But thus hang Wind or Weather tight ;  
 And so they'll hang till Day of Doom,  
 By that time they'll their Oil consume ;  
 And then their Glasses breaking round us,  
 In Flames they'll fall, and so confound us ;  
 Nay, we can prove the *Milky-Way,*  
 (For all Sir *Sydrophel* can say)  
 Is but a Street of some such Lights,  
 To guide the heavenly Folks arights ;  
 The Council-Chamber, up above,  
 Is hung with such, and *Jove's* Alcove ;  
 Tin, Horn, and Grease they've none, and I dare swear,  
 There's ne'er a *Tallow-Chandler* there.  
*Prometheus* once (that Son of Fame)  
 Upon a Visit hither came ;  
 And lik'd the Thing so wond'rous well,  
 He strait upon the Tryal fell :  
 But whether (as some Authors say)  
 The *Tallow-Chandlers* shew'd foul Play,  
 Or *Link-Boys* us'd to break his Glasses,  
 (For variously the Story passes ;)



The Project fail'd, and he ran mad,  
 But Luck the *Virtuoso* had,  
 That's all, the Bird (the Poets say)  
 Lies gnawing of him Night and Day.  
 May more propitious Fates attend  
 Our present Art-improving Friend;  
 Were this Invention understood,  
 'Twou'd be of universal Good:  
 The *Stars* might go to sleep a-nights,  
 And leave their Work to these *new-Light*  
 The Midwife *Moon* might mind her Calling,  
 And noisy *Lightman* leave his Bawling:  
 Men might pull in their *Horns*, and be  
 From Officers and Summons free;  
 This these *Moon-Cursers* that maintain  
 The Cry, by Darkness still to gain;  
 Whose chief Employ, *Tom T---d-man* right,  
 In Winter Weather, lies by Night:  
 Nay, with such potent Influence,  
 Their streaming Rays they do dispense,  
 That if the Sun shou'd lie too long  
 Here, he might have his Business done:  
 He might indulge in *Thetis'* Lap,  
 And, while they burn, take t'other Nap.  
 Oh! had you been the other Night  
 In *Cheapside*, at th' amazing Light,  
 Where with their sawcer Eyes they hung,  
 And gather'd the admiring Throng;  
 The plying *Punks* crept into Holes,  
 Who walk'd the Streets before by Shoals;  
 The Night cou'd now no longer skreen  
 The Tavern-Sots from being seen;  
 The *Light-men* they began to rally,  
 Who blush'd, and turn'd down *Grocers-Alley*.  
 The *Tempest* you have seen, no doubt,  
 Just so the Candles all went out:  
 Those silly Tools no more cou'd burn  
 Than Kitchen-Grease before the Sun.  
 The *Quaker*, with up-lifted Hands,  
 By *Yea* and *Nay*, the Rogue commends:



Of all their boasted Light, he said,  
 These never entered once our Head.  
 When we compare our Times with those are past,  
 We cry, this Age of greater Light can boast;  
 I'll say so too, if this Device hit right,  
 Else swear our Age wants Wit as well as Light.

*In Episcopum Sarisburiensem.*

**E** Scotia Presbyter Profugus,  
*In Angliam ad bene mentiendum,*  
*Reipublicæ Causa aliquando venit,*  
*Ibi primum Dominum suum,*  
*Deinde Regem,*  
*Tandem Ecclesiam, Regnumque prodidit.*  
*Egregius mebercule Simulator,*  
*Omnium Horarum Homo.*  
*Proteus nullo (nisi quem metuit)*  
*Nodo tenendus.*  
*Aliquando pro Regibus disputavit,*  
*Nunc contra Regem suum,*  
*Cristas suas erigit Episcopales:*  
*Hinc Rebellionis Antistes,*  
*Olim ad miseriam damnavit*  
*Et Gehennam seditiosos,*  
*Nunc Cœlum & Terram,*  
*Presentia & futura*  
*Iisdem promittit,*  
*Homo eruditer misericors.*  
*Angliæ Exul ad Exteras se contulit regiones,*  
*Ut malæ falleret tedium Conscientiæ;*  
*Sed frustra, hæret lateri letalis arundo;*  
*Cœlum non Animum (male sibi conscium*  
*Aliisque machinantem) mutat*  
*Qui trans Mare currit.*  
*Sed ubique (si credere fas est)*  
*Religionem quæsit,*  
 Parisiis, Romæ, Genevæ, Amstelodami,  
*Sed nullibi invenit*  
*Ne quidem in Anglia,*



*Nisi in Ecclesiæ Sarisburiensis Cathedra,  
Ubi nunc magnifice sedet  
In sui Gloriam,  
Ecclesiæ Regnique dedecus,  
Et bonorum omnium Tristitiam.  
De Moribus suis corrigendis parum sollicitus,  
Precibus publicis in melius  
(Si Diis placet) reformandis  
Totus incumbit;  
Orandus est, ut, inter alias novas,  
Quas meditatur, formulas,  
Hanc precatiunculam  
Secundum Usum Sarum,  
Interferere curaret:  
Hic in Templo negotiatori  
Da mihi fallere, da sanctum justumq; videri,  
Noctem Peccatis & Fraudibus obice Nubem.  
Vivit nobis, v& nobis bis in Anglia,  
Mazarinus alter;  
Vidimus triumphare fugitivum,  
Et regnare Exulem.*

*A Description of a Country-Life.*

*In a Letter to Mr. P—— in London, June 2. 1692.*

**I**F I did not love you better than our Statesman do a new Plot, a Fop a new Fashion, and the Wou'd-be Wits at *Wills* do a new Criticism, I would never leave a Parcel of honest Fellows that are now dusting it about, to retire to a Corner by my self, and send you the *Transactions of Hartfordshire*.

So much by way of Preface, without which even a Letter to a Friend now-a-days, not to mention those unwieldy things call'd Epistles Dedicatory, is thought as naked, as an Archdeacon's Hat would be thought by the Country People, without a Rose in it.

I have now pass'd just two tedious Months in the Country and cannot forbear now and then to cry out, with a little Alteration from the words of our beloved *Horace*:



*O Urbs, quando ego te aspiciam, quandoq; licebit  
Phyllide nunc pulchra, nunc Bacchi divite succo  
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!*

The Effects of this cursed War appear no where so lamentably as they do in these Parts of the World. In *London* you only find it in your *Gazettes* and News-Papers. You have the Play-house to divert you, and the Taverns are as much crouded as ever. Here we have Company indeed, and Drink; but when we consider how much the latter is degenerated from what it was in the time of Peace, it palls our Mirth, and we are as heavy-hearted as the *Jews* of old were at the sight of their second Temple.

The Wine, in those few Places where we find it, is so intolerably bad, that tho' 'tis good for nothing else, 'tis a better Argument for Sobriety, than what all the Volumes of Morality can afford. My Companion, *Jack Freeman*, who you know is a Libertine in his Nature, says, it ought to be imployed only in sacred Uses; for whatever Preparation it deserves beforehand, it never fails of giving a Man a Week's Repentance afterwards. The Duce take me, if, in some of my fullen Moments, I don't envy a *London* Fly, I don't mean an Inhabitant of *Smithfield* or *Wapping*, but one that tipples in a creditable Tavern, somewhere about the *Exchange* or *Temple-Bar*. Where this sorry Stuff is not to be had, we are forc'd, in our own Defence, to take up with Punch; but the Ingredients are as long a summoning, as a Colonel would be recruiting his Regiment. In my Conscience, the King might sooner get a Convocation of honest disinterested Church-men together. We must send to a Market-Town five Miles off for Sugar and Nutmeg, and five Miles beyond that for rotten Lemons. Water it self is not to be had without travelling a League for it, and an unsanctify'd Kettle supplies the Place of a Bowl. Then when we have mix'd all these noble Ingredients, which, generally speaking, are as bad as those the Witches in *Mackbeth* jumble together to make a Charm, we fall to contentedly, and sport off an Afternoon. 'Tis true,



true, our Heads suffer for it next Morning, but what is that to an old Soldier? We air our selves next Morning on the Common, and the Sin and the Pain are forgotten together.

At other times we do Penance in stale *March-Beer*, which fills and clogs, but never inspires. If it gives any Mirth, 'tis sickly and faint, like the Light one receives from burnt Brandy, and our Smiles, like those of the moody *Almanzor* in the Play, are hardly to be distinguished from a Frown. This Course of Life we led till our Stock was all exhausted at home, and then 'twas with us in the Case of Drink, what it was formerly between *Malomet* and the Mountain upon another Occasion. If the Drink won't come to us, we must e'en go to the Drink, and that we do with a witness; for we make longer Pilgrimages to a Tub of Ale, than a Jesuit would undergo to make a Royal Convert. Our Director, in these matters, is an honest Parson of the Neighbourhood, one that has made a shift to get a red Nose and a double Chin in the Service of the Church, though he has but thirty Pound a Year; and to keep his Palate Orthodox, and still in Tune, he carries the Tip of a dry'd Neat's-Tongue always in his Pocket. He has some Acquaintance with Books and Critical Learning, and pretends to have discovered a false reading in *Minutius Felix*, which has hitherto escap'd all the *German Commentators*. 'Tis that famous Passage, *Non magna loquimur, sed vivimus*. He says, and proves it by the Context, that it ought to be *bibimus*, and has brought us all to be of his Opinion. In short, you may talk of your Secretaries of State, and Ministers as long as you please; but he's a Person of the most universal Intelligence I had ever the Honour to be acquainted with. No sooner does one Tub decline, but he has his Emissaries to tell him when another is fit to bleed; and thus ten miles round him. Then we saddle our Horses, and make as much haste to examine the Vessel, as a Messenger does to seize a Delinquent come from *France*.

Having thus tired you with our drinking, you expect, I suppose, to have an account of our Women. I was five days in this Family, before I saw a Female Face. Whatever the matter is, they are as shy of being seen by a

*Lon-*



*Londoner*, as a *Dutch* Trooper, or as the modestest Animal in the Universe, is of meeting a *French* Dragoon in *Flanders*. But t'other Morning, as I walk'd in the Garden, I heard a squeaking Treble murder a Play-house Tune, at least as old as herself: however it was new here, and presently after a thing in a Commode look'd out of the Window, but as merrily as King *Charles II.* peeps out of the Royal Oak in a Country Sign. The Governess of the Castle at last believed we were no Monsters, and resolved to give us the Honour of her Company. I never saw so diminutive a Creature in my days; when she came into the Dining-Room between her two strapping Daughters, that were at least six Foot high, she look'd, methinks, like a Pair of Snuffers between two Monument Candlesticks. After the first Salutation was over, she complain'd of the Taxes, and the Sins of the Age that occasion'd them; but for all her Sanctity, the old Gentlewoman thought it no Sin, it seems, to paint, which she had laid on as thick as an Author does Flattery in a Dedication. The *Fucus* had bestow'd some red upon her Cheeks, by the same Token it made them guilty of a piece of false Chronology. It made resemblance of Youth amongst Furrows and Wrinkles; so I could not help thinking upon some of *Varelt's* Pieces, where you see Winter and Summer Flowers, that never grow together, join'd in one Picture. But for all that, 'twas a very godly discreet old Lady. She ask'd us a 1000 Questions about the Funds and the Lotteries, and whether she might dispose her Money safely to the Government? No doubt on't, Madam, the Confederates and we are an hundred thousand strong in *Flanders*; besides *Russel* has plaid the Devil with them at Sea. The Messieurs, one of these days, will come upon their Knees to supplicate for a Peace; and so we parted for that time.

A few days after, this old Lady desir'd *Jack Freeman* and me to bear her and her Daughters Company to a Wedding in the neighbouring Village. At the very mention of a Wedding we rejoic'd as much as the People in *Cornwall* do at the News of a Wreck. So down we went to the Farmer's House, whose Heir Apparent was to be matrimonially bound to his good Behaviour. The Bride was a fat fresh-colour'd Wench, well built and ruddy,  
and



and a great Pains-taker (to use *Harry Higden's* word) I dare warrant for her. The Husband Elect look'd somewhat grum upon the matter, as knowing how much Business he had upon his hands. To be short, we saw them conducted to the enchanted Castle, where the sacred Magician perform'd his Office. When he came to the terrible Words you wot of, the Bridegroom look'd as pale as a Parson that preaches a stollen Sermon at a Visitation; and the Bride, after the laudable Custom of her Sex, dropt a few precious Tears, and wip'd them off with her Handkerchief. From thence we came back to the old Place of Rendezvous, where one would have thought the whole Country was assembled to behold the Ceremony; but 'tis an old commendable Custom of your Mothers, all *England* over, to bring their Daughters to such a Sight, to prepare them for what they must undergo another day; as your Keepers call in their young Dogs at the plucking down of a Stag, to enter them. All Dinner-time the Bridegroom and Bride ogled one another like *Adam* and *Eve* in an old Bible-Cut. When that was over, we removed into the Yard, where we shook our Heels in *Fresco*, and towards the close of the Afternoon were interrupted by a parcel of Country Fellows, with a Fiddle at the head of them, who gave us a spice of their Abilities under an Elm-tree. When I first saw them move, they gave me an Image of *Lucretius's* Atoms, and how they jumbled and interfered in the *Vacuum*. I could not forbear to make another Reflexion upon it, which shows upon what Chimerical Grounds People build their Satisfaction. These Fellows, by the pure Instinct of Nature, did what Mr. *Dogget* has learnt to do with Pains and long Imitation; yet Mr. *Dogget* pleases, and we should hiss these off the Stage for Scoundrels and Blockheads.

A little before Supper we had a Cessation of Fiddles, and our old Lady, whose Piety and Pthysick make her equally troublesome to her self and all the World besides, began the Discourse with complaining of the strange Debaucheries of the Men; and to shew her wonderful Charity, was pleas'd to affirm, that not one Man in five-hundred that has been bred in *London*, but has pass'd the Chirurgeon's hands, two or three times before the Day  
of



of Marriage. Well, the Lord be praised, says a Gentlewoman newly married, that sat next her, I have no reason to complain of my Husband, he is no Drunkard, make me thankful for't, nor given to lewd Company, and, what few of my Neighbours can say, I am so sure he never knew any Woman before my self. — Sure on't! cries *Jack Freeman*, rising up and bowing to her. For Heaven's sake, Madam, how was it possible? For *Moses*, Madam---Pugh! says she, what do ye tell me of *Moses*?—With submission, Madam, *Moses* was an honest Gentleman, and tho' he sat down certain Marks by which a Man may know whether his Wife comes a Maid to him—Lord! what stuff is here—Yet he no where instructs the Women to know whether the Men have been trespassing before.—No matter for that—Did you believe him then upon his own Word? —I won't tell you whether I did or no? —Or did you discover him to be a Virgin, as we do a raw undisciplin'd Soldier?—How is that—Why, Madam, by the awkward handling of his Arms, and making his Attacks irregularly.---With that all the Men fell a laughing, and the Women blush'd behind their Fans. But this was not enough for *Jack Freeman*, for with an Assurance equal to that of a thorough-pac'd Evidence, tho' he never saw this Woman's Husband in his Life before, yet as if he had been one of his old intimate Acquaintance, he thus went on—Indeed, Madam, I can't tell what Stories Mr. N---might tell you of his own Virtue, and all that, but I knew him perfectly at the University. He and I, Madam were of the same College, I believe we have drank this Room full of bottled Ale together, and we took him for no Saint there. There, went a scurvy Report of him, but I won't justify it; because Fame's a common Harlot, and a Lyar *ab initio*. But the Report was, I remember, that he was very great with his Bedmaker; no tawdry young Creature, I must do him that Justice, but a grave, stay'd discreet Person, a venerable old Matron, upon my word, and fit to have made a Wife for *Burgersdicius*, if ever you heard of him. She wore about her Girdle some threescore and ten Keys, which, when she walked, made as delicious Musick as a

Carrier's



Carrier's Bells. And, Madam, we had a Tradition amongst us, that he seduc'd this ancient Person with Ninepence in hard Money, and a pair of blue Worsted Stockings, but God forbid that I should affirm this; yet, for all I know, it may be true, for, Madam, all Flesh is frail. Upon this the Company laughed as heartily as before; the poor Gentlewoman look'd blank in the Mouth, but Supper came very seasonably to her Relief; so to eating we fell, then the Fiddlers struck up, and we danc'd till ten. At which time the old People taking the Bride's Case into Consideration, whose Concupiscence had stood upon tip-toes ever since the Parson had put her into the Church-pound, took her up Stairs, and, as Mr. *Otway* says, dish'd her neatly in Bed. What happened afterwards you may easily guess.

'Tis a Sign you don't know when you are well, otherwise you would not long so furiously to be here, only upon the score of the Country-Nymphs, as you call them; for I dare engage you'd soon wish yourself home again. A raw Wench here in the Country, not to recount to you a thousand other Impertinences, before you can bring her to bear, will put you to the Devil and all of Expence in Perjury: All which is saved in *London*. The Women there, are better bred than to ask it of you, or else know the World too well to depend upon it. Produce but the half Piece, and they trouble their Heads no farther about you. But here you must run through as strict a Scrutiny, as if you were to take a Post of the greatest Trust in the Government——And, my Dear, will you be everlastingly true to me---No doubt on't, Child——But when you have served your Turn, you will leave me for somebody else---But indeed I won't---It would break my Heart if you should---Never fear it---Swear then, my Dear,---Why there is no occasion---But you shall swear, dear Rogue, now your Honey bids you, or,---So then you are obliged to part with as many Oaths in a Moment, as would handsomely maintain one of the King's Majesty's Garrisons for a twelvemonth. Now this is very hard upon the Subject, especially the tender-conscienc'd: Nay, to give you the last Proof of their ill-breeding, in the critical Minute of Joy, when they ought to



be all Rapture and Contemplation, then, even then, when they should be wrapt up in holy Silence, they'll ask you a thousand foolish Questions, as *mal a propos*, as if one should interrupt a Popish Priest at the Elevation, and ask him what a clock it is. You complain that the Damsels with you dress too fine, and that a pretty Woman, set out in all the Advantages of Art, is too luscious a Dish to feed upon, and as bad as Sack and Sugar. I can answer for no body's Palate but my own; and cannot help saying with the fat Knight in *Harry the Fourth*: If Sack and Sugar is a Sin, the Lord have Mercy on the wicked.

During my Stay in these Parts, I have reconciled myself to all the Sports of the Country, but Fox-hunting. They have got me out twice upon that account, but if ever they get me again, I'll give them leave to hang me. For my part, I believe some Priest first invented it, because it requires so much implicit Faith, and the Drudgery is so stupid. A Man must venture his Neck for a thing he never sees, and when he has got it, 'tis not worth his while. And this Doctrine I daily Preach to the Gentlemen, but they mind me no more than the Bankers in *Lombard-street* did the zealous *David Fone's* declaiming against Usury.

Thus I have plagu'd you with a tedious long Letter, which I have not Patience enough to look over again, and going to make Excuses for it, I am interrupted by the following Compliments ..... What a Plague are you doing all this while by your self ..... Here you have scor'd you ten Glassies ..... Come, or we shall lay a heavier Fine upon you ..... Thus I am forced to conclude with subscribing my self,

*Your most humble Servant.*

T. BROWN.



*A Bantering Letter to a Vintner living near the Royal-Exchange, under the borrow'd Name of a Justice of Peace's Clerk, about a Bastard-Child.*

S I R,

Grays-Inn, Aug. 23. 1703.

ALTHO' I am wholly a Stranger to you, yet as all of us ought to do mutual good Offices to one another, I was easily inclin'd to do you the following Kindness, if you please to make it one, for I can assure you I intended it as such, and that without the least mercenary Prospect of being rewarded for my Pains. Know then that Mr. *Daniel Arrowsmith* the Hosier, one of the Churchwardens belonging to St. *Andrew's Holborn*, brought to my Master, the Worshipful Mr. Justice *Ireton*, at his Chambers in *Grays-Inn*, about the Hours of eight and nine this Morning, a young Woman, whose Name is *Judith Merryweather*, living in *Leather-lane*, at the Sign of the *Hat and Feather*. The Beadles of the Parish had some time ago observed her to look as if she was big-bellied, and knowing her to have no Husband, acquainted the two Churchwardens below the Bars, (for you must know, Sir, we have four in all belonging to our Parish) with the matter, who repair'd very early to her Lodgings this Morning, and upon the Parish Midwife's attesting her to be with Child, they very severely examin'd who was the true Father of the Child, otherwise threatening to send her to *New-Prison*, near *Islington*. At the first she would make no Confession, pretending she had a Husband at Sea in the *Britannia*; but being required by my Worshipful Master, Justice *Ireton*, to produce the Certificate of her Marriage, she frankly own'd at last, that it was her Misfortune, some six Months ago, to be pick'd up by you in *High-Holborn*, and that you carried her to the *Rummer-Tavern* in *Grays-Inn* Passage, where, in the Green Room up two Pair of Stairs, you debauched her twice upon a Chair, by the same Token you gave her half a Crown in hand, and promis'd



mis'd her a Pair of Blue Silk Stockings; concluding, that she was never concerned with any Man in the World but you, and that she was ready to confirm this upon Oath. My Master hearing that you were a young Man, newly set up for your self, and being loth to expose your Reputation, the Soul and Life of a Tradesman, to the malicious Censure of the World; he refused to admit the young Wench to swear against You, and particularly spoke to the two Churchwardens, Mr. *Daniel Arrow-smith* Hosier, and Mr. *Jacob Thimbleworth* Cheesemonger, to endeavour to make up this Matter amicably with you, to conceal your Name, and give you the meeting this Afternoon at Six of the Clock, at the *Three-Tun* Tavern near *Holborn-Bars*, and make as easy a Bargain for you as he can possible, in case they conjectur'd you to be the right Father; which will soon appear when the young Wench and you are confronted together. Then, Sir, he ordered me to write this Letter to you, to acquaint you with the Time and Place of Meeting; as also to be there my self, and give him an Account at Night of all Particulars. So, Sir, if you please to enquire for Number Six, at the aforesaid Tavern, you will certainly find us there attending your coming, in hopes thereof you'll make a short end of this scurvy Business. I remain, tho' unknown,

*Yours to Command,*

PETER AYLOFF.

P. S. The young Woman is about Sixteen, fresh-colour'd, but a little frickled, and redhair'd. Her Mother keeps an Apple-stall.

### *A Letter to a young L A D Y.*

I Have languished a whole tedious Week, which, in the computation of us Lovers, is an Age at least, under the severest Pains that can be imagined; and yet, Madam, you have not vouchsafed to express the least compassion for my Sufferings, tho' you are the cruel Occasion of them. Why should Beauty affect arbitrary Sway, and take Delight in the Ruin of its most faith-



faithful Adorers? Or why should so passionate a Heart as mine is, that would gladly sacrifice the whole Universe to purchase yours, be rewarded only with Scorn and Contempt? Oh let me conjure you by those dear killing Eyes, that have robbed me of my Repose, to let me know my Crime, and wherein I have offended you, that the whole Services of my Life may atone for my Transgression: If you are resolved to make me your Victim, do but let me know so much, and I'll die with the Eagerness and Resignation of a Martyr: For, alas! my Despair at present has so effectually mortify'd me, that should you continue to be severe, Death will be a welcome Deliverer to the most unfortunate,

T. Brown.

## HENRICUS HAMMONDUS

*A* <sup>D</sup> *cujus nomen assurgit*  
*Quicquid est gentis literatae,*  
*(Dignum Nomen,*  
*Quod Auro, non Atramento,*  
*Nec in Marmore perituro, sed Adamante potius*  
*Exaretur)*  
*Masageres celeberrimus, vir plane summus,*  
*Theologus omnium consummatissimus,*  
*Eruditæ Pietatis decus simul & exemplar;*  
*Sacri Codicis interpres*  
*Facile omnium oculatissimus,*  
*Errorum Malleus,*  
*Post homines natos felicissimus,*  
*Veritatis Hyperaspistei*  
*Supra quam dici potest Nervosus;*  
*In cujus scriptis*  
*Elucescunt*  
*Ingenii Gravitas & acumen,*  
*Judicii Sublimitas & Ἀκριβεία,*  
*Sententiarum Ὁγκος & Δεινότης,*  
*Docendi Methodus utilissima,*  
*Nusquam dormitans Diligentia.*  
*Hammondus (inquam) ὁ πᾶν,*



270 *An Epitaph on Algernoon Sidney.*

*In ipsa mortis Vicinia positus,  
Immortalitati quasi contiguus,  
Exuvias Mortis venerandas  
(Præter quas nihil mortale habuit)  
Sub obscuro hoc Marmore  
Latere voluit,  
VII. Cal. Maias,  
Ann. Ætat. LV.  
MDCLX.*

*An Epitaph on Algernon Sidney, 1683.*

*Algernon Sidney fills this Tomb,  
An Atheist, by disclaiming Rome;  
A Rebel bold, for striving still  
To keep the Laws above the Will,  
And hind'ring those wou'd tread 'em down,  
To leave no Limits to a Crown:  
Crimes, damn'd by Church and Government,  
But, Oh! where must his Soul be sent?  
Of Heav'n it ever must despair,  
If that the Pope be Turn-Key there:  
And Hell it ne'er can entertain,  
For there is all tyrannick Reign;  
And Purgatory's such Pretence,  
It ne'er receiv'd a Man of Sense:  
Where goes it then? Why, where it ought to go,  
Where neither Pope, nor Devil have to do.*

*An Epitaph on 'TRUE, Queen MARY's  
DOG.*

*I F Wit, or Honesty, could save  
Our mould'ring Ashes from the Grave,  
This Stone had yet remain'd unmark'd,  
I still writ Prose, and True still bark'd:  
But envious Fate has claim'd its Due,  
Here lies the mortal part of True:*



His deathless Virtues must survive,  
To better us that are alive.

His Prudence, and his Wit, were seen  
In that, from *Mary's* Grace and Mien,  
He own'd the Pow'r, and lov'd the Queen:  
By long Obedience he confess'd,  
That serving her was to be blest'd:  
Ye Murmurers, let *True* evince  
That Men are Beasts, and Dogs have Sense.

His faith and Truth all *Whitehall* knows,  
He ne'er could fawn, or flatter those  
Whom he believ'd were *Mary's* Foes:  
Ne'er sculk'd from whence his Sovereign led him,  
Nor snarl'd against the Hand that fed him:  
Read this, you Statesmen now in Favour,  
And mend your own, by *True's* Behaviour.

*An Epitaph on a Stumbling-Horse.*

**H** E R E lies the Horse beneath this Stone,  
Who living, oft has lain on one:  
A noble Steed, who, as he went,  
Proclaim'd still his high Descent:  
A proudly headed Nag he was,  
And hence it often came to pass;  
Tho' he his Feet nought valued,  
He still stood much upon his Head.  
He was no War-Horse, yet he knew  
The Art to squat and lie *perdu*;  
Yea, many a Horse, long train'd in Wars,  
Had never half so many Scars:  
There's only this small Difference in't,  
Theirs were Steel Wounds, but his of Flint.  
He was no Hunter, nor did care  
To follow Chace of Fox or Hare;  
Yet had this Property of Hound,  
He still was smelling on the Ground.  
And tho' Dame Nature did not frame  
Him for a Finder of the Game;



Yet were it lost, none certainly  
 Wou'd sooner stumble on't than he.  
 He was no Racer, as some say,  
 Tho' some conclude the other way;  
 And say, for Swiftneſs, he might run  
 Againſt the Horſes of the Sun:  
 For tho' full ſwift Don *Phæbus* he,  
 This wou'd be ſooner down than he:  
 For his Opinion, Critick-Wit  
 Does vary much in gueſſing it:  
 Some ſay he was Conformiſt bred,  
 He bow'd ſo low; but ſome this Steed  
 Think may for Nonconformiſt go,  
 At every thing he ſtumbles ſo.  
 Some think him Preſbyter, 'cauſe he  
 Brings Rider down to Purity.  
 But ſome ſay no, for, by this knack,  
 He ſtill throws Jocky from his Back:  
 Some for Rebaptiſt him beſpatter,  
 For dipping Rider oft in Water;  
 But all no Quaker him conclude,  
 Becauſe with Knee Reſpect he ſhew'd:  
 Some think him Papiſt, 'cauſe ſo prone  
 He was to worſhipping of Stone:  
 Some think again, that Tripping he  
 Confutes Infallibility.  
 But moſt allow him (which is worſe)  
 No more Religion than a Horſe:  
 Well, now he's dead, nor Wonder is't,  
 For Mother-Earth long ſince he kiſt;  
 And what it was, full well did know,  
 To turn his Heels up long ago.  
 If any to enquire ſhall pleaſe  
 What cauſ'd his Death, 'twas a Diſeaſe,  
 Call'd *Epilepſe* by learned *Leech*,  
 But falling-Sickneſs in plain Speech.  
 And to confirm it for a Truth,  
 He often foamed at the Mouth.  
 And our good Coroner finds he hath,  
 By his own ſtumbling, cauſ'd his Death.



In King's Highway, pray let him rest,  
 With this Inscription on his Breast:  
 Here lies the Horse, that fell and rose before,  
 But now (the Learned say) must rise no more.

## O R A C U L U M.

*E*Xulta, Germania!

*Venit enim Tempus,*

*Quo*

*Nomen Leopoldus transit in omen,*

*Pello duos*

*Capitales scilicet Germaniæ Hostes;*

*Pulsum jam alterum vidimus,*

*Alterum brevi pellendum speramus,*

*Sultanum & Ludovicum,*

*Utrumque magnum;*

*Alterum quondam Orbis Terrorem, nunc Ludibrium.*

*Turcia sub illo, a tot sæculis,*

*Gallia sub hoc, a paucis lustris,*

*Invictum se jactitavit:*

*Alterum vinci posse, alter docuit.*

*Uterque cum Germanis ferit*

*Inducias viginti Annorum,*

*Sed & fregit;*

*Alter sub Finem, sub Initium alter:*

*Pari uterque Usus prætextu,*

*Ille, ut Comitem de Tekely,*

*Hic, ut Principem de Furstemberg,*

*Firmaret.*

*Tekley Christianus contra Christianos,*

*Furstemberg Germanus contra Germanos:*

*Uterque duxit Hostes,*

*Sed pari ut speramus successu.*

*Nec omine caret*

*Ludovicus nomine Decimus quartus:*

*Interroganti eum,*

*Quid es? Sum Turca:*

*Nomen & Omen referre.*

*Quis diffitebitur ergo,*

*Quid Ludovicus Turca*



## 274 Prophecies out of Merlin's Carmen.

*Parem cum Turca experturus sit fortunam ?*

*Transit eam Nox,*

*Qua*

*Nocturnum Sidus, & Animal,*

*Luna, & Gallus, regnant :*

*Exortus est dies ;*

*Nam Luna per solem coepit obscurari :*

*Et cum Aquila inter Solis versetur radios,*

*Desiit Gallicinium,*

*Nec Gallus amplius cantabit.*

*Venit enim Tempus*

*Quo*

*EVDOVICVS MagnVS breVI flet parVS,*

*Nam Literæ numerales dant numerum*

*MDCCLXXXVIII.*

## The Epsom Duel, 1689.

**I** Sing of a Duel in Epsom beſel,  
 'Twixt fa-ſo-la Durſey, and ſo-la-mi Bell:  
 But why do I mention the ſcribbling Brother?  
 For naming the one, you may gueſs at the other.  
 Betwixt them there happen'd a horrible Clutter,  
 Bell ſet up the loud Pipes, and Durſey did ſplutter.  
 Draw, Bell, wer't thou Dragon, I'll ſpoil thy ſoft Note,  
 Thy ſqueaking, ſaid t'other, for I'll cut thy Throat.  
 With a Scratch on the Finger the Duel's diſpatch'd,  
 Thy Clineas (O Sidney!) was never ſo match'd.

## Prophecies out of Merlin's Carmen, 1690.

**A** Rthurus veniet Clypeo ceu nomen ab Aureo  
 Sive a Divitiis ne querit nominis umbram  
 Sed verice certe: Majoribus integer auſis.  
 Æolios certo ſibi junget fœdere fratres,  
 Non unda, non ſaxa illum, non impius Enſis,  
 Impediunt currentem, & mollia juffa ferentem.  
 Diis Charum, ſacrumq; caput nec fulmina tangent,  
 Axem humeris torquet, fugit inde volubile Ferrum,  
 Abſolvitque Deos tantum peccare timentes.

*Alias*



*Alias ver juncosque dabit; sed proxima Messis  
Lilia, sic Domitas lati latabitur Orbis.  
Interea Diros fremitus Terraque Marique,  
Delphinogeuum tunc circumludete Monstrum,  
Per Regis Cameras, cali laquearibus aptas  
Multaque tunc infanda videbitis. His dare finem  
Ferridus Isiacis curret Neptunus ab Undis,  
Nec feret hoc Dux Penigerum.*

Sure as ye live, who *Arthur's* Fate deplore,  
Heav'n for you has an *Arthur* yet in store;  
Behold his Deeds, and thence the Man proclaim,  
Tho' a gilt Helm on Riches stamp his Name.  
From *Æolus* he calls a ready Wind,  
And carries every Element his Friend,  
Heav'n's Darling! Him no Instrument of War  
May touch, nor boldest Thunder finge his Hair.  
O *Æolus*! O ye Gods! The Ball is hurl'd,  
That Shoulder hurt, where will you fix the World.  
He, *Britain's* Angel, in one Moon shall mow  
The Flags and Rushes which in *Bogland* grow,  
The Lillies, a white Harvest, next shall crown  
His sacred Head, and all the World's his own.  
Against God's Wind, tho' Hell may drive the Tide  
In the King's Chambers, tho' a Dolphin ride;  
Yet sure that Rout shall the proud Dragon rue,  
St. *Michael* comes with all his winged Crew;  
And *Neptune* will the Brutes no longer bear,  
Thunder begins, and Wonder ends the War.

*The Cavalcade, and disbanding the Royal Regiment; a Ballard for Jo. Haynes, 1690.*

## I.

ALL you that have *Protestant* Ears to hear,  
Each of you prepare to shed a salt Tear;  
For know that our Monarch intends to disband  
The only brave Heroes could conquer *Ireland*.

## II.

The fierce Royal Regiment, as brave Men and willing,  
As *Dutchmen*, or *Danes*, or those *Inneskilling*,

Maſt



Must now be cashier'd without any Rewards,  
Who once did pretend to precede the King's Guards.  
III.

O had you but seen them march with that Decorum,  
That no *Roman* Triumph cou'd e'er go before them ;  
Some smoaking, some whistling, all thinking no harm,  
Like *Yorkshire* Attornies coming up to a Term.

## IV.

On Long-Tails, on Bob-Tails, on Trotters, on Pacers,  
On Pads, Hawkers, Hunters, on Higlars, or Racers ;  
You'd have sworn Knights, Squires, Prigs, Cuckolds and  
Pandars,  
Appear'd all like so many Great *Alexanders*.

## V.

These *Heroes*, who thorow all Dangers durst go,  
Most bravely despising Blood, Battel, and Foe,  
Were mounted on Steeds the last Lord Mayor's Day,  
From *Turkey*, *Spain*, *Barbary*, Coach, Cart, and Dray.

## VI.

'Twas on that very day their Prowess was shown,  
For guarding the King thro' the Fire-works o'th' Town ;  
The Sparks were unhorst, and their lac'd Coats were  
spoil'd,  
Yet these fear'd no Squibs of Man, Woman, or Child.

## VII.

The *Cornet*, whose Nose tho' it spoke him no *Roman*,  
Was mounted that Day on a Horse feared no Man ;  
Believe me, for all o'er his Trappings so sumptuous,  
He ty'd Squibs and Crackers, 'twas mighty presumptuous.

## VIII.

But note his Design, 'twas worth your admiring,  
'Twas to let the Queen see how his Horse would stand  
firing ;  
Not wisely considering what 'twas to be married,  
For at firing the Squibs his own Mistress miscarried.

## IX.

Th' *Anabaptist*, who squirts his Zeal into his Maid,  
In his Jackboots, both Night and Day, preach'd, slept,  
and pray'd ;  
For jingling his Spurs chim'd them all in as well  
To Sermon, or Prayers, as any Sans-Bell.



X.

The *Lieutenant-Colonel* being thrown by his Jennet,  
His Son-in-law thinking some Treachery in it,  
Did tender him the Oaths, which the Horse took they say,  
But swore by the Lord they went down like chopp'd Hay.

XI.

He the Beast of an *Irish* Papist did buy,  
So doubting his Courage and his Loyalty,  
Taught him to eat with his Oates Gunpowdero,  
And prance to the Tune of old Lilly-Burlero.

XII.

A noble stout Scrivener, who now shall be nameless,  
That in time of Action he might be found blameless,  
A War-horse of Timber from a *Dutch* Carver Buys,  
To learn with more Safety the Horse-exercise.

XIII.

With one Eye on's Honour, the other on's Gain,  
He fixes a Desk on *Bucephalus'* Main ;  
That so by that means he his Palfry bestriding,  
Might practice at once both his writing and riding.

XIV.

But o' the sad News that our Heroes confounds,  
To *Ireland* their own like the last Trumpet sounds ;  
The King has invited Lord Mayor and Shreive *Hublin*,  
To dine upon *Midsummer-Day* with him in *Dublin*.

XV.

Good Lord ! how this News sets the Champions a trem-  
bling,  
And now quite forgetting their wonted dissembling,  
Can think them of nothing but Suits and Petitions,  
Of humble Addresses, of Terms and Conditions.

XVI.

O who'll march for me ? now speak any that dare,  
A Horse and a hundred Pounds for him that's fair ;  
Dear Courtier excuse me from *Teagueland* and Slaughter,  
And take, which you please, my Wife or my Daughter.

XVII.

Some feign'd to be lame, some feign'd to be clapt,  
At last finding they themselves had thus trapt,  
Unanimously they to the King all addrest,  
And told the bare Truth, 'twas all but a Jest.

XVIII.



## XVIII.

A Jest! quoth the King, and with that the King smil'd,  
 It ne'er shall be said such a Jest shall be spoil'd ;  
 Therefore, now I break you, in Peace all depart,  
 For 'twas more your Goodness than my Desert.

## XIX.

Thus happily freed from the dreadful Vexation,  
 Of being Defenders of this or that Nation,  
 They kiss'd Royal Fist, were drunk all for Joy,  
 Then broke all their Swords, and cry'd, *Vive le Roy.*

*A BALLAD on the Times, 1696.*

## I.

**G**ood People, what will you of all be bereft?  
 Will you never learn Wit while a Penny is left?  
 We are all, like the Dog in the Fable, betray'd,  
 To let go the Substance, and snap at the Shade:

Our specious Pretences,  
 And foreign Expences,  
 To war for Religion, will waft all our Chink ;  
 It's clipt, and it's snipt,  
 It's lent, and it's spent,  
 Till 'tis gone, till 'tis gone, to the Devil, I think.

## II.

We pay for our New-born, and we pay for our Dead ;  
 We pay if w<sup>r</sup>are Single, we pay if we Wed :  
 Which shews, that our merciful Senate don't fail  
 To begin at the Head, and tax down to the Tail.

We pay through the Nose,  
 For subjecting of Foes ;  
 But, for all our Expences, get nothing but Blows :  
 Abroad w<sup>r</sup>are defeated,  
 At Home we are cheated ;  
 And the end on't, the end on't, the Lord above knows.

## III.

We have parted with all our old Money, to shew  
 How we foolishly hope for a Plenty of New ;  
 But might have remember'd, when't came to the Push,  
 That a Bird in the Hand, is worth two in the Bush :

We



We now, like poor Wretches,  
Are kept under Hatches,  
At Rack and at Manger, like Beasts in the Ark ;  
Since our Burgeſſes and Knights  
Make us pay for new Lights,  
Why ſhou'd we, why ſhou'd we be kept in the Dark ?

LOVE-LETTERS *Written to Madam  
MAINTENON, Stollen out of her Cloſet  
by one of her Servants.*

*The Marquiſs de Chevereuſe's Love-Letter.*

*Madam,*

**A**FTER having oftentimes affirmed you in Converſation, that I love you more than my ſelf, I take the Liberty to write to you, that I may give you fuller Evidences of my Sincerity, and at the ſame time to make this Proteſtation before you, that notwithstanding all your Indifference, I ſhall ever perſevere to adore you. I am ſenſibly afflicted that I had not the Honour to take my leave of you before my Departure : I have ſought every occaſion with the utmoſt Diligence ; but you, my cruel Fair one, think that I am not ſufficiently puniſh'd for my Tranſgreſſions, either by your Rigor, or my own Deſpair. You have hitherto indutrioſly avoided my Company, becauſe you very well foreſaw, that one Moment of your charming Converſation would ſweeten and lenify all that *Chagrin* which your Abſence had created. Let me perſuade you, Madam, to quit all thoſe Cruelties that are ſo diſagreeable, and contrary to the faireſt Sex ; conſider the Violence of my Paſſion, and by an act of Generoſity, which is ſo peculiar to your Nature, return one Heart for another ; mine is altogether yours, it will ſuffer no other Image to be impreſt upon it, but that of your charming Perſon, nor will it be ever ſeparated from you. Give me therefore ſome ſmall room in yours, 'tis the only thing in the World which I beg of you, and for the attaining of it, I would willingly abandon my Fortune  
and



and my Dignity. Let me then conjure you, Madam, to comply with my Passion, and make your self absolute Mistress, not only of my Heart, but also of every thing that I possess. The Bearer hereof will bring me your Answer; I beseech you that you'll no more deny me this Favour, than any thing else that I have requested of you; without which you'll reduce, to the Extremity of Despair, the Person, that preserves his Life upon no other score than to love, nor his Fortunes, than to serve you.

*De Cheveruse.*

*The Marquiss of Cheveruse to Madam Maintenon.*

'TIS I find decreed, Madam, and you have resolved my Death; if that is your Design, you'll have your satisfaction upon me in a few Days; for since I have been absent from you, I have not been able to procure one moment's release from my Torments. However, if you'll be pleased to alleviate my pains with one word from your adorable Hand, I shall have the Consolation to be remembered by you. Do it then, I beseech you, and if you disdain to answer my Prose, at least answer the Verses, which are sent you by the most Passionate and Sincere of Lovers,

*De Cheveruse.*

*Do my Adorable GUILLEMETTE.*

I.

F AIR Goddess! whose victorious Charms  
Have made a Conquest o'er my Heart;  
When will you fill my long expecting Arms,  
And bid my cruel Fears depart.

II.

Since envious Fate your absence has procur'd,  
No peaceful rest has crown'd the Night:  
The Day has seen no kind delight,  
Ten thousand Martyrdoms I have endur'd.

III.



## III.

Come, make a Victim of your Pride,  
Cure my Despair, and ease my Pain,  
Lay unbecoming Cruelty aside,  
And to mild Pity sacrifice Disdain.

## IV.

Or if my Fate you have decreed,  
And poor unhappy I must bleed,  
In a pathetick Tone pronounce my Death:  
And I with freedom will resign my Breath.

Love-Verfes, *spoken to Adorable Guillemette:*  
*By the Marquis of Cheveruse, after his*  
*Recovery from a Fainting Fit.*

## I.

WELL now, imperious Fair, I find  
You have your Lover's Death design'd:  
Since you that could have eas'd my wretched State,  
Have added to my Cares, and urg'd my coming Fate.

## II.

Go take a Kiss, Love whispers in my Ear,  
But Love, alas! gives place to Fear;  
Aweful Respect disarms my Hands,  
And to my growing Passion gives Commands.

## III.

Ah! must your wounded Lover die?  
And see his Balm, and see his Cure so nigh:  
Or shall he boldly seize a Kiss?  
A Prelude to a greater Bliss.

## IV.

No, he'll a thousand Deaths endure,  
And all Reverses of his Fate attend,  
E'er he'll by Sacrilege attempt his Cure,  
And his dear Guillemette offend.



*To the same; delivered by a Peasant.**Madam,*

**I** am perswaded, that if I did not live entirely for you, I had not been able, by this time, so much as to lift up my Eyes to see you without dying. If I could have had the honour to take my leave of you, and know your Sentiments, I had received sufficient Consolation. Do me then the Favour, that I may enjoy one minute's Conversation with you, in some Place or other: Alas! who could have believed that we should be so cruelly separated, when we were just upon the point of meeting? However, it does not signify much, and I have that favourable Opinion of your Charity, that it will repair the Loss we have mutually sustained. Adieu, my Dear, let me know how matters go with you. You may confide entirely in the Bearer, for he's trusty and faithful.

*Her Answer to the Marquiss, slip'd into the Peasant's Pocket.**S I R,*

**A** L T H O' I have not seen you since my Departure from——yet I have not suffer'd that Passion to be extinguished, which you have kindled in my Heart; for a Proof of this let me find you to-morrow about four a Clock disguised in a Female-Habit, on the side of the Wood that joins the High-way, there I shall have the Honour to see you.

*Ten Years after she was the Marquiss's Mistress, he propos'd her in Marriage to a Judge of the Finances. The young Judge's Letter to the Marquiss, against entering upon a second Marriage.**S I R,*

**A** Fter having made abundance of Reflections upon the Inconvenience and Misfortunes that Marriage generally



nerally carries along with it, I have taken up a Resolution not to venture my self the second time on that outrageous Sea, but to pass the remainder of my Life in Security in the Harbour: The most convincing Arguments that served to determine my Opinion in this Case, were sent me in a Letter by a Poet, a Friend of mine: I have transcribed a Copy of them for you, that you may see the Advice which he gives me, and with what an invincible Aversion he declaims against Matrimony In the mean time I shall never cease to make you all the Acknowledgments in the World for your infinite Favours, and I am heartily displeas'd with my self, that I cannot force my Inclination so far, as to offer my Vows to that charming Person you designed for me. You may reasonably believe, that Providence never designed me for so great a Blessing; however, I shall always reserve that Honour of writing my self,

Yours,

### POSTSCRIPT.

*The Verses sent in the same Letter.*

**T**H E Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,  
He always in Danger, she always in Motion:  
And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his Carcase,  
Twice ventures a drowning: and, faith, that's an hard  
Case :

Even at our Weapons the Female defeats us,  
And Death, only Death, can sign our *Quietus*.  
Not to tell you sad Stories of Liberty lost,  
How our Joys are all pall'd, and our Pleasures all crost,  
This Pagan Confinement, this damnable Station,  
Suits no Order, nor Age, nor Degree in the Nation.  
The *Levite* it keeps from Parochial Duty,  
For who can at once mind Religion and Beauty?  
The rich it alarms with Expences and Trouble,  
And a poor Beast, you know, will scarce carry double.  
'Twas invented, they say, to keep us from falling,  
Oh the Virtue and Grace of a shrill Caterwauling!  
But it pales in your Game. Ay, but how do you know, Sir,  
How often your Neighbour breaks up the Enclosure.

For



For this is the principal Comfort of Marriage,  
 You must eat, tho' a hundred has spit in your Porridge.  
*True \* Woman ne'er minds a Sermon, or Lecture,*  
*Her Glass is her Guide, and her Ghostly Director;*  
*Then she primes her gay Looks with an early Devotion,*  
*There she paints, and she patches, and studies each Motion;*  
*Not to please the dull Sight of her Conjugal Satyr,*  
*But charm and confound every gaping Spectator.*  
 If at Night you're unactive, and fail of performing,  
 Enter Thunder, and Lightning, and Bloodshed next  
 Morning.

Cries the Bone of your Side, Thanks dear Mr. Horner,  
 This comes of your sinning with Crape in a Corner.  
 Then to make up the Breach, all your Might you must  
 rally,

And labour, and sweat, like a Slave at the Gally.  
 But still you must charge, Oh blessed Condition!  
 Tho' you know to your Cost, you've no more Ammu-  
 nition.

'Till at last, my dear mortified Tool of a Man,  
 You are not able to make a poor Flash in the Pan.  
 Fire, Female, and Flood begin with a Letter,  
 And the World for them all scarce a Farthing's the better:  
 The Flood soon is gone, and the Fire you may humble,  
 If into the Flames store of Water you tumble.  
 But the Fire of a Female, on the word of a Friend,  
 Is ne'er to be quenched, but burns World without end.  
 You may call all the Engines and Pumps in the Nation }  
 To extinguish the Flame, and allay Titulation, }  
 But may piss out as well the last Conflagration.  
 Thus, Sir, I have sent you my Thoughts of the Matter,  
 Judge you as you please, but I scorn to flatter.

#### *On Enjoyment.*

But as Resistance feeds the Flame,  
 And fans the dying Fire;

\* *These Lines never printed before.*



So dull Enjoyment spoils the Game,  
By palling the Desire.

*Monsieur Scarron's Sister's Verses on her Brother being bilk'd of his Spouse's Maidenhead on the Marriage-Night. That Secret being reveal'd, broke the Poet's Heart.*

**T**HERE's no body knows this Secret but I,  
Which I've heartily sworn to conceal, *par ma foy*:  
And I've promis'd without any damn'd Reservation,  
Not to utter one word to a Soul in the Nation.  
Then must I conceal it? alas and alack!  
I may promise as well to bear *Pauls* on my Back.  
But then if I tell it, I ruin my Brother,  
Why i'faith I can't help it, as well he as another.  
This telling of *Secrets* is part of our Charter,  
And for my part, I swear, I'll die no body's Martyr.  
Well, let me consider once more of the matter,  
Either burn, or disclose it; why, troth chuse the latter.  
But then if I speak it, farewell Reputation,  
And besides I may raise his severe Indignation,  
But what Woman alive can conceal Fornication?  
Not a Female on Earth can Cuckoldom smother,  
Then don't take it ill from your Sister, good Brother:  
You know what the Matron said unto her Daughter,  
Ne'er long keep a Secret, nor long hold your Water.

*The French King's Letter to Madam Scarron,  
who was after Madam Maintenon.*

**I** Am to tell you, Madam, that your Resistance has extremely astonish'd me; me, I say, that have been hitherto accusom'd to Victory, and was never before refus'd. I always believed, that being a King, it was sufficient to give any sign of my Desire, in order to accomplish it; but I perceive the contrary by your Rigours, and therefore to oblige you to soften them, was  
the



286 *On the Death of Mrs. Bilton.*

the occasion of this Letter. Let me conjure you, my Dearest, to love me, or at least make as if you loved me. Towards Evening I shall come to see you, and if then I find you no more favourable to me than at your other Visits, you will reduce to Extremity of Despair the most passionate of Lovers,

L O U I S.

*To Mr. Synh---m at Cambridge.*

S I R,

**T**H E Lines hereunto subjoin'd, were occasion'd by the Death of a Lady really beautiful and strictly virtuous, an Ornament to her Sex, and the Delight of her Parents, and this lovely Flower, even in blooming, dy'd, what a Loss the World sustain'd? and what Grief was bury'd in Obedience to Almighty Providence? The Resignation of her Parents equal'd the Silence of her Departure, and surviving Friends preserve her Memory for Imitation: Those who knew her were transported with her Converse, those who have truly heard of her were astonish'd at her Vertues, and her Death seem'd a calm Translation from uncertain Comforts to the Throne of endless Happiness; her patient Behaviour dispell'd the pusillanimous Clouds of her Relations, dying an Example worthy of their Observation, and now presuming the Guard of Christianity a sufficient Barrier against natural Force, I beg leave to offer the following Copy of Verses.

*On the Death of Mrs. Bilton.*

**W**H A T could'st not thou a blooming Beauty spare?  
*And must your Dart descend on such a Fair?*  
 Lucinda's dead, and has resigned the Prize  
 To fainter Charms, and less inviting Eyes.  
 But 'tis a Sign thou'rt blind, regardless Death,  
 A Vandal wou'd have spar'd that valid Breath:  
 But thou'rt all Ice, unalterably cold,  
 Uncharm'd by Beauty, and unbrib'd by Gold:

*Whilst*



*Whilst zealous Vows did in the Church ascend  
 Beyond the Stars, I could not but offend;  
 I fix'd my Eyes, and Thoughts, and Heart on you,  
 As a just Debt, and absolutely Due.  
 Nor shall that Day escape my Calendar,  
 When you ascended, and became a Star.  
 No, I will consecrate your final Hour,  
 No Time shall e'er your Memory devour;  
 Lasting, as Virtue shall thy darling Name  
 Survive the Tomb, and aged Honour claim,  
 And shine for ever in the Rolls of Fame.*

Your humble Servant, T. R.

*The Fable of the Wolf and Porcupine: In  
 Answer to The Argument against a Stand-  
 ing Army.*

I.

**I** Sgrim, with Hunger press'd, one Day  
 As thro' a Wood he posted,  
 A Porcupine found on the way,  
 And in these Terms accosted.

II.

Our wars are ended, Heav'n be prais'd!  
 Then let's sit down and prattle  
 Of Towns invested, Sieges rais'd,  
 And what we did in Battle.

III.

The Plains a pleasing Prospect yield,  
 No Fire, nor Desolation;  
 While Plenty reigns in every Field,  
 And Trade restores the Nation.

IV.

Yet you your Quills erected wear,  
 And tho' none seeks to harm ye;  
 In time of Peace about you bear,  
 Methinks, a Standing Army.

V.

Friend, quoth the Porcupine, 'tis true,  
 The War's at length decided;

But



288 *An EPITAPH upon PEGGY, &c.*

But 'gainst such tricking Blades as you  
'Tis good to be provided.

VI.

Censorious Fame shall never say,  
That too much Faith betray'd me ;  
Who thinks of me to make a Prey ;  
Must at his Cost invade me.

VII.

Let him, that thinks it worth the while,  
Tempt Knaves to make a Matryr ;  
The Sharpers that would me beguile,  
Shall find they've caught a Tartar.

*An EPITAPH upon SARAH a  
Taylor's Wife.*

FROM *Abraham's* Bosom, full of Lice,  
To *Abraham's* Bosom in Paradise ;  
Poor *Sarah's* Ghost has took its Flight,  
And bid the lousy Rogue Good-Night.

*T. Brown.*

*An EPITAPH upon Barren Peg.*

HERE lies the Body of *Barren Peg*,  
Who had no Issue, but her Leg :  
But, to her Praise, for she had that Cunning,  
Whilst one stood still, the other was running.

*T. Brown.*

*An EPITAPH upon charming PEGGY.*

Under this Marble *Peggy* lies,  
Who did so often spread her Thighs,  
And made *Philander's* Courage rise.  
This Morfel of delicious Lust,  
That kiss'd with so sincere a Gust,  
Is now resolv'd to common Dust.  
Her Hands (forgive me if I am blunt)  
Will now no more, as they were wont  
Pilot Loves Sailors to her—

Her



Her Limbs that us'd to move so nice,  
 And taste Love's Pleasures in a trice,  
 Are now, alas! as cold as Ice.  
 To tell the Truth, as short as can be,  
 She kill'd her self with drinking Brandy,  
 And all for her dear Jack-a-Dandy.  
 Thus did our charming Nymph expire,  
 According to her Heart's Desire,  
 And as she liv'd, she dy'd by Fire.  
 \* *Hector*, my Boy, of thee I beg  
 Not to forget the illustrious *Peg*,  
 But o'er her Tomb lift up thy Leg.  
 Then piss such Deluges of Rain,  
 In so exuberant a Strain,  
 As shall o'erflow the World again.  
 This Tribute's to her Ashes due,  
 Whose Loss ten thousand Youths will rue;  
 And so, immortal *Peg*, adieu.

\* *The Name of his Danish Dog.*

## On the Death of the Duke of GLOCESTER.

FOR *Glocester's* Death, which sadly we deplore,  
 Though Fate's accus'd, we shou'd commend it more;  
 Lest he with *Burnet's* Faith should be imbru'd,  
 Or learn of C—— Truth or Gratitude:  
 Lest two such Masters should their Rules instil,  
 And his young Soul with poisonous Precepts fill.  
 Untimely Fate Heav'n timely did employ,  
 And to preserve the Man, destroy'd the Boy.

## A Legacy for the Ladies: Or, CHARACTERS of the Women of the Age.

*The Character of a Wanton Woman.*

THAT which we call Gallantry, is a fond Relish of  
 the World, and of its Pleasures in general; and this  
 Spirit is born with the Female Sex. Their natural Tem-  
 per contributes much to Foppery; but their Education



confirms it, and so renders the Folly entire. *Civility* indeed polishes it, and this is the best *Mistress* bestow'd upon it. By I know not what unhappy Fate, the very Care that Art takes of that *Sex's* Perfections destroys it: So soon as a *Girl* learns to speak, she is taught *pretty Things*, but few that are *useful*: Her first Steps are directed for Dancing, and to avoid the Trouble and Labour of making her a *Vertuous Person*, her Friends are contented to make her a *Fine Woman*; she is only taught the Art of *Pleasing*, but not of *Living* well.

People wonder now-a-Days at the *loose* Behaviour and *Wantonness* of *Women*; for my part, I wonder as much at them; for what can they expect of Persons thus educated? Their natural Dispositions incline them to a soft and easy Life, and to agreeable Things: Their Beauty creates Self-Love; and instead of destroying this effeminate *Tendency*, they are supply'd with divers modish Vices, that strengthen the ill Habit, and make 'em only take the more Delight in it.

A young Woman knows her *Religion* only by her *Catechism*, the *Sciences* only by Name, and *Vertue* only in *Idea*. She understands *Musick* to a Nicety, but knows nothing of the real and good Intentions of it. She plays at all sorts of *Games*, and reads no other Books but what are fitter to corrupt than instruct her. And what will be the Consequence of this first Mismanagement? An Aversion to all that is *Good*, for want of knowing what it is; a dislike of *commendable* Things, for want of understanding them, and a Spirit of *Contempt* and Envy, produced by Ignorance, which makes those Women, who know nothing, but what she her self is, and is possessed but with what she knows her self, gives up her whole Time to the Care of *Pleasing*, and bestows all her Praises on her own *Maxims*. These are the Consequences of misemploy'd *Youth*, which has receiv'd no other Instructions but such as make it still the more in Love with it self, and less acquainted with it self. It frames a Scheme of *Perfections* suitable to its own proper Palate, and the Custom of the Ages: It is from such Models that Women take a *Draught* of their Conduct and Actions; and the Result of all this is an unhappy though general Confusion in their Understanding and Deportment. *Vanity*



*Vanity* is so imprinted in the Minds of Women, that nothing less than a supernatural Hand can totally efface it. It is a prudent *Intention* to deprive them of the Sense of true *Knowledge*, but an ill Effect is all the Fruit of that good *Design*; to prevent their falling into the Pride of the *Half-learned*, they are led into the Paths of *Ignorance*, *Pride*, and *Affectation*; and firmly believe, that to understand the *World*, is in them as great a Talent, as the profoundest Learning in Men; and that their *Perfections* consist in nothing more, than in being skill'd in the Ways of *pleasing* Men; and therefore they make it their whole Application. A Woman reads with no other *Design*, than to inform her self of others *Intrigues*, and from thence to know better how to manage her own: She dresses her self, not with an *Intention* to be more charming, but to charm more Men; and think it a Diminution to their Beauty, to make but one Conquest, tho' it be never so considerable; and design not to fix themselves inviolably on *One*, but to gain *Many*, being much better pleas'd in the Croud of their *Lovers*, than with the Reality of *Love*.

They study their Looks, (many of their *Charms* being but the *Convulsions* of their Eyes) and which agrees best with them they prefer; and all this is manag'd with a wonderful *Art*: They frequently add with *Design* to their *Charms* that which *Nature* had refus'd them with Justice. Finally, they consult all the pre-external Advantages, in order to attract Love; and these Designs are of so large an Extent, that they no sooner find they please one *Subject*, but they are ready to please others also; and every new *Conquest* inflames 'em still with a Desire of extending their Victories yet farther; and the Vanity of their Desires continues, tho' the Power to please has been long since extinguish'd.

The *Employment* of a vain Woman is very singular; she is idle, tho' perpetually in Action: From Morning till Night their Thoughts are on what they love; they speak to all they meet, though they have nothing to say to them: The Exterior of Acquaintance is all they aim at; and affect Familiarity, to be thought worthy of *Friendship*. As they *Chatter* only to prevent the Cen-  
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sure of Stupidity, so the *Lapdog*, *Monkey*, and *Squirrel*, are as copious Subjects of their *Wit* and *Railery*, as any of the Neighbours, as frequent Objects of their tenderest Carresses, their most endearing Languages, and their most solid Satisfaction. Their *Ignorance* necessitates 'em to this ridiculous Diversion; for as they admire nothing but themselves, so virtuous Conversation would put 'em out of Countenance, and a serious Reflection make 'em *Distracted*.

But, alas! their Conduct rests not here, in Time that continual Idleness grows tedious; yet being unwilling to shake it quite off, and in the room of it take some *profitable* Employment unknown to them, they indulge themselves in irregular Desires, and this leads them to base and dangerous Attempts. The *Affections* of their Hearts being the Rule they go by, they employ their whole Minds in the Satisfaction they procure to themselves; and shutting their Ears to the Voice of Duty and Reason, they study but to please their predominant *Passions*, and to render their Minds the Instruments of the Disorders of their Hearts: For as they have an equal Share of natural Parts with the Men, (only with this Difference, that they are not so rightly applied) the *witty Wanton* pleases more, deceives much better, and is not one Grain the more improv'd by it; for *Wit* is the most dangerous Weapon when ill applied, and taken off of good and worthy Subjects, to exercise such vicious Uses as perverts it.

Yet this is what most *Women* do; a quick Apprehension serves but to render them more inconstant: Solidity makes them more Crafty; Penetration makes them more Satirical, and all those *Defects* make them more Proud, and fitter Objects of our Scorn and Contempt, which is the only just Reward of their imaginary Merits. They are commonly valued proportionable to the Duration of their Affections, that is, for a Moment. Their Beauties surprise us, their Wit engages us, and their Defects drive us away again. A thousand pleasing *Toys* draw Men to them, and as many Reasons make them to be avoided by them; Voluptuousness intices Men on again, and Wisdom perswades him to make no Stay with them, and to make Men to entertain them more through *Flattery* than real *Application*. A wan-



A *wanton* or *loose* Woman runs her self into all sorts of Extreams; *Prodigality* accompanies all her Expences, and *Covetousness* attends all her Frugality; for *Virtue* having no Share in her Conduct, she can never entertain a just *Medium* in any Thing. If she Loves, though but for a Minute, it borders upon Fury. If she Hates, it will last longer, I confess, but, sooner or later, always terminates in Revenge. If she Wishes, it is with insatiable Desires. If she Fears, her Apprehensions are without Bounds. Yet, notwithstanding this prodigious Heap of dreadful Qualities, she is pleasing; and her Air, her Ways, her Beauty, &c. seduce Men, and enslave them to their false Merits. But in Requital, a Woman frequently pays severely for those Impositions, and the Love she inspires; for it being wholly grounded on Interest, as its Cause, commonly it happens, that the Fruit of such Commerce is the Mine of the Man's Fortune sometimes, but always of the Woman's Reputation; and as she has not render'd the Man really happy, neither has he increas'd much her Riches, and being both disgusted of their Familiarity, they share betwixt them Sorrow and Regret, which are the usual Results of a wild illegitimate Passion. Seriously, if those light Women did but once examine their Conduct with some Grains of Reason, they would not complain of any Misfortune that happen'd to them, but employ themselves to correct those Defects; and though their natural Tendency, their ill Education, and their bad Habits, must render the Change of their Manners very difficult; yet by Degrees however they would attain to a true Relish of good Things. Religion and Honour would no longer prove defective; the Satisfaction of being esteem'd and rightly valued wou'd succeed in the place of Pleasing; for *Virtue* is honour'd wherever it is found, whether preserved by Wisdom, or restor'd by Reason, and with Justice they would obtain that Respect, Value, and Esteem, which is refus'd them on any other Terms, while they are thus advis'd. Let Modesty instruct them also, if they are willing to embrace her Dictates.



## —The Modest Woman.

T H E R E are Duties of Honour, as well as Religion, and it is in those that *Modesty* gives us the best Lessons; it requires all the Actions of Women be accompany'd with Decency; that they be born bashful, live with Circumspection, and die with wisdom: that their youthful Days be adorned with Innocence, their riper Years be endowed with Purity, and that their whole Conduct conclude with an happy and laudable Simplicity.

Modesty is not morose; that which it prescribes is just and natural; it requires but Regularity and Perfection, and whoever rejects her, abandons Honour and Virtue. When a Woman, whose Heart is affected with worldly Pleasures, abandons the Rules that Modesty prescribes, wherein Honour rests secure, she is soon made sensible of the Dangers wherein her Negligence has led her; and her best Course is, to hasten her Return into the forsaken Path that her natural Constitution inclin'd her to leave.

There are some Inclinations so excellent, as to put us on our Duties without Reluctancy; but such a natural Propensity is very rare, and there are but very few Minds endow'd with so happy a Temper, without Information, and that walk in the Paths of Virtue, without any other Guide than their own Reason.

It is only to those Women, to whom natural Weakness, Tendency, and Opportunity, appear invincible Obstacles, that Modesty gives Rules. It requires, that an habitual and modest external Behaviour suppress those unruly Motions of the Mind, that are bred by *Self-love*, that an evil Example may touch, but not move. That Beauty adorn without Flattery; that Joy never appear without a Restraint, and that it may be more easy to be instructed than pleas'd. For a Woman, that makes her Duty her Study, has less Regard to her own Worth, than to the Means of becoming worthier; and as she is possess'd with a Desire to Learning, she is not contented with the bare *Idea* of Knowing; she is more apt to judge



judge herself guilty of an Error, than Praise-worthy for any good Action. This is that happy Application, that is produc'd by Fear and Desire, unto which a Woman should give her self entirely up; then would that Tendency she still retains for vainer *Things*, soon vanish, when she begins to taste the Sweets of *Good*; for the chief Difficulty of Perfection, proceeds from a certain Tiresomeness we find in persevering in good Manners. To cure the Disorders of the Mind, there is requir'd a regular, wise, and modest Conduct, that never varies: It is very difficult for a vicious Mind to justify its Character against a virtuous Regularity, and a spontaneous Reservedness. 'Tis Perseverance in good Actions, that Modesty imposes Laws. As the Firmness of a good Resolution makes a Man's Merit, the Continuance of a discreet Conduct makes the Praise of a Woman's; for it is as difficult for a Woman never to step out of the Way of her Duty, either through her own Temper, or through some tempting Occasion, as it is difficult for a Man never to alter his Opinion, either through Passion or Necessity; but the Way to attain to that noble Constancy is by Modesty, which renders it profitable, when it restrains the too great Freedom that Youth usurps, the great Familiarity of pleasant Illecebrations, the great continual Frequentations of Balls and Feasts; and for a more particular Difference of her Will, when she denies herself all that does oppose a noble Regularity, such a one as requires a Woman not to lend an Ear to doubtful Expressions, to ambiguous Ways of speaking on certain Matters of Gallantry, nor to discourse with certain sorts of Persons. No Looks beyond their Limits; Regard must be had to Time and Place, to give a Loose to ones Eyes; no loud or sudden Laughter must break forth, and the Subject that tempts it must be common in its Effects; no loose and easy Posture, tho' Conveniency may invite them to it; no new Ways of Dresses; no Matches of Diversion in Masquerade; no Friends, but such as are wise; no Enemies but the Wicked. Finally, no Eyes for her own Virtues, nor Ears, nor Tongue for her own Praises. This is the right Way to begin a glorious Life, and to continue it



without Censure, and I may say too without Envy, but not without Satisfaction and Pleasure.

But the greatest Part of Women want these Means; and the Courses they commonly take, are neither such as Honour dictates, or Modesty requires. These being opposite to Vanity and Voluptuousness, a Woman rather chuses to abate of her Modesty, than to retrench any Thing of her Self-love: That is the Cause she lays not aside so many Circumstances of Ceremonies, so many Niceties, which are not condemned by Modesty; as Conferences with single Men, a nice Examination of Mens external Parts, the Preheminence in Assemblies, the Accounts given of her own Inclinations, her diligent Examination of others Humours, her Facility in blaming, her Difficulty to approve, and the Liberty she takes to impose, order, and command People in Places, and on such Things which have not been committed to her Care. If a Woman was but an exact Performer of her incumbent Duties, she would not be so apt to set herself forth in publick, nor be so peevish at Home: Modesty would incline her to embrace Retiredness: she would be sensible of the Contentments that Solitude and Privacy affords, and would dread the Troubles and Inconveniencies that Tumults and Confusions bring along with them. It is in such Hurry, that we are apt to slip into Irregularities; great Companies distract us even to Forgetfulness, and the severest Restraint destroys itself by frequent Meetings, and when a Woman is accusom'd to the Sight of new Faces: For Women love to be flatter'd, which is most used by those that have the least Acquaintance with them. The Want of knowing their Imperfections is the Reason that they are more readily prais'd; but this Incense, so pleasing to their Self-love, causes them to be slighted in divers Respects, and there commonly are to the flattering Approbation of one single Person, an hundred Defects that are obvious to all the World besides.

When once a Woman is so far infatuated with Self-love, as to shake Hands with her Modesty, she becomes the most dangerous ungovernable Monster that is; her Pride puts every Action, every Word, nay, every Incident



dent and Circumstance, how minute so ever, into false Lights: Every uncommon Civility she looks upon as Adoration, and the most notorious Flattery for Truth. She is violent in all she says or does; her Esteem is but short; her Hatred implacable: A dubious Answer she thinks Contumely; a cold Salute, an unpardonable Affront: Nothing can be right, but what bears the Stamp of her Approbation; no Persons well bred, but what pay their Homage to her. To offer to take the Upper-hand of her, is a mortal Sin; her arrogant Looks Brow-beat her Equals; and her haughty Carriage spruns her Inferiours. Those whom a distinguished Rank place above her, she shuns more than the Plague; and even her Pride makes her glorious Amends, for she believes her Accomplishments merit that Grandeur which the others possess; nor will she allow it them, but as conferr'd upon 'em, not only unreasonably, but even by a meer Mistake too. Whatever Obligation she receives, she takes it as a Debt paid, not a Favour conferr'd, because her Pride will not let her own she stood in Need of any Body. She forgets her Duties towards her Neighbours, and her Pride conceals from her those Obligations she has to others; so that attributing to herself, through an ill grounded Opinion of her own Worth, those Honours and Respects that she deserves not, she has no Regard for any Thing but herself, and neglects all those Duties which Modesty directs her to perform towards others. You'll frequently see her fail in the common Civilities used at Meetings, in the conversing Part, and at the taking Leave; not regarding that the Infractions of the Laws of Civility frequently turn to the Destruction of Charity, and that there is but very little Distance betwixt Dissatisfaction and Hatred. Therefore a rational Woman is of an accomplish'd Exactness in the meanest Duties that Modesty and Civility requires in Relation to others; and bidding Adieu to Foppery, she wholly applies her self so to order her Conduct, as that it may be blameless as well in the meanest as in the greatest Things.



*A pretended Godly Woman.*

A False Devotion is the most dangerous of all Crimes, and the most common of all Defects; sometimes Men use it for Reasons of State and Interest, but Women commonly on the Account of Pride and Self-love. A false Piety has divers Motives that engage Women on its Part; it is easy, fortunate, and very successful. There is frequently no Occasion to change Maxims, to step from a most licentious Life, to that which may appear the most retir'd; it is but shifting our Habits, and then all those Things that were deny'd to our Pleasures before, become suitable to our Desires. Experience sets this so frequently before our Eyes, that we cannot wonder at the fortune of a great Number of Bigots of this Age. A Woman born with good Inclinations, educated in good Principles, that would live in the Freedom of agreeable Societies, and yet retain the Character of Wife, needs but one Thing to compare both at once. Hypocrisy will soon find her out a Way to reconcile God and the World together, and to gratify her Self-love, without scandal to her Devotion. The World is in a strange Mistake on the Account of Religion: the Learned consider it in its most sacred Mysteries: The Vulgar in those outward Shews that it imposes on them; and *Women*, in certain Practices, which they propose to themselves as *Laws*, by which they regulate the *Perfection* of their State. The Learned understand *Religion*, the Vulgar believe it, and *Women* spoil it: For the first seek it, the second follow it, and the last counterfeit it.

These *Women* busy themselves to pick out a parcel of *Maxims* suitable to their own Inclinations, on which *Choice* they frame a Scheme of their own; and the great *Love* they bear to those selected *Virtues*, causes them to neglect all the others. It is no matter amongst them, whether such or such a Lady is really *Charitable*, so she but appears to be a Lady of *Charity*. The bare Outside of *Religion* is sufficient for them; no matter tho' the Inside be quite opposite to their *Practices*.

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They value not much to omit Duties of *Obligations*, provided the other Duties they prefer to these, be not very guilty in themselves, and that there be but as much Room left as will contain their *Excuses*, or others *Praises* of them. For it is the *Property* of *false Devotion*, to imbrue the Mind with Pride, and make it pretend to *Humility*, while it is drown'd in *Ostentation*; to undervalue and despise such Things as are considerable in themselves, and prize inconsiderable Things; as if they were of great *Moment*. This is the Secret the Devil makes Use of with *Women*; he makes them behold with Indifferency the Precepts of *Religion*, while they are wholly taken up with bare Scriptural Advices, and that they employ all their Care Night and Day to practise them. They will be very diligent to correct themselves of some small Defects, and negligent in Matters highly criminal: They need not fear to feel the Pressure of Sin, while they are ignorant of the Light of Grace; nor be concerned that they apply themselves to such trivial Things as suit best their *Characters*, while they neglect those great *Mysteries* so necessary to their Salvation.

Mean time, under the useful Veil of an *Holy Appearance*, they remain safe, and repair in the Minds of People the ill Impressions that any Disorder may have made, only by changing the Exterior, and adding *Hypocrisy* to the rest of their *Errors*. By the last *Evil* all the former are blotted out, and by a regular Outside they endeavour to perswade that the Inward is pure and innocent. What a strange *Error* it is, to judge of a Person's Conduct by a seeming Devotion! Those that justify a Bigot, are more apt to be deceiv'd, than those that condemn a *Libertine*.

A meer *Profession* is no good Caution of *Honour* and *Virtue*. Those that are most inlightned, are the less deceiv'd by those outward *Grimaces*, because they most distrust them; and all *Hypocrites* are suspected amongst rational Men. The *Simple* are deceiv'd by the *Hypocrites*, but the *Hypocrites* are detected by the *Wise*, who do not easily pass by those three *Characters* which *Hypocrisy* imposes on them; so directly opposite to the  
Love



Love we owe to God, and to our Neighbour, namely, *Pride, Cruelty, and Dissimulation.*

Through the Instigations of *Pride*, they assume an Authority over all others that are not of their Kidney, and some of them too are not exempt from their Insults; especially, if they are not equal at least to 'em in the respect of the *Congregations* and the *Glories* of an *Exterior Sanctity*. They usurp a *Right* of *Censuring* all the World, and make 'em fall short of their own *Devotion*, only to have a larger Scope of *Backbiting*. She robs her Family to fatten the *Sanctified Station*, and Cuckolds her Husband in the Fear of the Lord: Five a Clock *Prayers* are her Delight, and an *Evening Lecture* the happy *Consummation* of a Day well spent. She is constant at *Church*, but 'tis to be seen there; and bitterly inveighs against the impious *Laziness* of the *Ungodly Wretches* that don't come thither.

Tho' the Outside appears so *demure*, yet were the Soul to be seen, *Hell* was mine *A*——to it: However, God be praised, their Actions give us to understand, that it is a Mercy not to see a Thing so frightful. Speak against her *Teachers*, and she foams at the Mouth; pious Furies dance in her Eyes, and two and twenty Legions at least swell her Breast: *Damnation* is your Lot, to be sure; and if it were not for the *Law*, she would have the Lechery of *Murdering* you herself: For nothing is more cruel than an irritated *Bigot*.

As for *Dissimulation*, 'tis the Basis of their *Religion*; the formal *Cant* and *Turning up* of the *Eyes*, the frequent *Sighs* and *Sobbs*, the artificial *Hum's* and *Ha's*, the exegetical *Motions* of the *Handkerchief* and *Mouth*, are but the Superstructure and Decorations of the *Hypocritical Temple*: By all these study'd Arts they impose upon the unthinking Mob, and exact, nay, sometimes too, obtain freely a *Reputation* and *Character* that is by no means in the World their due.

As one of the Charms of *Greatness* and of *Riches*, is that Respect and Deference which they impose; so one of the Afflictions of *Misery*, is the *Contempt* it draws upon itself. *Indigency* and *Poverty* blot out of weak Minds the Advantage of a good *Birth*, the Splendor of



of *Merit*, and the Beauty of *Virtue*. But if *Injustice* raises *Fortune* to so high a Pitch, more equitable *Truth* always leaves it in the lowest Rank; and that *Truth* which seems to enlighten the *Bigots*, is trod under Foot by their own *Cruelty*. There is no barbarous *Usage* which they do not inflict on those whom God has visited with *Poverty*; *Hunger*, *Thirst*, and *Nakedness*, are the meanest Afflictions that proceed from their *Cares*: *Backbiting*, *Slander*, *Contempt* and *Abuse*, are the Consequences of the *Zeal* they pretend to have for their *Neighbour*.

When they are employ'd in the *Relief* of Families, and that a *Pastor's* Goodness, who would not have any of his *Flock* to suffer, employs them in the Exercise of the Duties of *Charity*, they act very barbarously and basely: He relies on those pretended *Zealous* Souls, whose exterior Practices are exemplary, and who shew in *Publick* the Duties which they owe God, but that little trouble themselves in private about those due to their *Neighbour*. It is according to the *Tendency* of their Hearts that those *Miserables* live or dye that are committed to their *Care*. When they have some good *Inclination* towards any Body, and that the humble submissions of a *Sufferer* has done Homage to their *Pride*, then they will bestow on him all that is necessary to allay his *Sufferings*, but not to end them: They are willing to mollify his Sorrow, to set forth their own *Goodness*, and to take off only the Excess of the *Grief*, to gain Praises, and to preserve their *Tyrannical Power*.

As their present Exercise of *Charity* makes divers miserable Wretches great *Sufferers*, it may also make them suffer in their Turn at the *Great Day*. And if *Pride* is the greatest *Crime* before God, where will not that *Hypocrisy* bring them, since it contains that *Pride* which offends neighbourly *Love*, and renders it guilty of the Breach of the *Law* in both its Precepts? I must confess, that a *Bigot Woman* is so guilty, and has so many Defects, that I must not pretend to give a just Account of them all: I treat but of those annex'd to the *Professed*. The *Hatred* they have for all *Women* that are not dress'd after the *Hypocritical Mode*, is so great,



great, that they cannot indure them, altho' they lead a Life exempted from all *Blame*. They fancy it is an horrid *Crime* to be adorned with such Ornaments as *Birth* and *Estate* allows of, as if it was necessary that those who are devoted to God, should begin this *Reformation* by putting on of *Sackloth*, which frequently serves but to cover a greater Number of *Sins*, without the Discovery of one *Virtue*. Let the *Deceit* of a *Linsy-Woolsy Modesty* multiply in the World, it will still be certain that the large *Sleeves* conceal more the *Hands* than the *Covetousness* of the Wearers; and that it is not the *Bigots* Dress that makes *Virtuous Women*. Mean time under that Habit they are apt to condemn others confidently, while they sin unpunish'd; they then raise themselves above all *Censure*, and whoever speaks Truth on this *Subject*, runs the Hazard of having *Lies* raised on himself; for a false *Piety* cannot suffer to be blam'd, tho' never so justly, without returning a *Slander* for it; and the ordinary Consequences of a *Bigot's* Anger, is, to ruin those that have blam'd her, tho' rightly. The most excellent *Wisdom*, even *Truth* itself, *Christ*, did condemn the Affectation or Singularity of Apparel, when he blam'd the *Pharisees* in long Robes and peculiar Fringes. He regarded not their *Accusation* of the *Adulteress Woman*; he condemn'd them when they offer'd to condemn others. This was a *Lesson* of *Providence*, to inform such as have Authority to protect those that are forsaken, and to correct those who accuse others, while they themselves are guilty.

There are such nice and dangerous *Circumstances* of Sin in *Hypocrisy*, that the *Guilty* frequently remain ignorant of the Misery of their own *Condition*. A *Woman* of the *Character* I am now setting forth, owns no other *Neighbour* but those of her own *Profession*: Whatever they say or do, is *positive* in all *Respects*; and a *Bigot* would make it a *Scruple of Conscience*, to doubt of a *Slander* that is hatch'd by one of her own *Tribe*. By the Means of this *Error*, she despises all those that have been accused, and under the *Pretence* of reproving their *Errors*, she publishes them every where: For *Slander* is no *Crime* amongst the *Bigots*; if they but fancy they say



say the *Truth*, they think they don't offend God; but *Piety* speaks a *Language* very different from those *Maxims*; and the true Way to be a sincere and real *Devout Woman*, is by consulting of it.

In short, to sum up the *Character* of a *Female Bigot*, she is a *Cursed Composition of Evil Qualities*: Her *Hypocrisy* justifies her *Pride*, and her *Pride* supports her *Hypocrisy*: The formal *Zeal* of her *Lips* countenances the *Scandal* of 'em; and she thinks that if she goes duly to *Church*, she may raise Lies upon all *Mankind*. To turn up her *Tail* to the *Godly*, is *Charity* and *Brotherly Love*: To speak well of another *Sect*, is *Profane*: To have civil *Commerce* with 'em, is *Abomination*, unless there appear some *Hopes* of bringing 'em over to the *Lord*. *Hypocrisy* has nothing good in it, but that peradventure the zealous, exterior, and the feign'd *Devotion*, gives some of the weaker People a real Inclination to *Piety* and *Goodness*: In every other Particular it is worse than *Atheism*; for one only affronts God by denying him, whereas the other confesses him, and *impiously* laughs at him to his very Face in every *Act of Devotion*.

### *The Religious Woman.*

**F**AITH is the *Mother of Piety*; whoever gives himself to *God*, and makes *Profession* thereof, ought to understand well his *Religion*, to delight in the *Duties* thereof, and perfectly perform them. His first *Care* is to inform himself, and to guide the *Course* of his Life by the *Faith* of his *Knowledge*, that he may not know the *Law* as *Libertines* do, nor practice his *Obedience* to it as *Bigots*.

But when *Faith* has once succeeded the *Care* of his *Instruction*; that he is sure of having found out the *Way*, the *Truth*, and the *Life*; that he feels that admirable *Peace* which *Truth* spreads in his Soul; that his Heart, filled with *Charity*, entertains no more *Thoughts*, but such as lead to the *Joys of Eternity*; his Understanding is convinc'd, his Soul is fill'd with *Holiness*, and the Practice of *Vertue* becomes easy, when the Mind is certain of what



what it ought to know, and the Fruit of that *Knowledge* becomes the *Zeal* of the *Will*. Then is seen that *Mary*-like pressing *Desire* to find out *Christ*, that *Love* of the *Magdalen's* to follow him, and that *Care* of the *Martha's* to serve him. Neither the *Word* of the *Angel*, nor the *Opposition* of the *Pharisees*, nor the *Preference* of *Magdalen*, can stop them. *Desire*, *Courage*, and *Power* to perform, follow *Faith* close at the Heels; *Hope* and *Charity* animates them; they run transported by their earnest *Desires*, but all this in the Way of *Truth*, following *Christ* without Ceasing and Rest; continually busying themselves in the *Lord's Vineyard*, and never draining the *Power* of their *Will*, tho' they weaken the Strength of their Bodies. This is the *Rule* of a Soul that truly seeks after *God*, a burning *Desire* of performing all things for the *Love* of him, such an *Impression* of his *Divinity* that continually humbles us, and that shelters us from the *Pride* of the *Devil*, which is so dangerous to *innocent* Souls. An inexpressible *Resolution*, which makes us to overcome all *Obstacles* which we meet in the Way, trac'd out by *Jesus Christ*, in which we must go without Intermission or Looking back, if we would be *perfect*. None can follow *Christ* by Intervals; it is a Course without *Interruption*, which the *Will* must perform; the least Rest distances us from it, and frequently Neglect makes us to lose the *Sight* of it, and so straggle out the *Day* as never to retrieve it again: It is our *faithful* and *diligent* following of him, which is the most essential Article of true *Piety*.

How many Souls seek after *Christ*, that find him, and afterwards leave, and fly from him? The *Fervency* of *Devotion* gives them impetuous Motions, which natural *Weakness*, *Occasion*, and *Tendency*, stops in the midst of their *Course*; and frequently that great *Zeal* which our *Constitution* animates, yields to the meanest Trifle which offends the *predominant Passion*.

We ought not to give the *Conduct* of the other *Vertues* to that which we value most, but to that *Vertue*, that is most necessary, which is that curbs most our *Will*, and which makes us the closer to follow *Christ*. *Love* cannot move with heavy Feet; when  
the



the *Heart* freely gives it self up, we fly; when *Love* calls upon us, the Spirit of *Charity* pushes us on, and the *Holy Transport* of a Soul that loves God, causes it to follow the Precepts and the Counsels of *Christ* so exactly, that its *Conduct* appears as a *Gospel*, wherein one sees writ down the *Lessons* of a *Crucified God*. I confess, that the Scarcity of those *Apostolical Persons* which filled the first *Ages*, would give Cause to doubt whether there have been any such in *ours*! If the Perfection of those that give us *Examples*, did not atone for the small *Number*, and did not persuade us, by the *Excellency* of so wonderful a *State*, of the *Comforts* which *Grace* communicates in this laborious *Way of Penitence*, to serve and follow *Christ*: For the same *Will* which makes us to follow him every where, makes us to serve him in all things: It suffices not to love him in *Contemplation*; we must worship him in *Submission*. We must serve him with a *Faithfulness* proportionable to our *Condition*, for the *Law* is not kept by meer *Speculation*; that *Charity* which God requires of us, must be active; and *Faith*, that *Divine Vertue*, which makes us to adore him, is not contented with the bare *Submission* of our *Knowledge*, but requires also the *Works* of an active *Charity*, and that the *Heart* be assisted by the *Hands*. Wherefore there is no Rest to a *Christian Soul*; its Work is to begin with its *Reason*, and end but with its *Life*; and all its *Perfection* consists, to begin it with *Cheerfulness*, to continue it with *Courage*, and to end it with *Love*. When that *Love*, which is the *Foundation* of the *Law*, has once penetrated the *Heart* of *Man*, all the Severities of *Penance*, all Rigours appear pleasing to his *Desires*, all his Obligations towards God are filled with an unlimited *Fervency*: His *Zeal* omits nothing that might contribute to the *Glory* of God; and his *Neighbour*, through an Effusion of the same *Charity*, is sought after with *Care* wherever he suffers, is assisted with *Diligence* in any thing that he wants, and is comforted with *Mildness*, according to his *Condition*. The same *Zeal* which raises him towards God through *Love*, that unites him to his *Neighbour* by *Charity*, humbles him also, and shews him that *Nothing* and that *Sin* which



which are truly his *own*, and proper to him. In reflecting on his own *Miseries*, he conceives the vast Distance he is at from the Excellencies of the *Divinity*, and strengthens his *Faith*, which causes him to adore that *Immensity* which he admires: He examines what is that *Non-entity* whereof he consists, and that *Reflection* leads him to a *Contempt* of himself, and to the *Love* he owes to his *God*. This is the true Situation of a *Christian Soul* that professes *Piety*; there is no Thoughts left of outward *Appearances*, when one publickly declares to be a Child of the *Eternal Joys*: For this there is required a *Circumcision* of the *Will*, and that *Interest* and *Self-Love* being for ever destroyed by the *Power* of our *Love* towards *God*, they may no longer be capable to stay us in the *Way of Vertue*: We must be, as *St. Paul* says, *Stronger than the Gates of Hell, through the Power of Charity*.

Let every one examine himself on this *Model* of *Piety*, and judging himself with *Severity*, confess his Sins towards *God*, and Faults towards *Men*; and let this sincere *Acknowledgment* create in him the strongest Sense of *Abnegation* that we are capable of feeling; without which we can never *seek after, follow, nor serve Christ*, as he requires, and as we ought to do.

### The WITTY WOMAN.

**WIT** in *Woman* is like *Metal* in a *Blind Horse*; it serves only to hazard their Shins. The *Vanity* of shewing it, exposes them to all *Company*; and it often happens, that in a numerous *Acquaintance*, where they strive to establish an *Empire*, and make *Shipwreck* of their *Reputation*, and sometimes of their *Vertue*. The violentest *Passion* imaginable has not so much Effect upon a *Lovely Woman*, as a little well-managed *Flattery* and *Incense* has upon one that values her self upon a *pert Humour* and a *Volubility* of *Language*. But, in a Word, a *Woman* that pretends to *Wit*, is insufferable in *Society*; because it is very rare to meet with any of that *Character*, but such as are



are insupportably *Vain* and *Arrogant*; of which I am going to give you an Account.

The greatest *Wanton* is less charm'd with her own *Beauty*, than the least *Witty* is conceited with her own *Genius*: She has an universal *Contempt* for all *Creatures*; she in a manner confounds *Man* with *Beasts*, if she finds his *Reason* not accompanied with *Wit*; and she lives at a great Distance from *common Sense*, through that *Pride* into which she is puffed up by her pretended fine *Wit*, which makes her to become as insufferable to others, as others appear to her. A *Woman* that is thus blinded, is so far from *Truth*, that it is no wonder the most *Prudent* avoid her, and the less *Fearful* dread her; for she is capable of nothing but to give false Colours to *Lies*, and to commit *Evil* with the more *Cunning*: Of which this is the *Reason*; a *Woman* runs superficially over the *Sciences*, but never dives into them: She naturally receives *Eloquence*, and puts it in Use without the *Rules* requisite for it; she cleaves to those *Authors* that speak most her own Sense, without giving her self the Trouble to pick out those that are most useful for her. She studies Words only, for she believes that it is the *Term* that does all. No *Condition* can please her without *Politeness*, because *Wisdom* and *Truth* are banish'd from her *Study*, which she wholly applies to the most receiv'd and nice *Expressions*: And if she does but observe such an *Exactness* in Speech, as exempts her from trespassing against the *Rules* of a correct *Discourse*, she troubles her self no farther, and cares not whether she thinks as others do, provided another speaks not so finely as she. The *Desire* she has to appear *Learned*, is the chiefest *Obstacle* to hinder her from being so; for there is required a great Proportion of conceal'd *Time* and *Labour* to attain to an approv'd *Merit*: And *Women* are more inclin'd to lose their *Time* at Ease, than to employ either *Time* or *Labour* to acquire *Vertue*. That is the *Reason* their best and chiefest *Talent* consists in *Conversation*; it is at such a time that their earnest *Desire* to appear something more than ordinary breaks forth, and that they spread in others *Minds* some Defect of their own; for in one *Afternoon's* Space they make a whole Course of *Wit*; they pass from *Doctrine* to *Manners*, from *Use* to *Opinion*,



*Opinion*, from *Seriousness* to *Airiness*; and in two Hours time they treat of all the Interests of *Europe*, tho' they know not the least of them; they drain *Matters* dry, without so much as touching them; they offend *Reason*, in but attempting to *reason*; they have such a *Series* of *Thoughts* as furnishes them with *Sufficiency* of Words to fill up the Chasms of *Time*, and are very well pleased to spend a World of *Expressions* on Things that they are utter Strangers to.

They use *Causes*, that a *Politeness* of *Language* conceals part of their *Ignorance*; and that an *Adulator* pleases and prepossesses them with his *Dawbing*, which with them passes for a just Homage. The *Flatterer* is not distinguished from the *Sincere* amongst them; they rely on a dangerous *Approbation*, not consulting *Science* which might enlighten them; those false Glimmerings that dazzle them, give so fair a Light, that *Self-love* takes care to preserve it, to set forth it self by it. And thus they fancy themselves raised up to a Pitch of *Knowledge*, of which they scarce preserve the bare *Name* in their *Memory*.

This is the Custom of your *Witty-Women*; they have a vast *Idea* of *Wit* in their *Imagination*, but no *Knowledge*, no *Rule*, nor *Understanding*; a bare *Idea* only, that is, a vast *Extent*, which comprehends all great Things; a great Space within themselves, where they fancy to behold an Assembly of all the various *Accomplishments* of the *Mind*.

When a *prudent Man* consults *Truth*, and believes he has found it, he *fixes* and *terminates* there: He no longer strays from that *Point*; he is doubtful of all Things else, and is not certain of any Thing, but in relation to that which has *fix'd* him, and unto which he believes *Truth* to be annex'd; and that is what renders him just in the *Consequences*, provided he has not been deceiv'd in his first *Choice*; for he deviates not from his first *Principle*; he is still the same; an uniform *Sense* guides him in all respects. He is presently sensible that the *Fruits* of his Labour is a *Light* without *Shadow*, which exempts him from all the *Spots* and *Blemishes* of *Error*. But the same *Reason* that strengthens so good a *Genius*, does also fortify a bad one.

Stability



*Stability* is the *Consequence* of an acceptable Opinion ; and *Women*, who determinate their Thoughts with much more Ease than *Men*, are also apt to pervaricate from *Truth* ; they espouse a Party without consulting their *Reason*, and they have no sooner follow'd their own *By-asse*, but it becomes their whole *Light*, and perpetuates them in that *Error of Choice* ; they err through Quickness of *Apprehension*, which makes them to resolve before they have thought. And this first *Error*, into which *Ignorance* has led them, is the first Cause of all those Sayings of *Reason* and *Common Sense*, which they have on all Things, which renders them insufferable ; for they have not the Power to correct themselves ; their *Knowledge* being seduc'd through *Opinion*, will not yield to friendly *Cares*, to the *Advices* of good Authors, nor even to the first *Tinctures* they have to change. The *Habit* of *Opinion* is more powerful than all the *Passions* together ; there is requir'd a supernatural *Power* to reduce to *Truth* a Mind that is spoil'd by false *Principles* that please it. And *Woman* whose Mind is not right, changes the Objects of *Nature* and of *Place* ; *Truth* must stand awry, that she may see her aright ; for she perceives nothing but through such *Shadows* as deceive her, and that causes her to deceive others, because she insinuates these false *Lights*, and makes use of the most lively *Colours*, to make them appear to others as *right* as she her self fancies them.

*Men* are exempted from that dangerous *Sand* ; but *Women*, whose Blindness causes them to seek after *Light*, grow the more blind the more they go about to enlighten themselves, and fall into the Inconveniency of the *Witty*, which is to admire while they deceive themselves. Their confused *Knowledge*, the *Aptness* they have to aspire to elevated Things, and the *Desire* to appear capable, are the Causes of their *Ignorance* ; and it produces such *Obstacles* as render *Science* much more necessary and convenient to them.



*The prudent Woman.*

*WIT* is of both Sexes. The *Soul* is a Spiritual Being, capable to perform its Operations in *Women* as well as *Men*; and though *Men* are design'd for laborious *Employs*, and such as require *Knowledge* and *Application*; *Women*, whom Custom has justly excluded from those *Employs*, (their tender and soft *Tempers* not inabling them to bear the Burden thereof) are not to be excluded from the Labouring after *Knowledge*, because it is very necessary to all; and if it prejudices any, it is such as would be much more injur'd by *Ignorance*, than by the *Lights* of *Knowledge*. As one that is *half Wise*, values himself upon that little he knows, so an *ignorant Coxcomb* is puffed up with nothing at all, and would think himself an *Angel*, should he know never so little. All that he learns, contributes much more to his *Pride* than to his *Perfection*. Wherefore the first Step of an *ingenious* Person, is to be sensible he knows nothing, and to have a *Desire* to know much, before he knows any Thing at all.

As there is nothing more desirous than *Knowledge*, so the *Difficulties* of attaining to any Degree of *Perfection* in it, require a great deal of *Time*, and an assiduous *Application*. This disgusts the *Lazy*, and makes them content themselves with being not quite *Fools*; and since a superficial *Acquaintance* may be had with the *Sciences* at a much easier Rate, they beg your Pardon for long *Watchings*, and tedious *Turning over* of voluminous *Authors*: And if they attain to some small *Smattering* in Letters, they are vainer by half than a considerable *Proficient* in *Learning* and *Knowledge*. This pitiful Sample of *Understanding* having had no solid *Basis*, never proceeds very far; and if *Pride* and *Self-Love* did not cherish and nourish it, we could not blush at our pretended *Scholarship*, which in Effect is nothing more than a well varnish'd *Ignorance*. Many *Men*, through want of a just Relish of *Learning*, are mighty inquisitive after *Curiosities*: And these feeble fantastical *Genius's* never arrive to



to any *Perfection*; they are pleased with the good *Phantom* of *Knowledge*, and think every little *Out-of-the-way* Thing that they stumble upon, is an *Arcanum* of *Nature*; for it is rare if ever these sorts of *Capacities* have their Eyes opened; and so their vain *Error* roots it self into them, and attends them to their *Grave*. The great Advantage of *Knowledge*, is, to correct all the Abuses of our misguided *Education*, and if possible, to establish the Soul and Reason in their proper *Empires*. He that has pry'd the most narrowly into himself, has only the *Consolation* of discovering how ignorant he was even when he thought he knew considerably. *Real Knowledge* makes us humble, but a Smattering of *Learning* only feeds our *Pride*, *Vanity*, and *Self-Conceit*.

Certainly he who neglects *Knowledge*, is very near quitting his *Reason*; and from a Disgust of the just *Rules* of *Philosophy*, it is not far to the Loss of *Common Sense*: For how can a Person be counted Judicious that possesses nothing but those Vapours of a quick *Apprehension*, which a boiling hot Blood produces on certain Occasions, where the *Disposition* of the Organs, join'd to the *Passion* which then animates him, makes him accidentally light on some good Notions, and express them rightly; whoever should judge of any Person on so bare a Tryal, would think him *Learned*, while he only possessed the *Means* of being so! No; though we have never so good natural Parts, they require the Master-strokes of *Sciences*, to render them accomplish'd; and with what fine *Wit* soever *Nature* has endow'd a *Man*, it is never naturally what it would be when assisted with the Advantages of *Learning*. It happens also sometimes, that an *Understanding Person*, that has but an indifferent *Genius*, is capable of destroying it without *Redemption*, for want of certain *Rules*: For the natural *Actions* of the *Mind* may as soon slip by a *Truth*, as find it; it is meer *Chance*: That is the *Reason* that *Women*, who are most capable through their *Acuteness* to raise themselves unto the most sublime Things, and more liable through *Change* to abandon *Truth* after they have attained to it, have more Need of a regular *Knowledge* than all others, to frame their *Minds* into *Order*: And to fix them firm with *Assurance*, we ought



ought to seek after the most approv'd *Method* of Study; and stick to its *Rules* to guide our *Knowledge*; and when by such Matters as are generally approv'd, we have inform'd our selves of all Things, we must not yet fancy we know enough. It is for want of a perfect *Understanding* that we make Halts in the Way of *Truth*. Scarce does a *Man's Life* suffice to know that which a Child should not be ignorant of; we grow weary instead of taking Courage; *Vanity* fixes us, and frequently an *Approbation* makes us so *Proud*, as to neglect to take those Pains which would tend to our *Accomplishments*. We make a Stop at the first Tinctures of *Learning*, and instead of animating our selves with those *Desires* that an enlightned *Mind* would inspire, we remain in the *Condition* of the half *Learned*, which is only to appear something. However, there are but few of those elevated *Minds* that are above the *Common Level*, that fall into such *Carelessness*; they are rais'd by a more noble *Impulse* above all *Vain-Glory*; and that which they already know, serves as a *Spur* to make them learn more. You shall find them (though fix'd to the *Sentiments* of the most eminent Authors) instructing themselves with all the others of less Esteem, and without being puzzled with the *Vanity* of *Opinions*, confirm themselves in the most just of those which they have made *Choice*, and cause all *Oppositions* to contribute to the *Glory* of *Truth*. To know much, we ought not to value nor consult our selves; *Self-Love* is an Enemy to *Labour* and *Pain*, and *Opinion* to *Truth*: We ought to suspect all Things which we either advance of our selves, or that we are *Judges* of. Not that we should submit our selves to all sorts of *Judgments* more readily than to our own, but our own ought always to make us tremble when it is not directly conformable to the *Antients*, and to those *Moderns* that are indued with strong and powerful *Reasons*. Wherefore it is observ'd, that your great *Wits*, that aspire to the *Knowledge* of the most abstruse Things, consult all Things, continually informing themselves, and approve not much their own *Conceptions*. To what Degree and Pitch soever we have by our *Industry* advanc'd our *Learning*, either as to *Generals* or *Particulars*, or  
through







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through the Sublimity of our *Genius's*, we should seem to have out-stript *Common Knowledge*; yet, after all, this would but assure us how vast and immeasurable a Quantity of *Knowledge* lay out of Sight, as well as out of our Reach. A real *Humility* is the most infallible *Argument* of a *Man's* being a *Knowing Man*.

We ought to know all Things, the better to know, and less to value our selves, and with a continual *Application* instruct our selves in the *Knowledge of God*, in whom alone is the true *Knowledge* of all Things, and the *Fulness of Eternal Wisdom*.

*The EPILOGUE written by Mr. Brown,  
and spoke by Jo. Haines, in the Habit of  
an Horse-Officer, mounted on an Ass.*

**Y**OU have seen (before now) since this *Shape-shewing Age*,  
*More Asses* than mine, on a *Beau-crowded Stage*,  
Wherefore by *th' Example* of fam'd *Dogget*, my *Brother*,  
To shew our Stage has *Asses*, as well as the *other*;  
*Thus* mounted *I'm* come, to invite ye *oft* hither,  
To *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, thus coupled together;  
My *Fancy*, his *Judgment*, my *Person*, his *Face*,  
With the mighty good *Interest* he has in *this Place*;  
For indeed, as *I'm* told, pray let me not wrong ye,  
My *Ass* has *Relations*, and *Great* ones among ye;  
In the *Galleries*, *Side-boxes*, on the *Stage*, in the *Pit*,  
What's your *Critick*, your *Beau*, your *Keeper*, your *Wit*?  
Your fighting *Ass* is a *Bully*,  
Your sneaking *Ass* is a *Cit*;  
Your keeping *Ass* is a *Cully*,  
But your *Top*, prime *Ass*, is your *Wit*.  
They all fool *Cit* of his *Wife*,  
He fools 'em all of their *Pelf*;  
But your *Wit's* so damn'd an *Ass*,  
He only fools himself.

Writing one Play a Year, for a *Wit* he'd pass,  
His lean third Day makes out to him he's an *Ass*.



314 *An EPILOGUE written by Mr. Brown.*

Ben't I an *Ass* now, thus to mount my *Brother*,  
 But *he* that's pleas'd with it too, is not *he* another?  
 Are we not *Asses* all ('twixt me and you)  
 To part with our old Money 'till we were sure of new?  
 [ *Fine old Money.*

Since then so many *Asses* here abound,  
 Where an eternal Link of *Wit* goes round;  
 No Poet sure will think it a Disgrace,  
 To be ally'd to this accomplish'd *Ass*,  
 But he's a Critick, you may read it in his Face.  
 As for his Courage, truly I can't say much,  
 Yet, he might serve for a Trooper among the Dutch.  
 Tho' of their Side I'm sure he'd never Fight,  
 His Passive Obedience shews I'm in the Right.  
 Whips the *Ass*s often, who, by reason of his in-  
 nate Dulness, never flinches for it.]

He's a Courtier, fit to appear before a Queen.  
 Advance, *Bucephalus*! View but his Mien:  
 Ladies, I'm sure you like his spruce Behaviour;  
 I ne'er knew ought but *Asses* in your Favour.  
 Fair Ones, at what I say, take no Offence,  
 For——

When his Degree a Lover does commence,  
 You coin an *Ass* out of a Man of Sense.  
 Your *Beaux*s, that soften so your flinty Hearts,  
 They are *Asses*———Taylors make them Men of Parts.  
 Now, some have told me, this might give Offence,  
 That riding my *Ass* thus, is riding the Audience;  
 But what of that? The Brother rides the Brother;  
 The Son the Father; we all ride one another.  
 Then for a Jest, for this Time, let it pass;  
 For he that takes it ill, I'm sure's an *Ass*.

*The Ladies Lamentation for their Adonis: Or,  
 an ELEGY on the Death of Mr. Mount-  
 ford the Player.*

Poor Mountford is gone, and the Ladies do all  
 Break their Hearts for this Beau, as they did for  
 D'Val.

And



And they the two Brats for this Tragedy damn,  
At *Kensington-Court*, and the Court of *Bantam*.

They all vow and swear,  
That if any Peer  
Shou'd acquaint the young Lord, he shou'd pay very  
dear;

Nor will they be pleas'd with him, who on Throne is,  
If he do's not his Part, to revenge their *Adonis*.

II.

With the Widow, their amorous Bowels do yearn;  
There are divers pretend to an equal Concern;  
And, by her Perswasion, their Hearts they reveal,  
In case of *not guilty* to bring an Appeal.

They all will unite,  
The young Blades to indite,  
And in Prosecution will joyn Day and Night;  
In the mean while, full many a Tear and Groan is,  
Where'er they meet, for their departed *Adonis*.

III.

With the Ladies foul Murder's a horrible Sin,  
Of one handsome without, tho' a Coxcomb within;  
For not being a *Beau*, the sad Fate of poor *Crab*,  
Tho' himself hang'd for Love, was a Jest to each Drab:

Then may *fer'my* live long,  
And may *Risby* among  
The Fair, with *Jack Barkley*, and *Culpeper* throng;  
May no Ruffian, whose Heart as hard as a Stone is,  
Kill any of these for a Brother *Adonis*.

IV.

No Lady henceforth can be safe with her *Beau*,  
They think, if this Slaughter unpunish'd shou'd go;  
Their Gallants, for whose Persons they most are in Pain,  
Must no sooner be envy'd, but strait must be slain.

For all *Bracegirdle's* Shape,  
None car'd for the Rape,  
Nor whether the Virtuous their Lust did escape,  
Their Trouble of Mind, and their Anguish alone, is  
For the too sudden Fate of departed *Adonis*.

V.

Let not ev'ry vain Spark think that he can engage  
The Heart of a Female, like one on the Stage;



# 316 *On the Death of the Duke of Gloucester.*

His Face, and his Voice, and his Dancing, are rare,  
And wherever they meet they prevail with the Fair:

But no Quality Top,

Charms like Mr. *Hop*,

Adorn'd on the Stage, and in *East-India* Shop;

So that each from Miss *Felten*, to ancient *Drake* *Jone*

is

Bemoaning the Death of the Player *Adonis*.

VI.

Yet *Adonis* in spite of this new Abjuration,

Did banter the lawful King of this great Nation;

Who call'd God's *Anointed* a foolish old Prig,

Was both a base and unmannerly *Whig*;

But since he is dead,

No more shall be said,

For he in Reputation has laid down his Head:

So I wish each Lady, who in mournful Tone is,

In Charity grieve for the Death of *Adonis*.

## *On the Death of the Duke of Gloucester, being a Satire on Dr. Ratcliffe, for his Neglect.*

**I**N vain we grieve, in vain we waste our Eyes,

And with Expostulations rend the Skies;

All our Complaints we must on *Ratcliffe* spend,

Who, for his Pleasure, can neglect his Friend:

By whose Delays more Patients sure have dy'd,

Than by the Drugs of others, misapply'd.

Three Bottles keep him, and for their dear Sake,

Three Kingdoms unregarded lie at Stake.

A saucy Humour, thus to over-rate

His Pleasure and his Ease, to come too late

To such a *Prince*, the Hopes of such a State.

Alas!

To throw away some common Life's a Crime,

That one can ne'er atone for all his Time;

But to neglect a Life of such a Price,

Swells the Offence to a much larger Size;

The Guilt must, as our Loss, in Measure rise.

In



In him we all had liv'd ; his single Fate  
Therefore must needs affect the publick State.  
So choice a Member from the Body torn,  
Leaves the rest bleeding ; for, to say we mourn,  
Do's not enough express our solemn Grief,  
Such as can scarce admit, or find Relief.  
Who can forgive ? And yet forgive we must,  
For he's the only Man that we can trust ;  
Bewitch'd with Apprehensions of his Skill,  
We thereby give him Power and Leave to kill.  
If by his future Care he wou'd retrieve  
His Fame, and thereby Satisfaction give,  
Let him, (and 'tis the least that he can do)  
His boasted Immortalities bestow.

On the Duke of MARLBOROUGH's Victory at  
Hochstet, in 1704.

THE conqu'ring Genius of our Isle returns ;  
Inspir'd by *Anne*, the Godlike Hero burns ;  
Retrieves the Fame our ill-led Troops had lost,  
And spreads reviving Valour through the Host.  
In distant Climes the wond'ring Foe alarms,  
And with new Thunder *Austria's* Eagle arms.  
The *Danube's* Banks, forgetting *Cesar's* Name,  
Shall echo to the Sound of *Marlbrough's* Fame.  
The Shepherds Pipes rejoyce o'er *Gallick* Blood,  
And with eternal Purple stain the Flood,

Upon the Paper Project, for raising of Mo-  
ney.

P Ray, Sir, did you hear of a late Proclamation,  
Of sending Paper for Payment quite thro' the Na-  
tion ?

Yes, Sir, I have, They're your *Mountague's* Notes,  
Tinctur'd and colour'd by your Parliament Votes :  
But 'tis Plain on the People to be but a Toast ;  
For they go by the Carrier, and come by the Post.



## EPIGRAMMA.

**I***Mpubis nupsi valido, nunc firmior annis  
 Exsucco & tremulo sum sociata viro.  
 Ille fatigavit teneram, hic etate valentem  
 Intactam tota nocte jacere sinet.  
 Dum nollem licuit, nunc dum volo non licet uti,  
 O Hymen aut annos, aut mihi redde virum.*

*Translated thus, by Mr. Tho. Brown.*

**C**oming a tender Girl from School,  
 Marrying, I met a thund'ring Tool:  
 But fit for Love's Embraces grown,  
 I've got a Man that's next to none.  
 The first with Youth's too vig'rous Warmth inspir'd,  
 With Love's untasted Joys my Weakness tir'd.  
 My second grunting Spark, cold to Love's Charms,  
 He fills my Bed, 'tis true, but not my Arms.  
 When I'd no Appetite, Love cloy'd me;  
 Now I've a Mind to't, 'tis deny'd me.  
 Oh! Hymen, Hymen, for my Quiet,  
 Contract my Stomach, or enlarge my Diet.

*An Epigram of Flaminius to his drinking Mi-  
 stress.*

**C**hloe, you write to me for Coin,  
 And in Return I send you Wine;  
 Like Wealth, its Pow'r is equally divine.  
 E'en stick to that, 'twill make you merry,  
 For mine or other's Absence chear ye;  
 That softens ev'ry Nymph that's cruel,  
 For mellow *Venus* is a Jewel,  
 So *Ariadne*, when her Wanderer,  
 False *Theseus*, left her, wash'd off Grief and Care,  
 Enjoy'd God *Bacchus*, and became a Star.



*On the Earl of Torrington.*

STain of thy Country, and thy ancient Name,  
 Traytor to Honour, and old *England's* Shame;  
 Great *Effingham's* Reverse, and *Greenwill's* Foil,  
 Thou dost, vile Dastard, all their Triumphs spoil.  
 Thy Cowardice disturbs their very Urn,  
 And is enough to make their Ashes mourn.  
 Arise, ye noble Ghosts of valiant *Drake*,  
*Frobisher*, *Cav'ndish*, *Mountague*, and *Blake*;  
 You, who our Neighbour-Navies did confound,  
 And made our Fame from Sea to Sea resound,  
 Grieve now to see your Trophies from us torn,  
 The Sea, your Mistress, helpless and forlorn;  
 Mourn to behold a lustful proud Poltroon,  
 Eclipse those Glories you for us have won.

*The Poet's Will.*

Yonder your *Author* stands extreamly Ill,  
 And, yet of perfect *Mind*, thus makes his *Will*.  
 First, I bequeath my *Soul*, when I forsake it;  
 To him that has the truest *Right* to take it;  
 My *Body* next, let me consider well,  
 To those that will convey it out of Smell:  
 My worldly *Goods*, altho' they are but few,  
 My *Brother Poets*, those I leave to you;  
 And were I sure that they'd accept of it,  
 The *Rhyming Quality* shou'd share my *Wit*:  
 To *Daniel*, and his *Friend* the *Observer*,  
 I leave my *Manuscripts*, and *Scottish Psalter*,  
 With all my *Volumes* that have scap'd my *Bum*,  
 From the *Wise Masters* to the fam'd *Tom Thumb*.

Next I bequeath, (but let me recollect,  
 I fain wou'd something leave to ev'ry *Sect*)  
 To all our grave *Divines*, where'er they be,  
 I leave them, what they want, my *Charity*;  
 And to those *Prelates* that oppose the *Bill*,  
 Were I secure, they wou'd not take it Ill,



To them and their Heirs I'd give and grant  
My *Model* of the *Godly Covenant*.

The *Presbyterians* too I'd something give,  
Tho' they're so rich I know not what to leave,  
Besides, they're grown so very proud withal,  
They won't accept of any Thing that's small;  
And yet, methinks, 'tis fit that they shou'd have  
Some Marks of my *Remembrance* in my Grave;  
Among my *Lumber* they will Papers find,  
Writ to inform the *Realm* what they design'd;  
That they have them, it is my sole *Intention*,  
They'll be of Use against a *Comprehension*.

The *Quakers* too expect their *Legacy*,  
To those good Men I leave my *Modesty*;  
And let the other *Seets*, that I mayn't wrong 'em,  
Take my *Religion* and divide among 'em.

And to conclude, it is my *Will* and *Mind*,  
Some honest wealthy *Cit* would be so kind,  
To see all this perform'd, and for his Pains,  
To take for him, and for his *Heirs*, my Brains.

### *The Fable of the Lion and the Beasts.*

ONE Time a mighty *Plague* did pester  
All Beasts *Domestick* and *Silvester*.

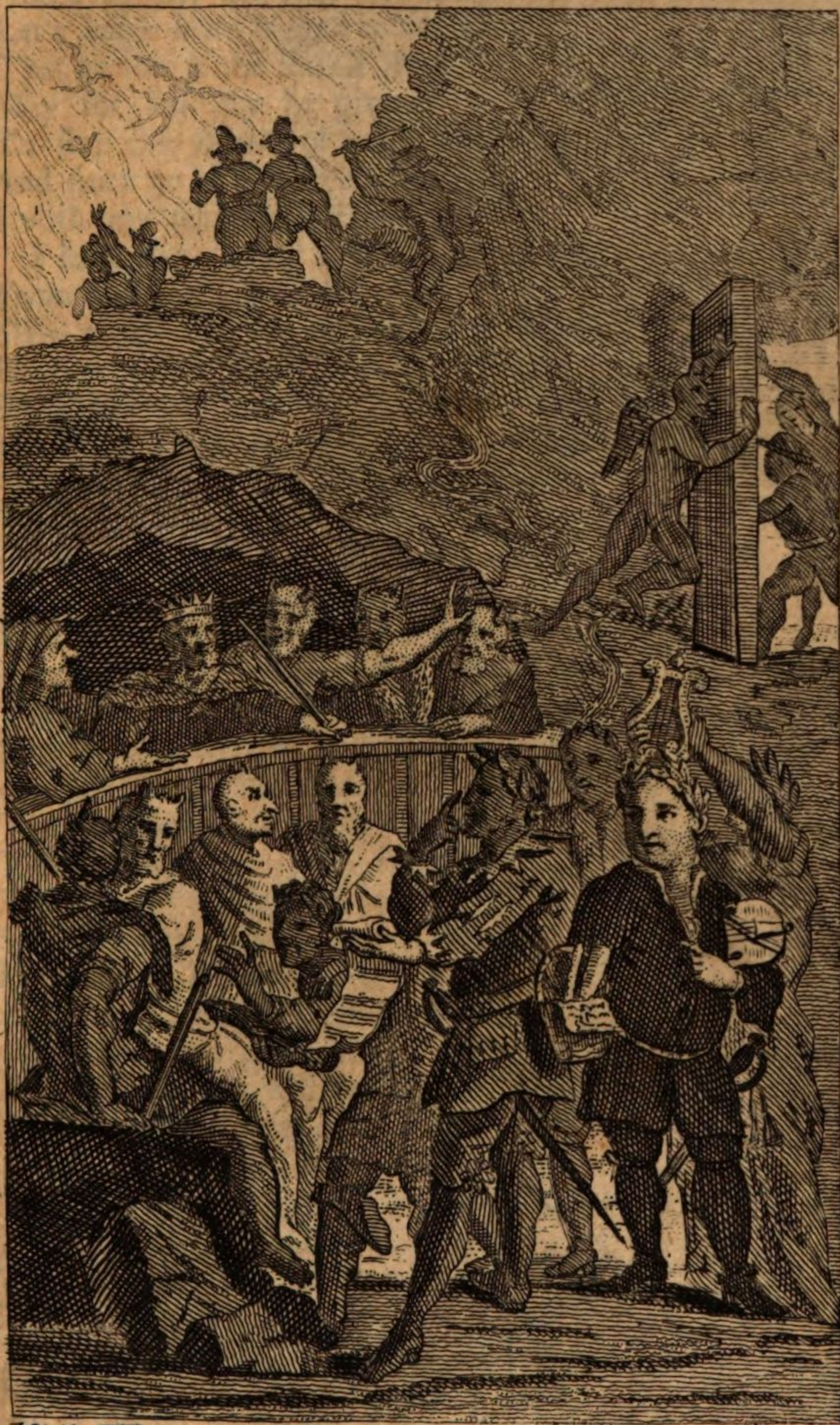
The *Doctors* all in *Consult* joined,  
To see if they the *Cause* could find,  
And try'd a world of *Remedies*,  
But none could conquer the *Disease*.

The *Lyon*, in this *Consternation*,  
Sends out his *Royal Proclamation*,  
To all his loving Subjects *Greeting*,  
Appointing them a solemn *Meeting*.  
And when they're gather'd round his *Den*,  
He spoke, *My Lords and Gentlemen*,  
I hope you're met full of the Sense  
Of this devouring *Pestilence*:  
For sure such heavy *Punishment*  
On common Crimes is rarely sent.  
It must be some important *Cause*,  
Some great *Infraction* of the *Laws*.

Then



*The Poets Hell describ'd.*





THE  
FIVE



1899. H. H. H.



Then let us search our *Consciences*,  
And ev'ry one his *Faults* confess;  
Let's *judge* from biggest to the least,  
That he that is the foulest Beast,  
May for *Sacrifice* be given,  
To stop the *Wrath* of angry *Heaven*.  
And since no one is free from Sin,  
I with my self will first begin.

I have done many a Thing that's ill,  
From a *Propensity* to kill;  
Slain many an Ox, and what is worse,  
Have murder'd many a gallant *Horse*;  
Robb'd *Woods* and *Fens*, and like a *Glutton*,  
Devour'd whole *Flocks* of *Lamb* and *Mutton*.  
Nay, sometimes, for I dare not *Lye*,  
The *Shepherd* went for *Company*.  
He had went on, but Chancellor *Fox*  
Stands up, What signifies an Ox?  
What signifies a *Horse*, such Things  
Are honour'd when made Sport for *Kings*?  
Then for the *Sheep*, those foolish Cattle,  
Not fit for Carriage, or for Battle,  
And being tolerable Meat,  
They're good for nothing but to eat.  
The *Shepherd* too, your Enemy,  
Deserves no better Destiny.  
Sir, Sir, your Conscience is too nice,  
Hunting's a *Princely Exercise*;  
And these being all your Vassals born,  
Just when you please are to be torn.  
And, Sir, if this will not content you,  
We'll vote it *Nemine contradicente*.

Thus, after him, they all confess  
They had been *Rogues*, some more, some less;  
And yet, by little flight Excuses,  
They all got clear of great *Abuses*.  
The *Bear*, the *Tyger*, Beasts of Fight,  
And all that could but scratch and bite;  
Nay, e'en the *Cat*, of wicked Nature,  
That kills in Sport her Fellow-Creature,



Went scot-free: but his *Gravity*,  
 An *Afs*, of stupid Memory,  
 Confess'd i'th' Road to *Tunbridge-Fair*,  
 His Back half broke with *wooden Ware*,  
 Chancing unluckily to pass  
 By a Church-yard full of good *Grass*,  
 Finding they'd open left the Gate,  
 He ventur'd in, stoop'd down, and eat.

Hold, says Judge *Wolf*, these are the *Crimes*  
 Have brought upon us these sad Times;  
 By several *Acts of Parliament*  
 'Tis *Sacrilege*, and this vile *Afs*  
 Deserves to dye for eating *holy Grass*.

*The Fable shews us poor Mens Fate,*  
*Whilst Laws can never reach the Great.*

*An Elegy on the Death of Mr. Edward Mil-  
 lington, the famous Auctioneer.*

**M**ourn, mourn, you Booksellers, for cruel Death  
 Has robb'd the famous *Auctioneer* of Breath:  
 He's gone, he's gone! ah! the great Loss deplore,  
 Great *Millington*, alas! he is no more;  
 No more will he now at your Service stand  
 Behind the Desk, with Mallet in his Hand.  
 No more the Value of your Books set forth,  
 And sell 'em by his Art for twice their Worth.  
 Methinks I see him still with smiling Look  
 Amidst the Crowd, and in his Hand a Book,  
 Then in a fine facetious pleasing Way,  
 The Author's Genius and his Wit display.  
 O all ye scribbling Tribe, come mourn his Death,  
 Whose Wit hath giv'n your dying Fame new Birth:  
 When your neglected Works did mouldring lie  
 Upon the Shelves, and none your Books would buy,  
 How oft has he, with strained Eloquence,  
 Affirm'd the Leaves contain'd a world of Sense,  
 When all's insipid dull Impertinence.  
 Come, Gentlemen, come, bid me what you please;  
 Upon my Word, it is a curious Piece,

Done



Done by a learned Hand, and neatly bound:  
What say you, come, I'll put it up one Pound:  
One Pound, once, twice? Fifteen: Who bids a Crown;  
Then shakes his Head with an affected Frown;  
Good-lack-a day, 'tis strange; then strikes a Blow,  
And in a feigned Passion bids it go:  
Then in his Hand another Piece he takes,  
And in its Praise a long Harangue he makes;  
And tells 'em that 'tis writ in lofty Verse,  
One that is out of Print, and very scarce;  
Then with high Language, and a stately Look,  
He sets a lofty Price upon the Book:  
Five Pound, four Pound, three Pound, he cries aloud,  
And holds it up, and shews it to the Crowd,  
With Arm erect, the Bidders to provoke,  
To raise the Price before th' impending Stroke:  
This in the Throng does Emulation breed,  
And makes 'em strive each other to out-bid,  
While he descants upon their learned Heats,  
And his facetious Dialect repeats:  
For none like him for certain knew so well,  
By way of *Auction* any Goods to sell.  
'Tis endless to express the Ways he had  
To sell the Good, and to put off the Bad.  
But, ah! in vain I strive his Fame to spread;  
The great, the wise, the knowing Man is dead.  
And you in Painting skill'd, his Loss bewail,  
He's dead that did expose your Works to Sale,  
See how he lies, all dismal, wan, and pale:  
No more by him your Praise will be express'd,  
For, ah! he's gone to his eternal Rest:  
Can you forget how he for you did bawl,  
Come, put it in, a fine Original,  
Done by a curious Hand: what *Strokes* are here  
Drawn to the Life, how fine it does appear!  
O lovely Piece, Ten Pound, Five Pound, for Shame;  
You do not bid the Value of the Frame!  
How many pretty Stories would he tell,  
To inhaunce the Price, and make the Picture sell.  
But now he's gone, ah! the sad Loss deplore!  
Great *Millington*, alas! he is no more.

And



And you, the Muses Darling, to rehearse  
Your sorrow for the Loss of him in Verse,  
Mourn, mourn together; for that Tyrant, Death,  
Has robb'd the famous *Auctioneer* of Breath.

### HIS EPITAPH.

*Underneath this Marble Stone  
Lies the famous Millington:  
A Man who through the World did steer,  
I'th' station of an Auctioneer;  
A Man with wona'rous Sense and Wisdom blest  
Whose Qualities are not to be exprest.*

### *An Essay upon Women. A Fragment.*

**Y**O U ask me to give you the true Picture of a Woman: I must tell you, according to my Opinion, it is a true *Compendium* of Pride, Vanity, Luxury, Idleness, Spleen, Folly, Malice, and Envy; a Bait made on Purpose to put us Men, (who glory in our Knowledge of the most abstruse Mysteries, in our great military Atchievements, and our governing the World) in mind of our Frailty, in suffering our selves to be ensnar'd in that Net, which being baited with that Bait, is the Bane of all our Bliss, and renders our Lives miserable for ever. If this Composition happen to have some small Ingredient of Simplicity, or (as some will call it) of *good Nature*; that is to say, if out of Fear, she is either over-rul'd by a Husband to keep in a tolerable *Decorum*, so as not to tire the poor Infant out of his Life, by her Obstreperousness and continual Clamours; though, at the same Time, her Weakness, or *Good-nature*, (if you please) will not permit her to reject the kind Offers and Arts of an insinuating Gallant, or a cunning old Lady, who bubbles her at the Expence of her Husband; she thinks she may justly challenge the Title of a *good*, or at least, of a *good natur'd Woman*; and Woe be to the poor Wretch that is yolk'd to her, if he dares say a Word against it; and though he be not so



complaisant to his Wife's *Good-nature*, to think her a *good Woman*, yet Woe, I say, to him, if he dares to say so, he is sure to have the general Vote, with a *nemine contradicente*, of all the *good Women* against him; and of these, you know, there are not a small Number. If these be the *good Women*, what do you think of the *bad Ones*? I will not, at this Time, enlarge my self upon the whole Body of the Sex. I am very willing to pass by in Silence those of the meanest Rank; as their Behaviour, for the most part, is insupportable, and often more like Brutes than rational Creatures, so they have that to say in their Behalf, that they tread the Steps of their Parents meerly by Instinct, and without Disguise. It being my Intention to confine the Compass of this Essay to some of those chiefly of a superior Rank, who by their Extraction, Affluence of *Fortune*, a liberal, generous, and apparent Education, (for such too often it is) and genteel Conversation, may seem to challenge much greater Prerogatives than those of the common People. And now, I would ask any young Country Squire of them all, lately brought to live by my Lady his Mother, or his Aunt; or any young Scholar of the Universities, come up to *London* along with his Cousin, to view the Curiosities of that City; I say, I would ask either of them, when they came first into the Playhouse, (perhaps to see some new Play, or magnificent Opera) and found the Boxes lin'd with so great Numbers of fair, magnificently attir'd, and sumptuously attended Ladies, whether they did not lose their Senses at the first Sight of them, and during this Rapture, they were themselves transported into terrestrial Paradise; where, instead of Women, find they were to enjoy the secret Conversations of Angels. Truly, young Gentlemen, I can't much blame you; good Men of many Years and Inheritance have been as much mistaken as your self, nay, rather more, when, instead of Paradise, they have got into *Lob's Pound*, the only Purgatory to purge off in this World, which purifies them so nicely, that there are many of them have nothing but Skin and Bones left them. Pray look a little about you, for here you will find them of all Sorts and Sizes, from the  
Lord



Lord to the Country-fellow, from the long Robe to the Cassock, from the Sword to the Pen-man, all inveigled into the Sin; and you are likely to fall into it without Shame, in bringing the Words of *Æsop's* Fox, *Omnia me vestigia terrent*. I see you are big to tell me that I only banter, and 'tis impossible Ladies with such Angel-like Graces and Shapes, with so engaging a Deportment, and so admirable an Air, should be nothing but Darknes within. Have you forgot how *Lucian* compares them to the *Egyptian* Temples, which are most magnificent Structures without, but their Deities within, nothing but an Ape, a Dog, or some other ugly deform'd Creature? Had *Lucian* liv'd since the Discovery of the *Chinese* Temples to the *Europeans*, he would have had Recourse, in his Comparison, to them, instead of those of the *Egyptians*: For, as the *Chinese* Temples far exceed the others, as well in the Preciousness of the Materials, as in the Beauty of Workmanship; so the most monstrous Shapes of their Gods, contain'd within, seem to have nearer Relation to the modern Extravagancies of the Sex. Some have compar'd them to the transparent Glasses in the *Apothecaries* or *Chymists* Shops, which seem gilt without, but contain bitter Draughts and deadly Remedies, unless us'd with the utmost Precaution. Should I but rehearse here half the Titles and Epithets *Solomon* bestows upon Women, what do you think would become of our *Essay*? It would certainly swell into a good large Piece; and who can deny, but that he was the best Judge that ever was of the Sex? His Judgment being founded not only upon his Wisdom, but also upon his own experimental Philosophy and Practice. But that it may not be objected, as if Things, were much alter'd since *Solomon's* Time, in respect as well of the female Sex, as in many other Matters, let us cast an Eye upon the Education, Practices, and Deportment of those that set up for the Female Beaux of this Age. To trace their Education from its head Spring, you too often see a young Miss in her very tender Years, put to the Management of some old Lady or other, who having formerly been my Lady's Woman, (and perhaps my Lord's too) is annex'd, like an Appen-



Appennage to a Benefice ; so that having liv'd in holy Conversation with the Curate, she is, after her Husband's Death, now thought fully qualify'd for the Education of Miss. This cunning Hag, knowing it is the safest Way to rise now, instead of giving to her young Pupil such Lessons as may lead her to Humility, Modesty, and an easy and complaisant Temper, is sure, in order to flatter her young Mistress's Fancy, and engage her entirely into her Interest, to infuse into her quite contrary Principles. She will not fail to tell her, twenty times a Day, of the Charms of her Eyes, the Delicacy of her Complexion, the Nicety of her Shape, &c. and, in Conclusion, she never fails to put her in Mind that all these were Gifts of Nature, intended to allure Men, and to keep them in Slavery ; with many more such like edifying Instructions, she is best able to give, because she has practis'd them before her self. If her young Mistress be of Quality, she tells her, 'tis Haughtiness must be the chief Aim of her Deportment ; if she's Rich, she makes her Belly her God ; she tells her, she ought to eat nothing the Season affords, be it never so dearly bought ; and the better to gratify both her own and her young Mistress's Appetite, (for she will certainly come in for her full Share) she will take a great deal of Pains to perswade her, that fine Meats and delicious Sauces serve to invigorate her Spirits, render her more plump and comely, and consequently encrease her Charms to the undoing of Mankind. Miss, thus initiated in the Principles of Vanity, Pride, and Luxury, stands now in want of one who may, like a true Assistant to her Tutoress, teach her how to put in Practice some Part at least of her Instructions. And who do you think should this good Man be ? I'll warrant you, you will say, it must be some Man of Wisdom and Experience in the fine Art of accomplishing Ladies, as may seem to appear to you ? But, alas ! how far do you shoot from the Mark ? Be not surpriz'd if I tell you, 'tis a certain *Whipper-Snapper* call'd a *Dancing-master*, with a blue Coat, scarlet Stockings, and a lac'd Hat ; he being of Mrs. Tutoress's Acquaintance, in having purchas'd her Favours by the Help of some Pieces of Gold, or per-

haps



haps by doing her another good Turn, is, by her Commendation, constituted chief Manager of Miss's good Carriages and Manners. This Fellow, when he is introduc'd to the Parents, will tell them Wonders in Praise of Dancing; how *Socrates* learn'd to dance in his Old-age, how the grave *Lacedemonians* us'd it in their publick Feasts, and how even the *Salian* Priests at *Rome* danc'd in Honour of *Mars*; but he is sure not to mention one Word, how *Salust* upbraided *Sempronia* with dancing too nicely, and how *Cato* objected the same to *Hudrenas*. He takes Care not to put them in Mind of *Petrarch's* saying, "That at Balls many a grave Matron has lost her Honour, many a Virgin has learn'd what she never knew; but never any one return'd more virtuous than she went. This Lesson, tho' verify'd by daily Experience, being not for his Purpose, he is careful to avoid; but instead thereof, extols his Art, as capable of charming the Mind, and making a young handsome Lady so accomplish'd, as to render her Power irresistible to those that behold her. Miss is sure to be told, as often as he teaches her, of her fine Legs and Feet, her round and well-turn'd Body, graceful Mein and Carriage; which, if well improv'd, will by degrees make her the Admiration of all the World. To tickle Miss's Fancy, and the Beholders, he will, under Pretence that good Company is a great Addition towards the Improvement of an Art, in which in a great Measure she must fix the Hopes of her greatest Preferments, introduce some lewd and debauch'd Disciples of his to dance with Miss; who, upon this Occasion, are not sparing to let loose their Tongues, and to infuse into the young Scholar, by their Discourse, such Motions as perhaps she never thought of before. Not to mention the Enormities and Extravagancies committed at the Balls, in the most publick Dancing-Schools; where, by the antick Gestures, antick Tunes, and obscene Airs, shameless Hands, and sometimes also by immodest Kisses, Youth is initiated to the very Practice of Wantonness. But to return to our Domestick Education; whilst the Dancing-Master labours hard to make his young Female Scholar a perfect Pattern and Master-piece of his Art,



Art, and she, poor willing Tit, very diligent in following his Steps, and practising sometimes all Night long: To second her Master's Endeavours, her Tutors, in order to improve the natural Faculties of her Mind, as well as the Dancing-Master does the Activity of her Body, takes care to furnish her young Mistress (who now begins to come to Years of Maturity) with rare histories of Lust, of Fornications, and Adulteries; with Surprizing Romances, engaging Novels, enticing Comedies, and wanton Songs; nay, sometimes, with *Ovid's Art of Love*, and perhaps with some of a worse Stamp. But for fear the young Lady should not be so apt a Scholar as to apprehend so soon the Mysteries of all these voluminous Pieces, Madam Tutors, not to be deficient in her Duty, and at the same Time to shew her Experience in amorous Affairs, will not be wanting to illustrate the difficult Passages with her own Annotations and Observations, and render every Thing so obvious to her, that she must be one of a very dull Apprehension, if she is not fully convinc'd of the Thing. Rather than fail, the old Gentlewoman will bring in some Love Intrigues of her own; she will tell her how many Lovers, or Sweet-hearts (the better to palliate the Matter) she had, what Presents they made her; nay, how they courted and lov'd her; that unless the young Lady be naturally of a very insipid and phlegmatick Disposition, she sets her a longing for the same Thing, and wishes she might have been in her Stead at that Time. Judge now what sort of Improvements such fine Proceedings can produce, since they serve only to season the most Innocent with Pride, Vanity, Luxury, Voluptuousness, a light Carriage, Insolence, Craft, Impudence, and Arrogance; not to say worse. I see by your very Countenance, you are impatient to object against me, That these modest Looks, smiling Faces, and sweet Deportments, are in themselves sufficient to contradict those Slanders and Characters I impose upon 'em, perhaps, to divert, or revenge my self, at the Expence of the Fair Sex: But have a little Patience, you will perhaps be in a better Mood, young Man, when I shall make it out to you, as I intend to do, That they bestow

at



at length as much Time and Pains in the Art of Disimulation, as they do in setting out their Faces.



*The Charms of the BOTTLE, a Friend to LOVE; in Answer to a Female Friend's Letter.*

IT is no small Charm to me, my dear *Melanissa*, to find by Yours, that I have still so great a Share in your Heart. The Concern you express needs no excuse, since it is an Argument of your Fondness; which must make a Heart, sensible as mine, easily forgive a Warmth that is only the Effect of a Love, of which *Alexis* must ever be proud. But give me Leave, my dear *Melanissa*, while I pay all the Deference in the World to your Beauty, to dissent from your Opinion.

You seem jealous of my Inclinations to the *Bottle*; in which you proceed upon a great Mistake, quarrelling with your Friend as an Enemy.

*For Wine to Love, and a Friend confess'd.*

And Love, without the Vintner *Bacchus*, and the Cook *Ceres*, would frieze up and die. They furnish fresh Spirits and new Desires, and make every Night like the first. The Nymph gathers fresh Charms from our Cups; which, like Telescopes, discover secret Beauties one cannot see without them. You erroneously therefore confine the *Bottle* to Old Age, and by prescribing a perpetual, a continued Course of Beauty without Interruption, promote an Inconstancy you would not approve. Enjoyment is a luscious Food, which soon clogs the Appetite, if we feed too grossly upon it; whilst Intervals, and their Pleasures, keep it up, and give an Edge to Desire.

Your



Your Letter, indeed, is a Proof of what you say, That you knew little of the World, when you set up a Paradox that can never be made out; nay, I am afraid, *Melanissa*, that you knew as little of Nature, when you imagine, that a Man can always be imprison'd in white Arms. To retire to my Study now and then, is no Confinement but Pleasure; but to be always lock'd up with a Book, will make the most studious Man dull and empty. The Liberty we take Abroad, and the noisy Delights of Conversation, make a Retirement the more agreeable. If you would have us vigorous and fond when we are with you, you should indulge our Absence sometimes to vary the Scene. He that is always at Table, makes but a scurvy Meal; where we never ought to come, but with a good keen Appetite, then fall to with a Stomach, and our Victuals does us good.

Your Draught of the Tavern, is partial and imperfect; you draw a Likeness, indeed, but 'tis a scurvy one; nay, such a one, that you would never forgive in *Delia* and Sir *Godfrey*. But this comes from a Mis-information; you have it by *Hearsay*; and because *Scoundrels* and *Rakes* abuse the Creature, you allow no good Use of it.

From the Play, indeed, we pass to the *Rose*; and having glutted our Eyes with the Ladies, and our Ears with the Poet, we unbend over a Bottle, and prepare for the Embraces of *Melanissa*. Each Glass we drink we crown with her Health, and every Glass is indeed a fresh Mistress; it sparkles like her Eyes, and is ruddy like her Lips; smells like her Breath, and gives Joys like her Arms; whilst Wit and Good-humour make the Night rival the Day, and *Bacchus* gives more chearful Warmth than the Sun. Formality and Disguise is laid aside, and the second Bottle leaves no cautious Reserve, restoring the Golden Age; whilst Design and mean Cunning are left to the grave Consults of the Aged. Here the sprightly Repartees fly about with the Glass, and *Horace* and *Anacreon* arise from their Graves, to exalt the Conversation. Soft *Ovid* and *Tibullus*, and learn'd *Catullus*, by Turns make their Entry to heighten our Pleasure; *Co-*  
*rinna*



*rinna* and *Lejbia* are compar'd to *Melanissa*, and we judge of the Joys of these Poets by those that we now find in your Arms. Thus Wit and Wine aspire and bless our Hours, 'till we part with full Satisfaction in the innocent and manly Diversion.

But now let us view the Biggot of *Venus*; I see how short are his Joys to ours. The sober Sot flies from the Play, *Celia*'s his Apartment for Kisses and Raptures, which are always the same. He steals in-a-Doors, gets into her Chamber; the Visit's betray'd, and in the midst of his Transports, is fain to leap from the Balcony in his Shirt; happy if he escape both the Keeper and the Watch at Expence of his Purse and Reputation.

But suppose him more fortunate, and no ill Adventure interrupt his Amour, the Parents sleep soundly, the Confident is faithful, the Keeper or Husband from Home; yet *Celia* is false, claps her favour'd Gallant into her Closet on your Approach, and suffers your Embrace, while the other has all her Caresses. In a Morning or two, the Bubble finds himself warmer than he desir'd, and Pills and Bolus's must repair the Breaches of his Tabernacle: Doctors, Surgeons, and Apothecaries-Bills, come instead of *Billet-doux*, and Aches, and pains for Raptures and Transports; and so for one Night's Enjoyment, does Penance a Month; Whereas the Debauch of the Bottle, is heal'd the next Morning; and the Liquor that gave the slight Wound, gives an agreeable Cure.

But suppose him more happy and free from this Punishment, Jealousies and Fears, Quarrels and Tears, soon enter the Lists of Amours. *Celia* is cold, he swears she's inconstant; she's impatient of the Accusation; he is more confirm'd; she scolds, he rants; she cries, he submits, or perhaps flies away in Indignation, pursues a new Game, has the same Fate, and so spends his Life in a foolish Round of short Pleasures and long Pains: While the Bottle renews its Enchantments every Night, and never sours, but sweetens your Humour; is obedient to your Will, enjoy'd when you please, and thrown aside when your Appetite's satisfy'd. If one  
don't



don't please you, the Drawer obediently pimps for your Pleasure with another.

Thus you see, *Melanissa*, that the Bottle is on as good a Foot as the Joy you perswade, and merits not the Contempt you wou'd have us bestow on its Charms. But I'll join so far with you, I'll allow you your Pleasure, provided you allow me mine; let me Drink, and you shall Love; Claret prepares me for your Arms, and when I find my self rul'd by its Energy divine, inspir'd with the God, I'll come to your Arms, and convince you, by my Zeal, that you have rail'd at your Friend; and if Interest was the Source of your Advice, you'll find it was a mistaken Interest, as this Night you shall experience from him that loves as dearly and tenderly as *Melanissa*, that is, your

*Alexis.*

*The Wonder of Wonders; or, a rich Vintner,  
and no Cuckold.*

**O** H! Happy *F—ck*, thou alone art he,  
From jealous Stings and forked Antlers free;  
No am'rous Coxcombs clutter round thy Bar,  
To breathe their Passions in thy Help-mate's Ear;  
Or at thy Bride their squinting Glances throw;  
Whilst thou art mixing fatal Wines below,  
Such that with scorching Fevers fill our Veins,  
And with inebrious Fumes distract our Brains.

The bouncing Partner of thy nuptial Joys,  
Who crowd thy Nurs'ry with such thumping Boys,  
Graces the Confines of her chaulky Throne,  
At least with two Cart-loads of Flesh and Bone;  
And seems, by her huge Sarazanick Face,  
To be deriv'd of old *Tagenna's* Race;  
Who was, if ancient Writers do not lye,  
Twelve Fathom thick, and seventy Cubits high.  
But thine's a *Fairy* to so tall a Dame,  
And cannot tow'r to such a lofty Fame;  
Yet none that ever view'd her, makes a Doubt,  
But that she's six Foot high, and twelve about;  
Yet sh'as such Charms in her gigantick Face,  
And moves with such an Elephant-like Grace,

That



That were *Anteus* living thou might'st dread  
 A Rival then, that might adorn thy Head.  
 But since Mankind to Pigmies are declin'd,  
 And no such monstrous Men we now can find,  
 Thou'rt safe from all the horned Plagues that wait  
 On Love, and need not fear *Acteon's* Fate;  
 For tho' thy Bride appears so fat and fine,  
 She's far too big for any Arms but thine.

What, tho' no Moon at full, with all her Light,  
 Can shew a Countenance more large and bright;  
 And that her snowy Breasts look big, and spread,  
 Like two Peck Loaves of whitest Flour made;  
 Yet who can tell but that which hidden lies,  
 May prove by chance of a delightful Size,  
 Since *Greenland* Sea-men from Experience note,  
 That the huge Whale has but a narrow Throat:  
 The mighty Monster, arm'd with Iv'ry Tooth,  
 Tho' large his Limbs, has but a little Mouth.

What, tho' her Belly looks as if she bore,  
 Beneath her Clouts, a Sack of Malt before,  
 To keep the spacious Centre of her Charms  
 Beyond the lustful Reach of common Arms;  
 For her Temptation, as she upright stands,  
 Lies too remote by much, for human Hands;  
 And from Assaults and Bobs is safe and free,  
 Till Love's huge Pillars are disclos'd for thee.

What, tho' her swelling Buttocks chafe behind,  
 And like too Mill-stones, as she waddles, grind,  
 It is a pleasing Sign she has no need  
 Of artful Pillows in her Nuptial Bed;  
 But that sh'as Flesh enough, when hugg'd at Night,  
 To raise her Charms to a convenient Height.

Therefore make much of thy gigantick Bride,  
 For all the World believes she never try'd  
 Love's tickling Joys with any Man beside.



England's *Triumph* for their Conquest in Flanders, in the Year 1694, when the French took Namur, worsted us at Steenkirk, and General Talmash was kill'd at the Descent upon Brest. *A Burlesque Poem.* By Mr. Tho. Brown.

When People find their Money spent,  
They recollect which Way it went,  
The like in order to prevent

for future;

That Money's spent, I need not tell,  
The *French* King's Tyranny to quell;  
I'm sure we must remember well,

'tis true, Sir.

But least that we shou'd think it vain,  
Our *English* Feats I will proclaim,  
And what we did the last Campaign

in Flanders.

With Money flush'd, and Arms good store,  
We'd touch the *French* to 'th quick we swore,  
With that in Haste we hurry'd o'er

Commanders.

But scarce they'd set their Foot on Shore,  
But News was brought that *Luxemburg*  
Had actually besieg'd *Namure*,

nigh *Liege*, Sir.

This Action put 'em in Amaze,  
And yet if they shou'd make Delays,  
They thought they hardly e'er shou'd raise

the Siege, Sir.

With that they summon all their Force,  
Full fourscore thousand Foot and Horse,  
That never flinch, nor hang an Arse,

when fighting.

But yet all this did prove in vain,  
They not an Inch of Ground cou'd gain,  
There was such Storms of Thunder, Rain,

and Light'ning.

The



The Season bad did make 'em fret,  
 Not that they fear'd the *French* a bit,  
 But that it was so cursed wet,

raw Weather.

And raise the Siege they cou'd not do't,  
 It was so dirty under Foot;  
 The *French* were strong intrench'd to boot,

together.

On this they frequent Councils call,  
 In which they voted, one and all,  
 That least the *French* shou'd chance to maul

the Army,

'Twas better let the Town be taken,  
 Provided they cou'd save their Bacon;  
 The Weather too in Time might happen

less stormy.

Thus being, as you hear, distress'd,  
 They think it now high Time to rest,  
 And full two Months they took at least

to do it.

When thus refresh'd, than up they rose,  
 And swore if none did them oppose,  
 They'd be reveng'd, and make their Foes

to rue it.

Away they march, with full Intent  
 To pay these *French* a Complement,  
 And drub them to their Hearts content,

but mark, Sir.

The *French* their Coming understood,  
 And therefore lin'd a little Wood,  
 Where they their Party did make good

'till dark, Sir.

These cunning Rogues had manag'd so,  
 That we receiv'd another Blow,  
 Which might have prov'd our overthrow,

pray mind it.

Here our poor *English* go to Pot,  
 Because, forsooth, it is their Lot  
 To undergo all Service hot,

we find it.

We



We had about seven thousand slain,  
But that is nothing in the main,  
Considering what we hope to gain

next Battle.

Then we'll recover all again,  
What one of ours we'll kill them ten,  
'Till we have wasted all their Men,

meer Rattle.

But now tho' this Attempt did fail,  
We'd still a Trick that wou'd prevail,  
And make *Monsieur* his Stars bewail,

with Sorrow,

We had a Project under-hand,  
That soon would make him understand,  
He must no longer keep the Land

h' had borrow'd.

This noble Whim to execute,  
A mighty Fleet was fitted out,  
And *Talmaſh* is the Man must do't,

or no Man.

Away he goes, with might and main,  
To try if he cou'd Footing gain,  
But there the gallant Man is slain,

brave Roman.

*Namur* we ſaw to *France* ſubmit,  
At *Steenkirk* w'had enough of it,  
And the Deſcent did prove beſhit

all over.

Our Conqueſt thus at length you view,  
And how the *French* we did ſubdue;  
Our Triumphs next I will to you

discover

The Tower-Guns were all prepar'd,  
And Fire-works on Lighters rear'd;  
But what came on them, I ne'er heard

a *verbum*.

In Houſes all Folks ſet up Lights,  
Only ſome ſawcy Jacobites,  
Who were all put to mortal Flights,

to curb 'em.



First came the Guards to clear the Way,  
 And next a 'Squire in Boots of Hay,  
 Upon a Nag most miserably  
 jaded.

Masons and Bricklayers, with their Rules,  
 Join with the other Rout of Fools,  
 Who were to be the Party's Tools  
 perswaded.

Next these, in Droves the Rabble come,  
 In one Hand Club, in t'other Stone,  
 Those Windows that had Candles none,  
 to batter.

Last came a Coach, in which there sat  
 Four Lords, who went, as People prate,  
 The General to congratulate  
 and flatter.

But after all, it must be said,  
 Our Conquest was not quite so bad,  
 But they these Triumphs merited,  
 and more, Sir.

For never yet, as I presume,  
 Was *British* Prince, or Emp'r of *Rome*,  
 With Farthing Candles lighted Home  
 before, Sir.

*An Anacreontick. On a Lap-Dog.*

NICE, pretty Nice, thou  
 Can'st not, but, ah! cou'd'st thou know  
 How thou dost my Envy raise,  
 And (because she loves thee) Praise;  
 Thou wou'd'st not change for what is New,  
 For *Mexico*, or for *Pern*.  
 In that Lap, ah! Nice, rest,  
 And think! Nice, think thou'rt blest;  
 But if thou wilt thy Station change,  
 And in another Precinct range,  
 In Tap'stry, thou, or Silks, shalt lie,  
 Under the richest Canopy;



On Citron, Cedar, or on Gold,  
Or what thou dost most costly hold.  
If thou wilt but in Exchange thy Place resign,  
Let but thy Privilege be mine,  
This shall, and more than this, be thine.  
And, if I gain the Hope I crave,  
Nice, I vow that thou shalt have  
An Epitaph upon thy Grave.

}  
}

*A Farewell to Poor ENGLAND.*

*By Mr. Tho' Brown. In the Year 1704.*

Farewel false Friends, farewell ill Wine,  
Farewel all Women with Design,  
Farewel all pocky cheating Punks,  
Farewel Lotteries, farewell Banks:  
And, England, I, in leaving thee,  
May say, farewell to Poverty.

*Adieu: Where'er I go, I am sure to find  
Nothing so ill as that I leave behind.*

Farewel Nation without Sense,  
Farewel Exchequer without Pence;  
Farewel Army with bare Feet,  
Farewel Navy without Meat;  
Farewel writing fighting Beaux,  
And farewell useless Plenipoes.

*Adieu, &c.*

Farewel you Good Old Cause Promoters,  
Farewel brib'd Artillery Voters;  
Farewel to all Attainting Bills,  
And Record which for Witness kills;  
Farewel to Laymens Villainy,  
And farewell Churchmens Perjury.

*Adieu, &c.*

Instead



Instead of One King, Farewel Nine,  
 And all who Affociating sign.  
 Farewel you gull'd unthinking Fops,  
 Poor broken Merchants, empty Shops;  
 Farewel pack'd Judges, cull'd for Blood,  
 With eight Years War for *England's* Good.  
*Adieu, &c.*

Farewel you Judges, who dispense  
 With perjur'd Cut-throat Evidence;  
 Farewel thou haughty little *Mouse*,  
 With those that choose thee for the House;  
 Farewel Long——and spightful Looks,  
 With Reverend *Oates*, and all his Books.  
*Adieu, &c.*

Adieu once more: *Britannia*, fare thee well;  
 And if all this won't mend thee,  
 May the D—— triumph in your Spoil,  
 May Beggary run throughout your Isle,  
 And no one think it worth his while  
 To take up to defend thee.

*F I N I S.*





































Brown, Thomas, 1663-1704

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